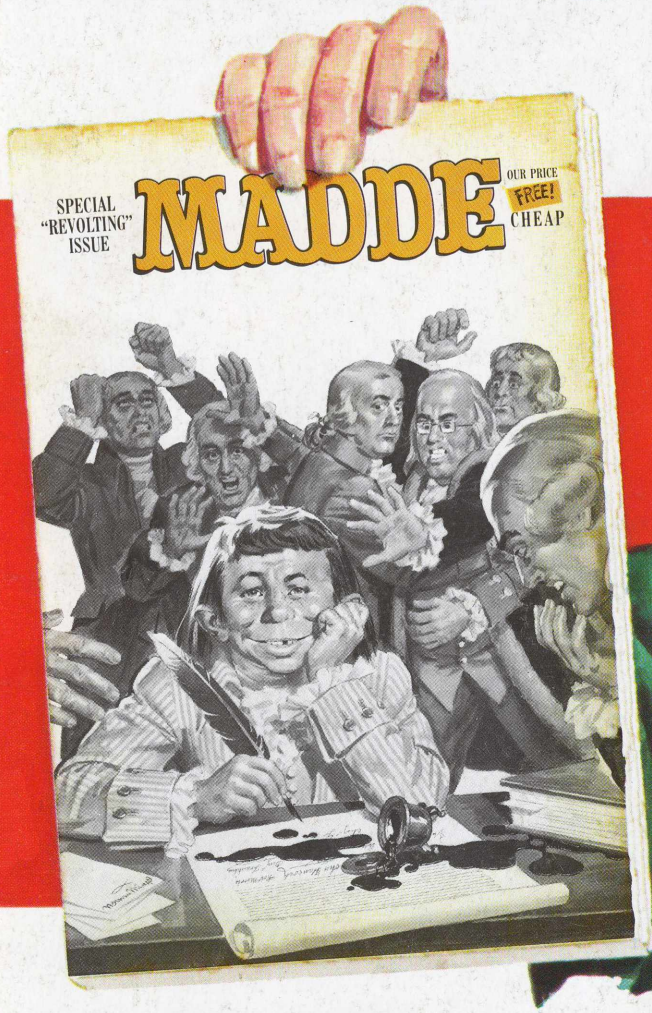
MAD®

OUR PRICE
$1.00
SUPER
CHEAP
34080

SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER NINETEEN



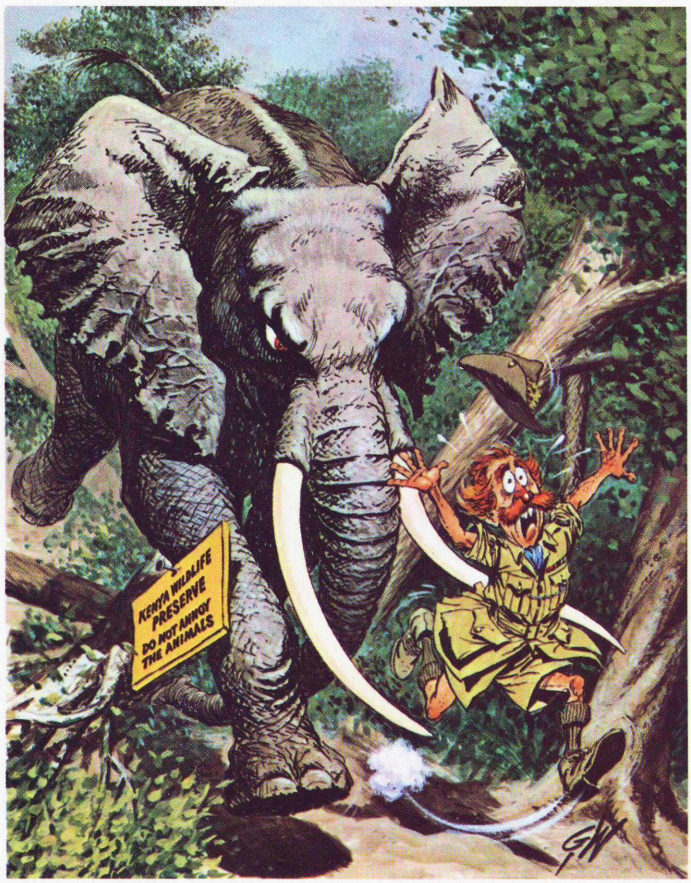
FEATURING THIS FREE 24-PAGE
SUPER SPECIAL BONUS
THE 200-YEAR OLD

MADDE

A BICENTENNIAL YEAR
MAD COLLECTORS' ITEM

PLUS THE USUAL ASSORTMENT OF GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES

ONE DAY IN THE JUNGLE



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

MAD
SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER NINETEEN

"Alimony is the high cost of leaving!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS

MAD SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER 19—Published by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Entire Contents Copyright © 1972 and 1976 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The names and characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

DEPARTMENTS

(In Order Of Their Appearance)

INSIDE DOPE DEPARTMENT
What's The Connection (A MAD Movie Satire) 2

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
In The Operating Room With Don Martin 10
During A Heart Transplant 18
One Fine Day While Touring Florida 37
One Day At The Photographers 44
One Day During A Cavalry Charge 52
One Dark And Lonely Night 65
One Fine Day At The Pyramids 72

ATHLETIC SUPPORTER DEPARTMENT
The Sports Spectators' Hall Of Fame 12

MOTHER LOAD DEPARTMENT
Visiting Day 15

RECALLED FROM THE BACK POCKET DEPARTMENT
Ralph Nader's Wallet 16

DOOM-BUGGIES DEPARTMENT
MAD's Auto Manufacturer Of The Year 19

OUR GOOSE IS COOKED DEPARTMENT
MAD's Ecology Mother Goose 24

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Weddings 29
The Lighter Side Of Hang-Ups 60

GOOD-BICENTENNIAL DEPARTMENT
"The Revolutionary MADDE" ..... Insert

PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPARTMENT
More Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions 34

SENIORITY BREEDS CONTENT DEPARTMENT
You Know You're Really Grown Up When 38

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 40, 57

INSIDE-OUCH DEPARTMENT
Behind The Scenes At A Political Convention 41
Behind The Scenes At A Moving Company 69

POST WASTE DEPARTMENT
Mail Order Gift Catalogue 45

CHAIN REACTION DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Bicycling 50

SPOIL-SPORT DEPARTMENT
When TV Makes Full Use Of Howard Cosell 53

MASH COMMUNICATION DEPARTMENT
Love Letters From Celebrities 58

RABBLE-SCRABBLE DEPARTMENT
A Parade Of Protesting MAD Co-Signers 66

PLASHTICK DEPARTMENT
"Realistic" Model Car Kits 73

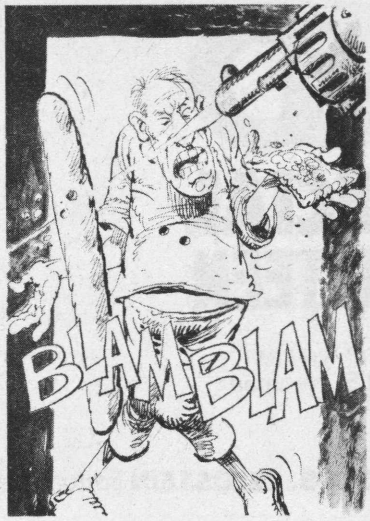
MOORE OF THE SAME DEPARTMENT
The Mary Taylor-Made Show 75

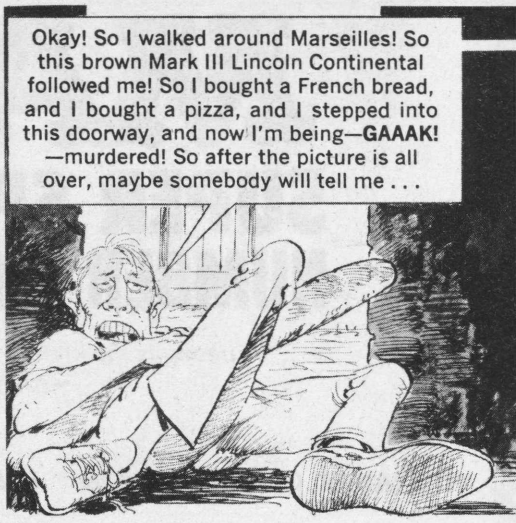
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragonés ..... **

**Various Places Around The Magazine

INSIDE DOPE DEPT.

There's a great movie playing around. It's exciting, and full of action, and it's easy to watch. It's not one of those movies where you have to think! Or is it?? You certainly don't do any thinking during the movie. But after it's over, you're left with a couple of unanswered questions. In fact, *everybody* is left with a couple of unanswered questions. Take f'rinstance the guy who gets shot in the very first scenes:





Hey, kid, tell me! Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Well, I used to . . . until you started showing up around here—in **JULY!!**

An' I never saw Santa wearing a **gun** before! I think you're a **cop!!**

Well, I'm **NOT,** you little brat! And if you say that one more time, I'm gonna **arrest** you!

I'll have a Frank with sauerkraut . . . and a bottle of Pepsi!

I don't **have** any Franks . . . sauerkraut . . . **OR** bottles of Pepsi!

Then what's in the cart?

DISGUISES!! Now . . . **beat it!!**

HOTEL
SOUL FOOD HOUSE
BAR
CHICKEN
SESAME ST. BAR
LOANS
CREDIT Co.
I WILL NOT TRADE WITH RED CHINA
PTC
POST THEATRE COMPANY
DRINK Coca-Cola
BEER
QUALITY Sauerkraut
CHOPPED LIVER 25¢
PEPSI
HOT FRANKS 35¢
DRUCKER

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Hey, Birdie! Did you **see?** That guy gave the waiter a **$100 tip!**

It's not even **his waiter!** And now he's giving the hat check girl a **$50 tip!**

Well? What's so unusual about **that?**

Well? What's so unusual about **that?**

He doesn't even have a **hat!** There's something **fishy** going on here! That kind of tipping makes me **suspicious!** And the fact that they're all wearing **GUNS** doesn't **help!** C'mon! Let's follow 'em!

Cockeye, the **last** time we followed someone, we **stayed up** for **3 days and 3 nights,** went **48 hours without food,** and **accidentally killed a Federal Agent!**

Well . . . I can't promise it will be as much fun as **THAT**—but let's give it a whirl!

Gee, Cockeye, you're doing a **great job** of staying right on their **tail!**

No problem, Birdie! I tied our **bumpers** together!

But don't you think they'll get a **little suspicious**—seeing the **same car** behind them five hours in a row—especially in **deserted Brooklyn?!?**

Naw! I keep changing my **expression** and they think I'm **someone different** each time they look!

Hey! The guy drives a **Caddy,** his girl is loaded down with **expensive clothes** and **jewelry,** and they come home to a **dumpy little Candy Store** like **that!** What do you **think,** Cockeye?

I think that Candy Store is a **GOLD MINE!** We should open one **right across the street** and steal his **customers!**

I'm going to **New York!**

I bought you a **new camera!**

I bought you a **new coat!**

That's **great!** Now **tell** me, what's the **connection?**

I got the scoop on those **Candy Store sweeties!** His name is **Salvatore Giuseppe Bocciballo,** and his wife's name is **Angelina Bocciballo!**

Oh, they're **Italians?**

No, **Wops!**

Wasn't this a **great idea** of mine? I figured Bocciballo was getting a little suspicious of seeing a **car** behind him all the time, so I came up with **this . . .**

Yeah, but don't you think that **sitting in his BACK SEAT** is a little **dangerous?**

Not so **loud!** He'll **hear** you! Now this is what I found out so far! Bocciballo and his wife make about **$7000 a year** from the Candy Store . . . and they spend **$80,000!**

Boy, I wish **MY** wife could **stretch a buck** like **that!**

Hey, we're stopping at Sol Beanstalk's apartment! I've been wanting to get something on him for years!
Yeah! They say he's a big bankroller of illicit narcotics!
Who cares about that!? He's Jewish! That's what galls me! I don't know why those Jews don't go back to Jewland where they came from!
You know, Cockeye! Sometimes you sound like a bigot!
Listen, I don't have any love for them Bigots, either! If I had my way, every one of THEM would be sent back to Bigotland where THEY came from!
THE LITTLE SCIENTIST
And what is the purpose of your visit to America, Mr. Dapperbeaux?
I have come from France to drive my custom-built Mark III Lincoln Continental into Brooklyn where I will park it in the worst run-down section of the waterfront!
Yes, but what's the connection??
Gee, I was hoping YOU guys would know?
SMACK
Okay, this is a raid! I want all the goodies on the counter!
Gee, Cockeye, why can't you come through the front door just once! This is the fourth plate glass window you've busted this month!
Boy, there are more pills, needles and drugs on that counter than in the last place Cockeye busted!!
Where was that?
The Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company!
UPS
Hey, Spade! Haven't seen you in a Coon's age! How's my little Black-Eyed Pea?
You talkin' to me?
Don't get cute with me, Sambo, or I might start some name-calling!
Hey, Man! You got a dime to lend me for the John . . .?
Wait, I'll open it for you!
PAY NOW GO LATER
Okay! (SOCK!) No one can hear us now! (PUNCH!) So what's the word?
When? (SLAM!)
How much? (CRACK!)
There's a big shipment due!
Soon! Maybe this week!
I dunno! (OOOF!) A lot!
Now I'm gonna knock you back outside with one last shot! Thanks for the info! You're really a friend . . .
Thank God I'm a FRIEND! I'd hate to see the way he treats his ENEMIES!

But, Lieutenant Simpleton! I'm **sure** I'm on to something **BIG!!**

Cockeye, the last **time** you were on to something big, you cost the Department **$40,000, 2 police cars and one Federal Agent . . . !**

Yeah, but last time, I just had a **"feeling"!** This time, I got a **real "HUNCH"!**

Oh, well, if you're **THAT** positive, I'll assign a **Fed** to help! Let's see, who won't I **miss** if he gets **shot** accidentally??

OUR LEADER

What kind of a place **is** this, **anyway?**

It's an **Auto Graveyard . . .** where they auction off **old cars!**

See that guy in the **black hat?** He's our **agent!** He's bidding on a **beat-up wreck** of an **old car** for us!

Great! Now, can I ask just **one more question?**

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION???

Why'd we stop in this restaurant for a twelve course dinner? It makes **no sense at all!** The food is **lousy** here!

It's not for the **food!** It's for the **fantastic view!**

This is our **best table,** Sir . . . overlooking **Irving's TV Repair Shop,** where you can eat your dinner in **warmth** and **comfort** while you watch that **Narco agent** watch **you!**

IRVING'S TV REPAIR SHOP

PIZZA

MENU

Here! I got you some **Pizza!**

Guinea food again? I'd love some **Chink food** for a change!

Excuse me, Sir! I just want to tell you that you're doing a **real great job!**

You mean tracking down the **narcotics shipment?**

No, **insulting Minority Groups!** You're a real credit to all the Micks!

STUFF

STUFF

LECITHIN

Okay! Okay! I'm **waiting!** Is the stuff **good?**

Yeah, Man! It's like **great!**

Oh, **wow!** Who was **killed?** Cockeye? Birdie? **Someone vital to the plot!**

Naw! **Nobody!** It's just that there's been no **violence** for nearly **90 seconds,** so we just **stuck in** this plain old **bloody, gory, disgusting car wreck!**

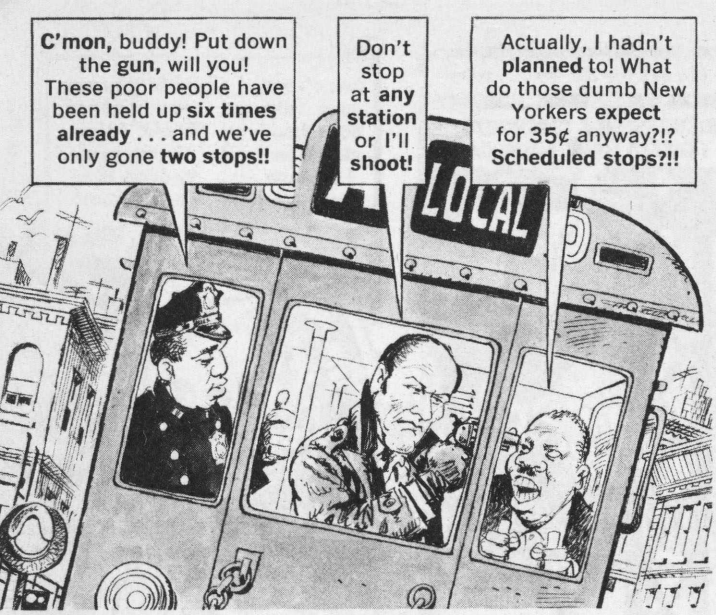
(CHOKE!) Yeah, but what's the **connection?**

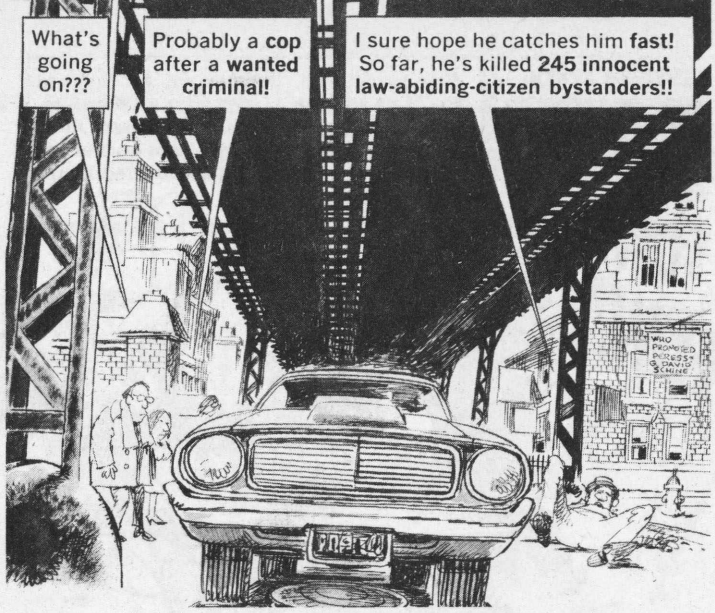
LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY EASTBOUND

RIGHT LANE MUST TURN LEFT

NORTH 495

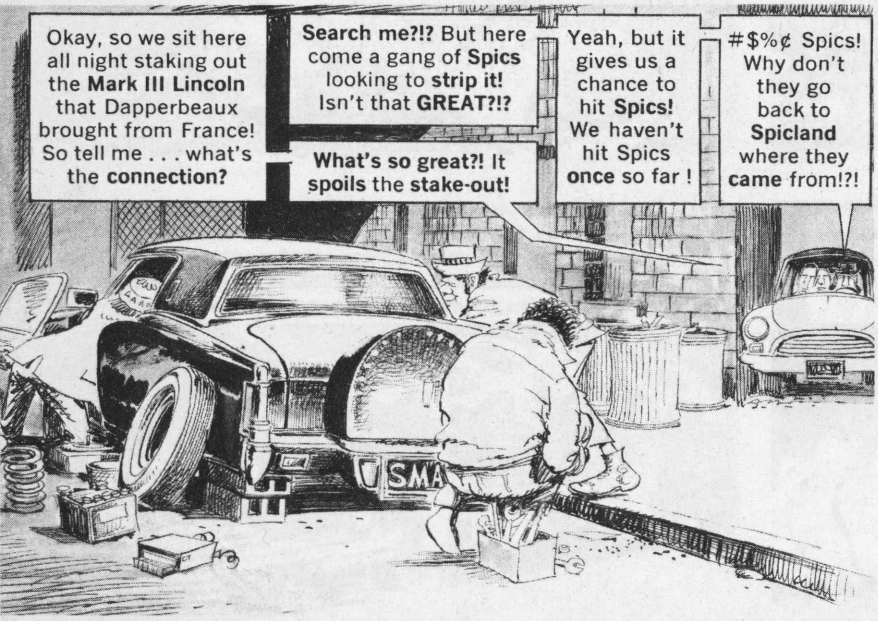
EEEEEK! EEEEK! Someone's **shooting** at us! Oh, my God! Look! There's a **sniper** on the roof!
Boy, I sure wish they'd go back to **Sniperland** where they **came** from . . . those lousy Snipes!
When you get finished with your **ethnic slurs,** you might **chase** him! He just ran up and got on the **Elevated Train!**
POW! POW!
Thanks for the tip . . . Kike!
STOP! POLICE EMERGENCY! I GOTTA HAVE YOUR CAR!
SCREECH
Aw, **c'mon,** guy! Take **somebody else's** car! I want to chase him!
Tough! You had your chance in **"Bullit"!** Now it's **my** turn to drive like a crazy idiot!
First ..... a short cut . . . through this building . . .
Next .... a quick run down this crowded sidewalk . . .
Next, a blind rush through this dangerous intersection . . .
WOOOSH!
And a light bounce off this fruit stand, under this truck!
Now watch **this** neat maneuver! Just before I hit that **young** mother and her **baby carriage, I swerve!** Unfortunately, into a **busload of Orphans!** But that's **their** tough luck! Why don't they go back to **Orphanland** where they **came** from!?!
Hmmm! Look at that creep waving the **checkered flag!** Hasn't got the patriotism to wave an **American** flag!
Here's where you get **yours,** you crummy **Checker-lover!**
RRRRRRRR


C'mon, buddy! Put down the gun, will you! These poor people have been held up six times already . . . and we've only gone two stops!!
Don't stop at any station or I'll shoot!
Actually, I hadn't planned to! What do those dumb New Yorkers expect for 35¢ anyway?!? Scheduled stops?!!
LOCAL

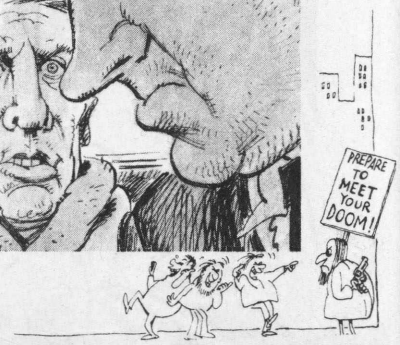

What's going on???
Probably a cop after a wanted criminal!
I sure hope he catches him fast! So far, he's killed 245 innocent law-abiding-citizen bystanders!!

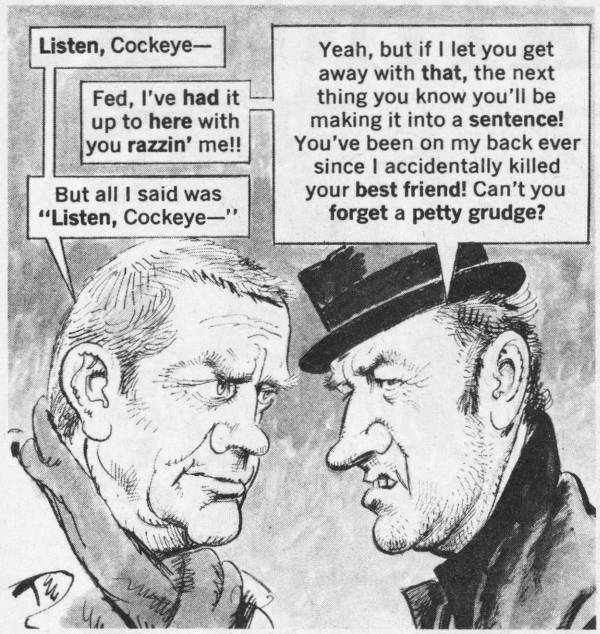
How'd you like that for exciting driving, eh? I sure got here before the train . . . didn't I??
You sure did! The last train station is two miles back!!
GRILL
BAR
DON'T WALK

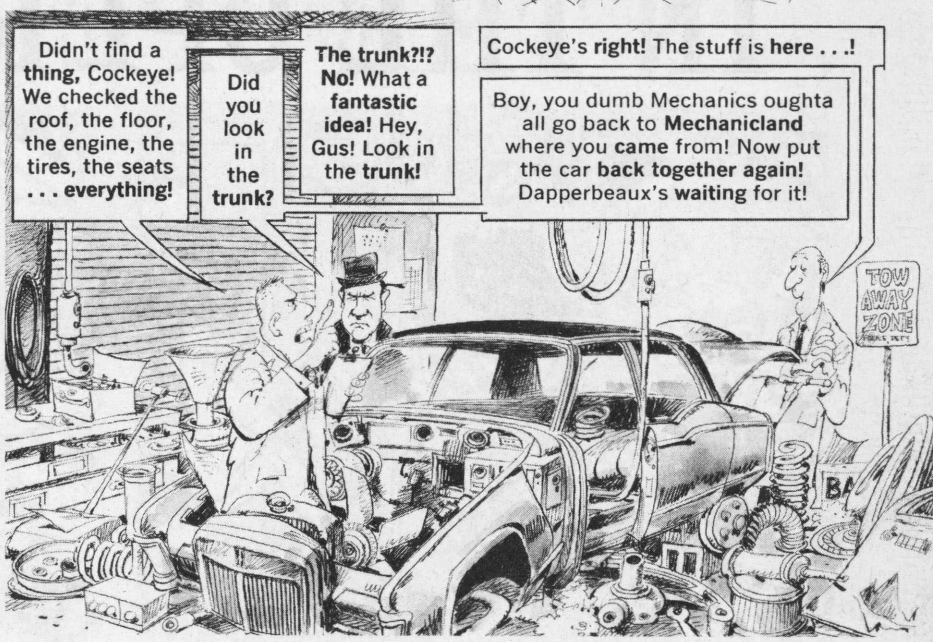
Take that, you lousy Snipe!
Now you know what it feels like to be shot to death!
Maybe next time, you won't be so quick to try to kill somebody!
BLAM!
POLISH EMBISSY JOKE DEPT


Okay, so we sit here all night staking out the Mark III Lincoln that Dapperbeaux brought from France! So tell me . . . what's the connection?
Search me?!? But here come a gang of Spics looking to strip it! Isn't that GREAT?!?
What's so great?! It spoils the stake-out!
Yeah, but it gives us a chance to hit Spics! We haven't hit Spics once so far !
#$%¢ Spics! Why don't they go back to Spicland where they came from!?!

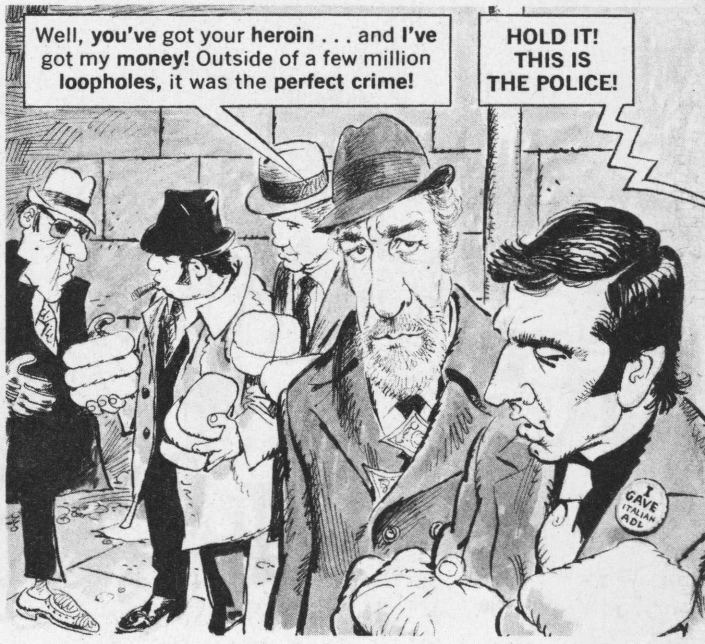
But you're right! The stake-out is ruined! Take the car to the station and search it, and arrest the Spics!
Noodling their navels in Nantucket!
It carries twice the penalty of diddling your digit in Dallas!
On what charge . . . ?
Is that a crime?

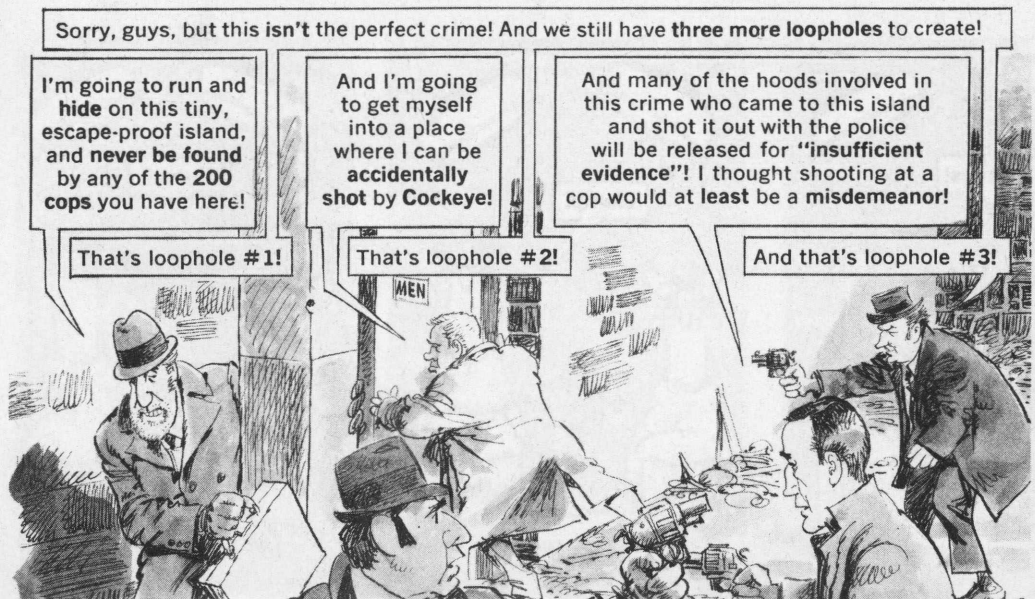

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!

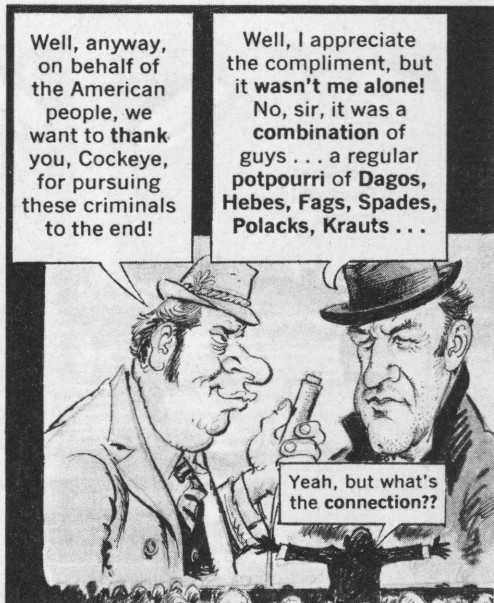

Listen, Cockeye—
Fed, I've had it up to here with you razzin' me!!
But all I said was "Listen, Cockeye—"
Yeah, but if I let you get away with that, the next thing you know you'll be making it into a sentence! You've been on my back ever since I accidentally killed your best friend! Can't you forget a petty grudge?


Didn't find a thing, Cockeye! We checked the roof, the floor, the engine, the tires, the seats . . . everything!
Did you look in the trunk?
The trunk?!? No! What a fantastic idea! Hey, Gus! Look in the trunk!
Cockeye's right! The stuff is here . . .!
Boy, you dumb Mechanics oughta all go back to Mechanicland where you came from! Now put the car back together again! Dapperbeaux's waiting for it!
TOW AWAY ZONE

Here you are, Mr. Dapperbeaux . . . in perfect shape!
Wait a minute! What's going on here, anyway?
No matter what you say, Dapperbeaux, we never searched your car!
Who said anything about searching my car!? I lost a brown Lincoln Continental and you're giving me back a green Cadillac Eldorado!
Phew! is that all?! For a minute, we thought you were suspicious!
JUNK

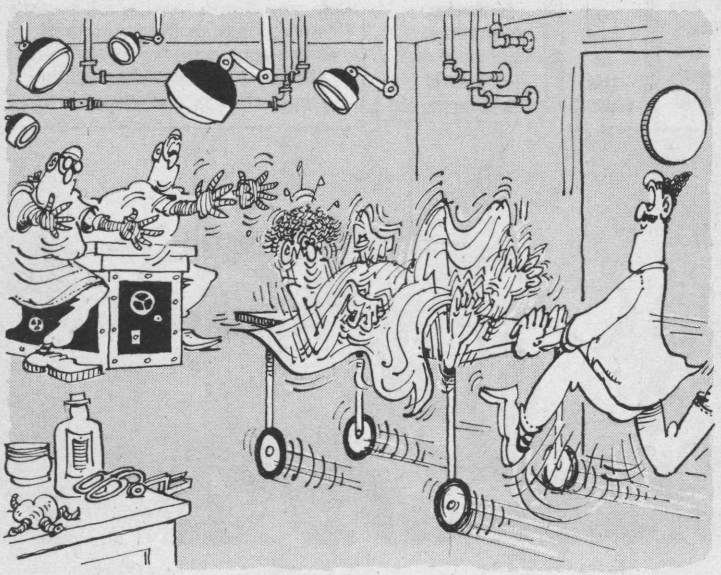

Well, you've got your heroin . . . and I've got my money! Outside of a few million loopholes, it was the perfect crime!
HOLD IT! THIS IS THE POLICE!
I GAVE ITALIAN ADL

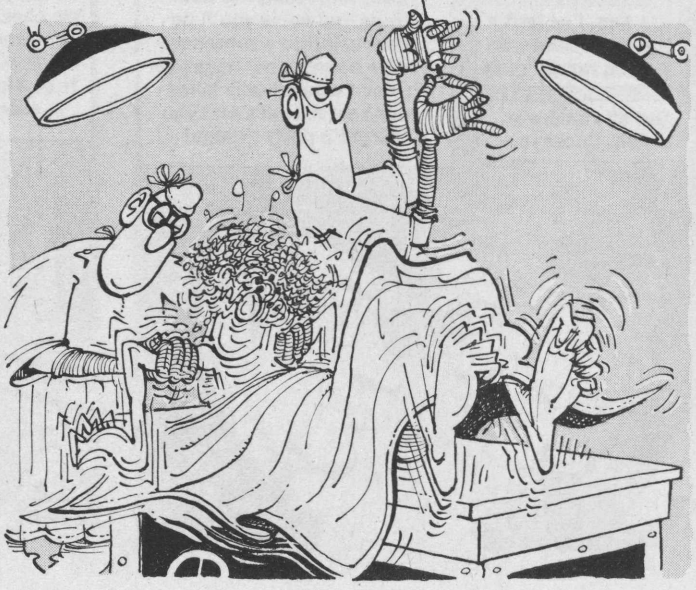

Sorry, guys, but this isn't the perfect crime! And we still have three more loopholes to create!
I'm going to run and hide on this tiny, escape-proof island, and never be found by any of the 200 cops you have here!
That's loophole #1!
And I'm going to get myself into a place where I can be accidentally shot by Cockeye!
That's loophole #2!
MEN
And many of the hoods involved in this crime who came to this island and shot it out with the police will be released for "insufficient evidence"! I thought shooting at a cop would at least be a misdemeanor!
And that's loophole #3!

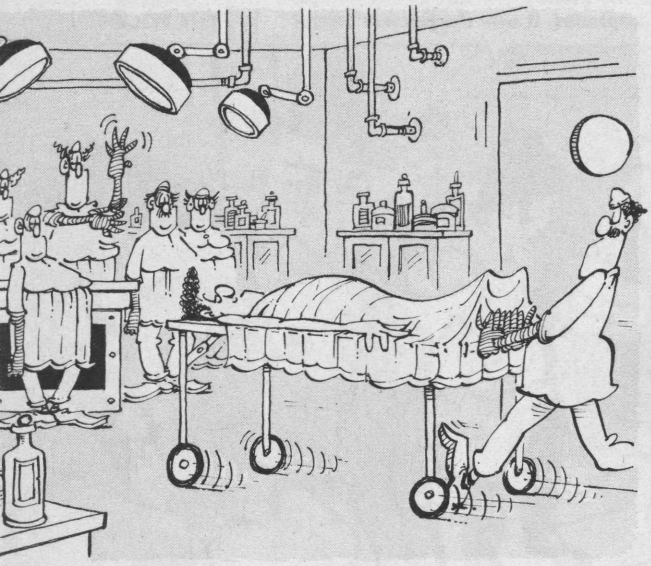

Well, anyway, on behalf of the American people, we want to thank you, Cockeye, for pursuing these criminals to the end!
Well, I appreciate the compliment, but it wasn't me alone! No, sir, it was a combination of guys . . . a regular potpourri of Dagos, Hebes, Fags, Spades, Polacks, Krauts . . .
Yeah, but what's the connection??

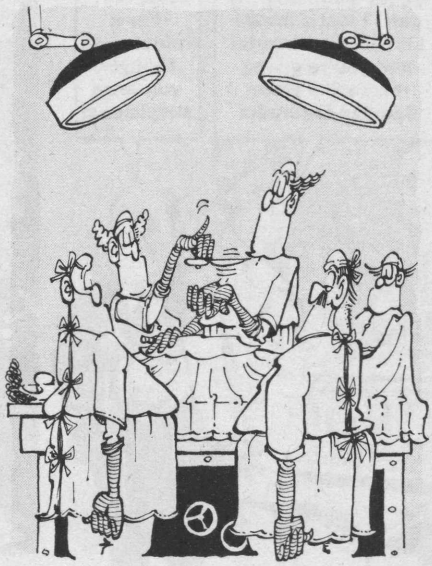
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

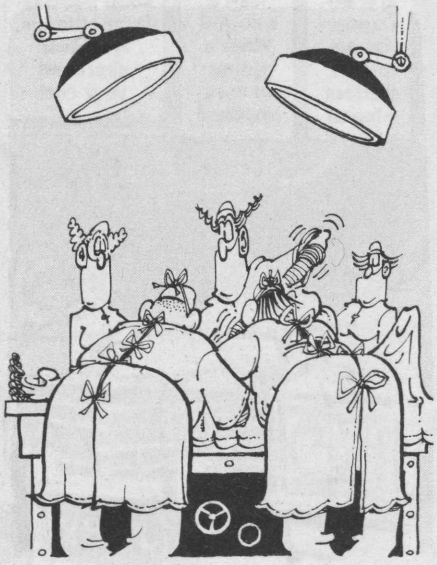
IN THE OPERATING RO

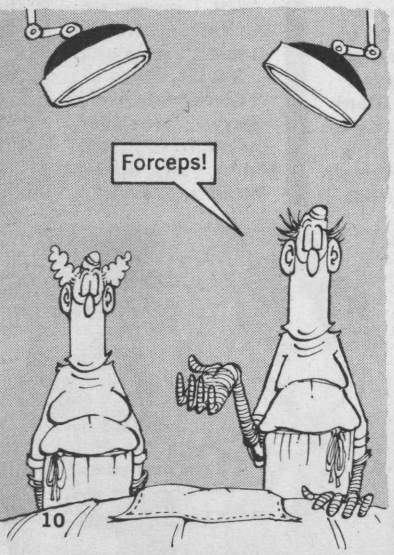


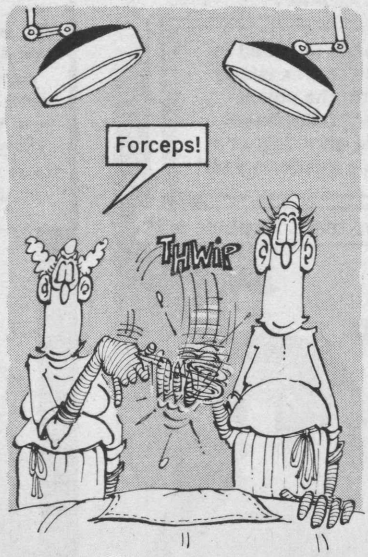


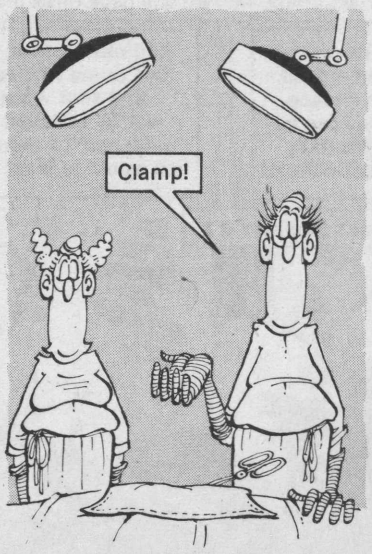


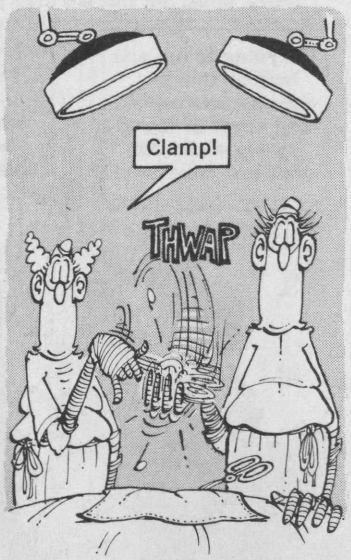




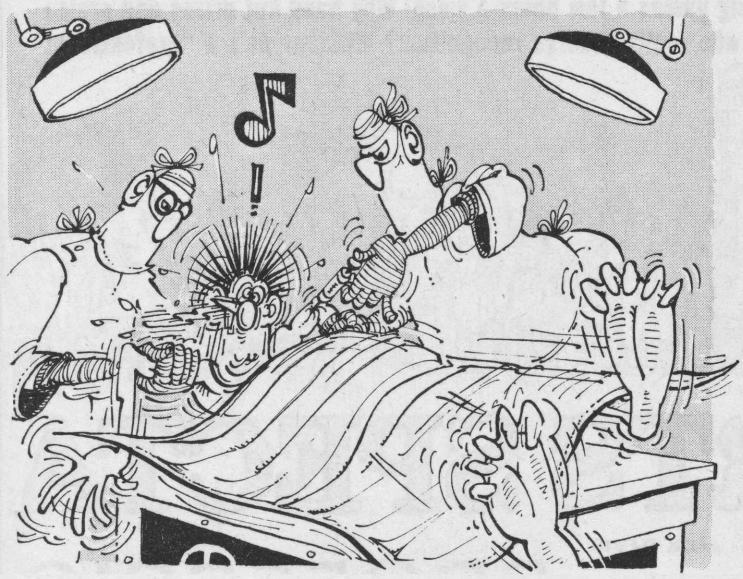


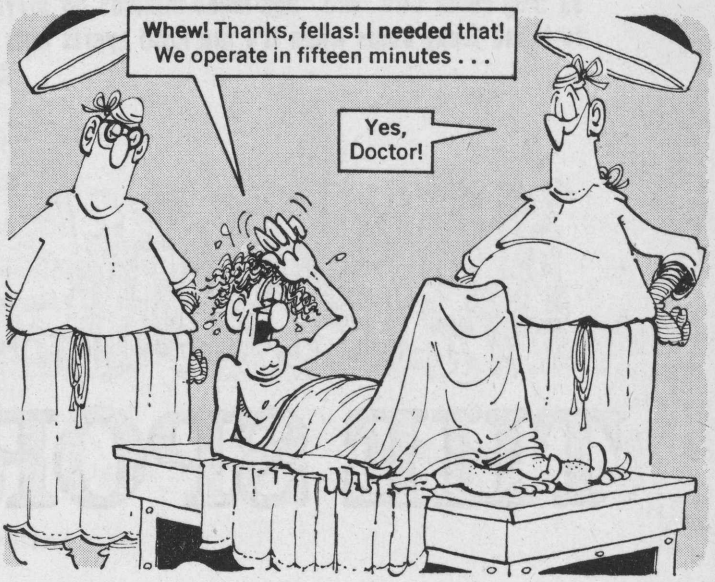


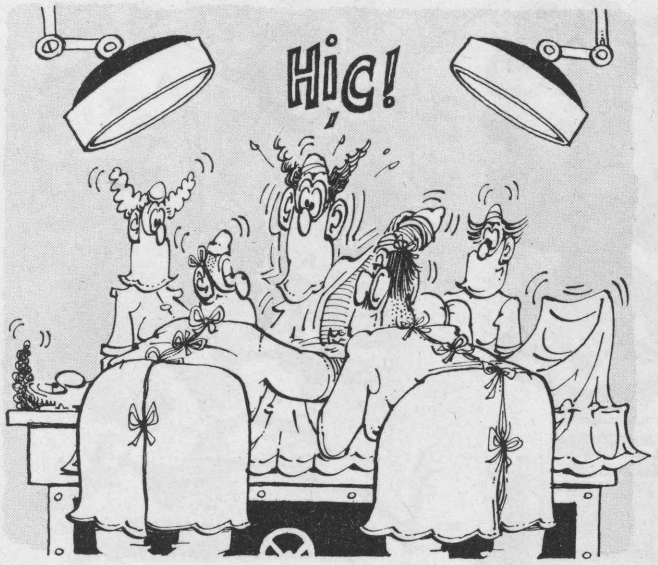


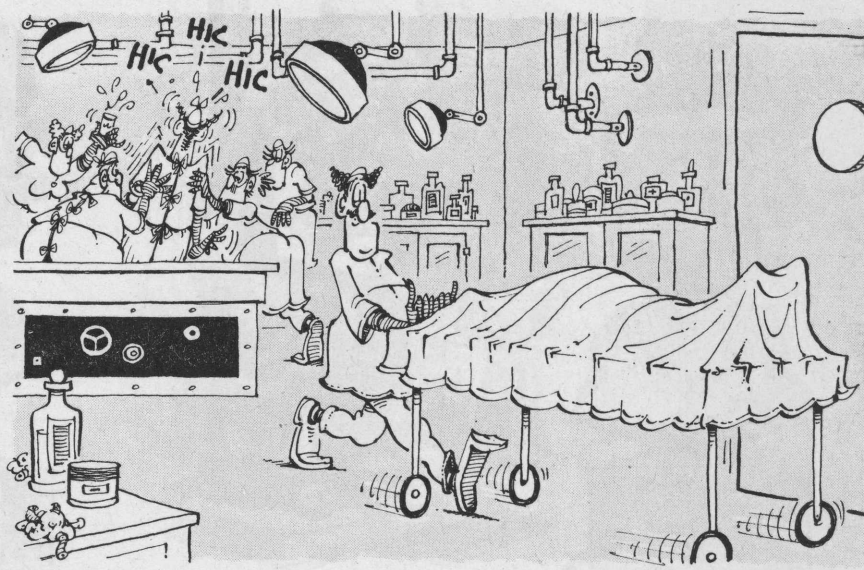


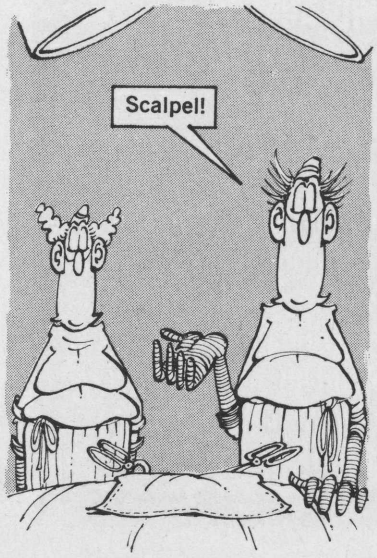
OM with DON MARTIN

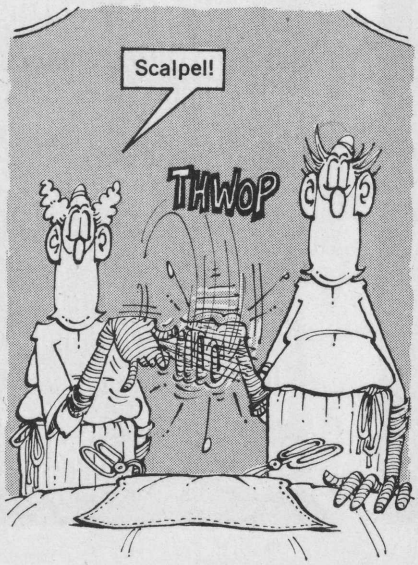












ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS DEPT.

Y'know what gets us sore? The annual foolishness perpetuated by the Sports World in awarding countless trophies, All-American honors and Hall of Fame nominations to athletes who have already been subsidized through college so they could turn "pro" and make millions for playing games a few hours a week! Why hand out prizes and praise to those lucky bums when it's the loyal sports fans who really deserve recognition? Whether he's a "professional

THE SPORTS SPECTA

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

PROFESSIO

SALTONSTALL CABOT-LODGE III

EX—MILLIONAIRE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

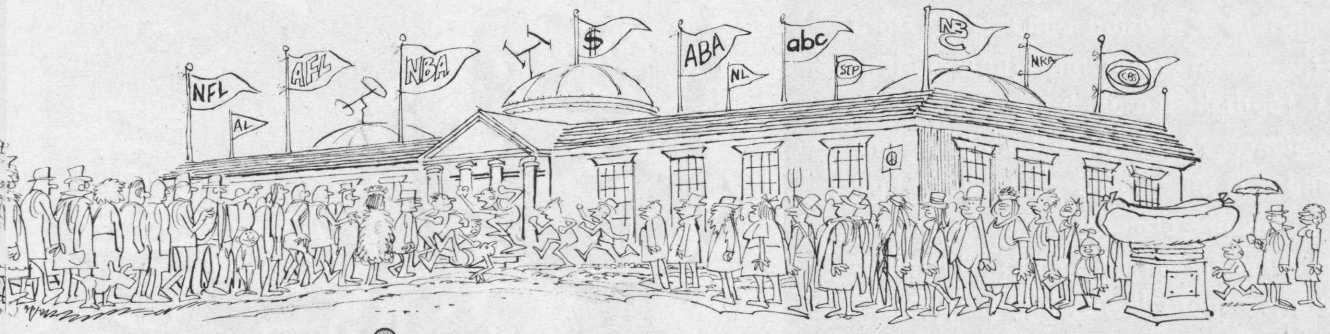
Cited for incredible philanthropy after voluntarily paying standard N.F.L. ticket prices to attend all 1970 home games (including 16 meaningless pre-season exhibitions) played by the Boston Patriots, Cabot-Lodge charitably squandered the balance of his family fortune on 75¢ Dixie cups of beer and 50¢ hot dogs during lulls in the action, which earned him further honors as the patsy most responsible for enabling the Patriots to buy Joe Kapp.

MRS. HARMON HULABALOO

MATERNAL SCAPEGOAT TULSA, OKLA.

Mrs. Hulabaloo earned the sympathy of the nation and the hatred of her neighbors while grimly attending all 29 Little League games loused up by the rotten playing of her son, Harmon, Jr., last year. Harmon's consistency was a major factor in winning Hall of Fame honors for his mother, having batted .112, fielded .112 and had 112 "accidents" brought on by umpires' repeated refusals to stop play while he ran home to go to the bathroom.

fan" who pays his way into the stadium knowing he'll be fleeced and inconvenienced at every turn, or merely an "amateur" enduring dreary week-ends of TV sports viewing at home, he suffers far more than the players who never have to stand in ticket lines or watch commercials during time-outs. Yessiree, MAD thinks it's high time we started honoring our true heroes, and we hereby nominate these outstanding fans to charter membership in . . .



TORS' HALL OF FAME

WRITER: TOM KOCH

NAL DIVISION

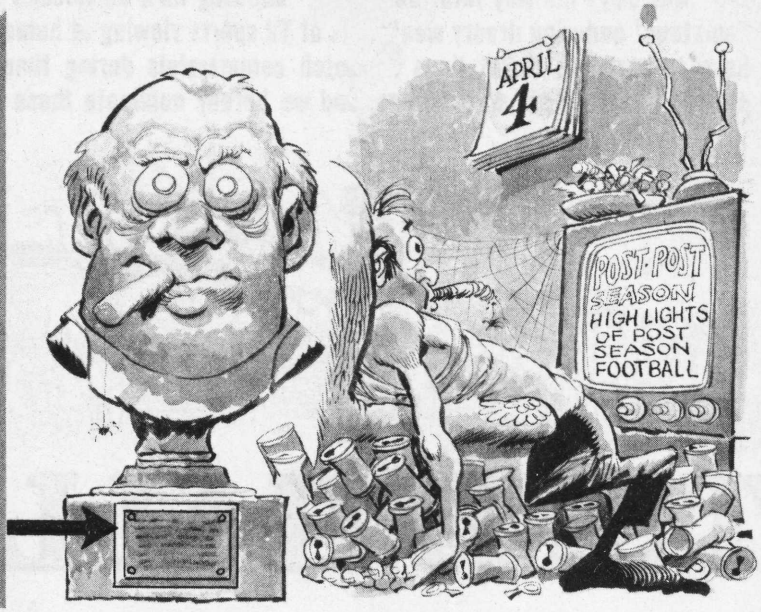
STAN "THE MASOCHIST" KRUSIAL
UNEMPLOYED SNUFF SALESMAN CHICAGO, ILL.
The failure of Comiskey Park's management to provide adequate parking facilities enabled Krusial to set a new Major League record in 1970 by having his hub caps swiped 55 times, his battery heisted 26 times, his entire car stripped 17 times and stolen completely on 14 occasions. As further evidence of his Hall of Fame qualifications, Krusial established this new mark while suffering through all 81 home games of the Chicago White Sox.

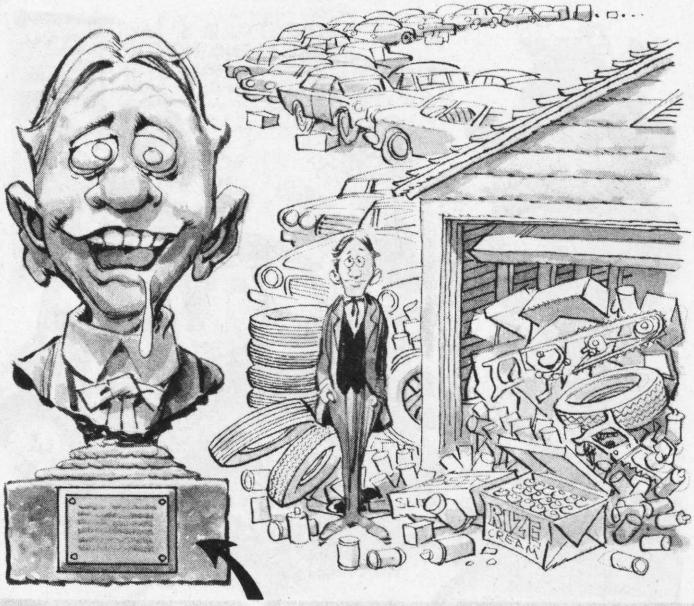
LUTHER "COLD-HARD LUKE" GLENGG
ITINERANT OTTER BREEDER HUMPHREY, MINN.
While attending a December Minnesota Vikings home game, re-scheduled from a 5-above-zero Sunday afternoon to a 20-below Monday night to accommodate ABC-TV, Glengg became Pro Football's all-time Champion Frostbite Victim. His $16,000 hospital bill for treatment of double pneumonia and brittle ears surpassed the old mark of $13,750 (including funeral expenses) set by a Green Bay Packer fan caught in the great End Zone Snow Slide of 1952.

AMATEUR DIVISION

BRONCO "THE GAPER" NIJINSKY
DIVORCED HERMIT WIDE FLANKER, PA.

Set the all-time television endurance record during the Summer-Autumn-Winter-Spring-1970-'71 Football Season by watching 116 complete games, 97 dull, predictable pre-game shows and 82 inane post-game wrap-ups. Nijinsky's crowning achievement came on New Years Day when he logged 8 hours 43 minutes of consecutive football viewing, despite the fact that his wife left him to enter a Convent between the Cotton and Rose Bowl Games.





MARVIN "MAD DOG" STEEBLEMAN
ITINERANT SHOE CLERK AKRON, OHIO

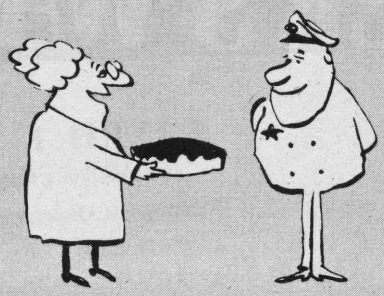
Trapped on a rainy Saturday in the same house with a wife, five kids, nine in-laws and only one TV set, Steebleman valiantly fought off the demands of the whole mob to switch to a Three Stooges Film Festival and, armed with just his bare fists and a fireplace poker, held out through a Phillies-Expo baseball game, the third round of the Azalea Open Golf Tournament and 27 laps of a Stock Car Race before being subdued by the police.

LLEWELYN "THE GULLIBLE" WRETCH
PREVIOUSLY RICH PLUMBER POLYGLAS, FLA.

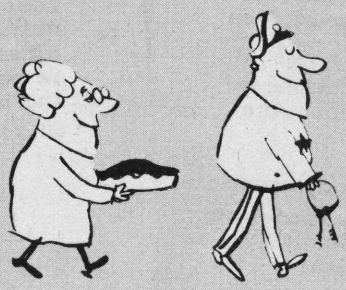
The only fan to show true appreciation of TV Sponsors by rushing out and buying everything he was commanded to rush out and buy during the 1970-71 season, Wretch is now the debt-ridden owner of $8,000 worth of hair tonics, deodorants, shave creams and Rocky Graziano's favorite beer . . . in addition to having made down payments on 34 Dodge Chargers, 21 lawn-mowers and 17 power saws for the basement workshop he doesn't even have.

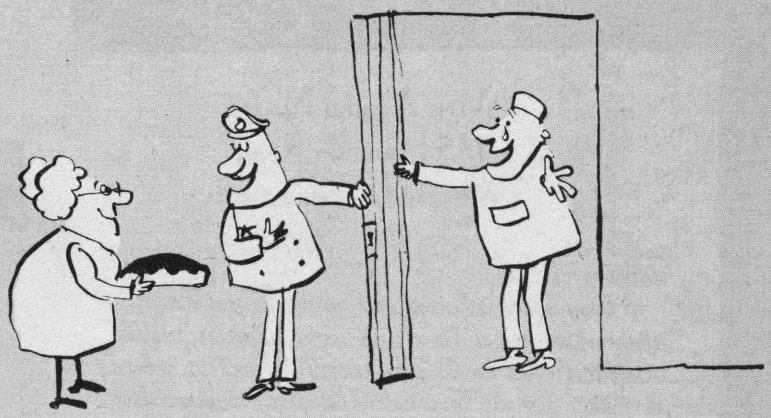
MOTHER LOAD DEPT.

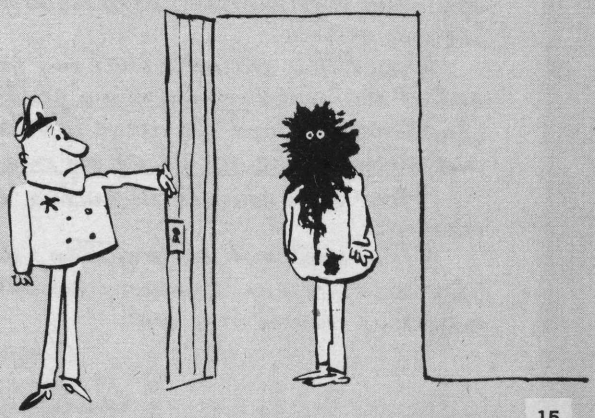
VISITING DAY



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







RECALLED FROM THE BACK POCKET DEPT.

Hey, muckraking fans! Here is a fictionalized "MAD" look at what we'd probably find if we were to make a thorough study of the contents of

RALPH NADER'S WALLET

Spector & Bobrick
Music Publishers
Brill Building
New York City

Dear Mr. Nader:—

We are in receipt of your recent letter.

As publishers of "In Your Merry Oldsmobile", we think you've gone out of your gourd, Man!

Your claim that this song is "unsafe" and should not be sung "at any speed" is, like, ridiculous! No doubt about it, Man, you are a "nut" and a "fanatic"!

Groovingly yours,
Sam Bobrick
Sam Bobrick
President

RALPH NADER
"The Nation's Conscience"
Washington, District of Columbia

Dear Mr. Bobrick:

I repeat my claim that your song is "unsafe" and should not be sung "at any speed"--as indeed ALL songs are unsafe and should not be sung at any speed--BY ROCK GROUPS! Rock Groups have a tendency to perform at extremely high decibles, this increasing the already intolerable "noise pollution" that is permeating our atmosphere and posing an increasing danger to our nation's consumers. So you see, I am not a "nut" or a "fanatic"!

Alertly yours,
Ralph Nader
Ralph Nader

P.S. I have conducted tests on the stationary you use, and have discovered that it is made from trees illegally cut from the Maine forests. Thus, you have contributed to the destruction of our environment. Next time I am in New York City, I will place you and your partner under a Citizen's Arrest!

R.N.

Mrs. Agatha Nader
135 Hamden Road
Winstead, Connecticut

Dear Ralph,

You were always my favorite nephew. I remember as a boy you were always polite, obedient and well-mannered. That is why it is hard for me to understand this sudden change in your behavior.

It was with all good intentions that I invited you to my dinner party last Friday evening. But instead of being grateful, you came and embarrassed me in front of all my guests.

First you claimed that my fruit salad contained monosodium glutamate. And then you had the nerve to stand up and demand the recall of my meatloaf!

How dare you act in such a boorish manner!

This will not be forgotten, dear Nephew! I am seriously considering recycling you in my will!

Angrily,
Aunt Agatha

Slik, Imidge and Sellers
Public Relations Consultants
Washington, D.C.

Ralphie, Baby!

We're in luck!

We've just located another Men's Haberdasher with a limited supply of "ill-fitting suits".

We suggest that you go there immediately and buy three or four so that you can continue to project that "homespun"--"too-busy-to-care-about-clothes" image to the public.

Also, don't forget to pick up the usual "square" accessories...the 1957 style skinny ties, the drab wash-and-wear white shirts, and the ankle socks with the clocks on them.

Remember, the public digs the image of a simple man wearing ill-fitting clothes. Look what it's done for our last two Presidents!

Sincerely yours,
Budd E. Sellers
Bud E. Sellers

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

IDENTIFICATION

NAME Ralph Nader

ADDRESS Washington, D.C.

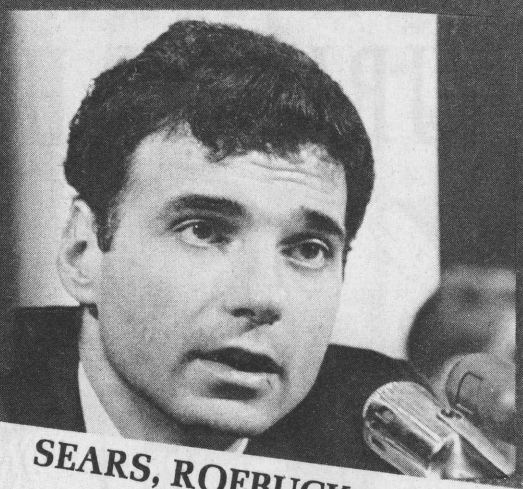
TELEPHONE Tapped (Usually)

MAKE OF AUTOMOBILE Are You Kidding?!?

OCCUPATION Lawyer, Consumer Crusader, Ecologist, Recaller of Cars, Destroyer of Detergents, Busy-Body, and Long-Shot Presidential Candidate

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY

Me! I'm the only one the country can trust!



NOTES ON SPEECH BEFORE "MARKETING CONVENTION" PAGE 8

And so, let me conclude by saying that there is no excuse for carelessness and deceit.

Every corporation and every individual must be held responsible for his actions.

Too many people today attempt to get away with putting something over on the public for the sake of a buck.

Yes, the innocent consumer must be protected against carelessness, deceit, shoddy business practices, dishonest merchandising, tainted foods and

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.
Washington, D.C. Branch

Dear Customer:

MR. RALPH NADER Acct. #2-714-062-N

It was probably an oversight on your part, but your check number 573 dated 2/17/72 in the amount of $78.53 was returned to us by your bank for lack of sufficient funds.

Would you kindly correct this error by sending us a new check in the above amount and making sure that it does not bounce this time.

Thank you,

Ward Montgomery

Ward Montgomery,
Accounts Division

THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
NBC-TV STUDIOS
OLIVE STREET BURBANK, CAL.

Dear Mr. Nader:

This time, you've gone too far!

We've been hearing about your investigations into television programs, but we didn't believe you were really serious.

First, you put down the Galloping Gourmet for violating the "Wholesome Meat Act of 1937". Then, you declared the Partridge Family Bus as "structurally unsafe." And then you shocked Doris Day by claiming her smile "contained cyclamates."

But now, you've gone beyond all reason with your latest attack. It is utterly ridiculous for you to demand that Ironside rotate the tires on his wheelchair every 13 weeks"!

Sincerely yours,

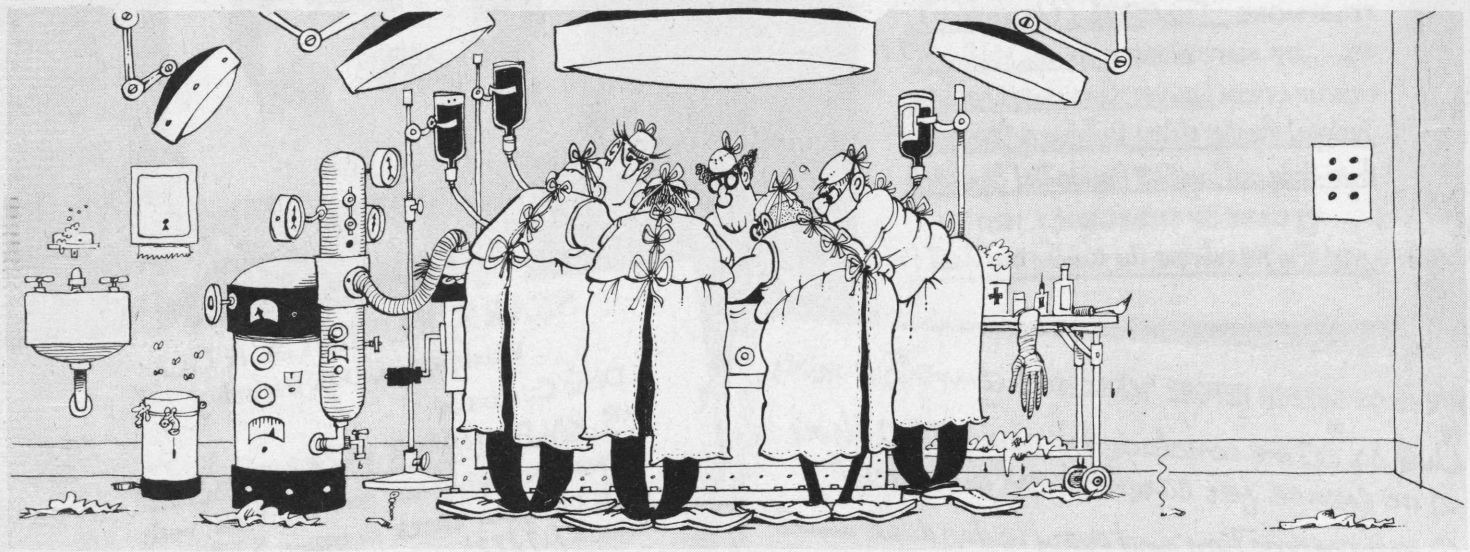
Cy Chermak

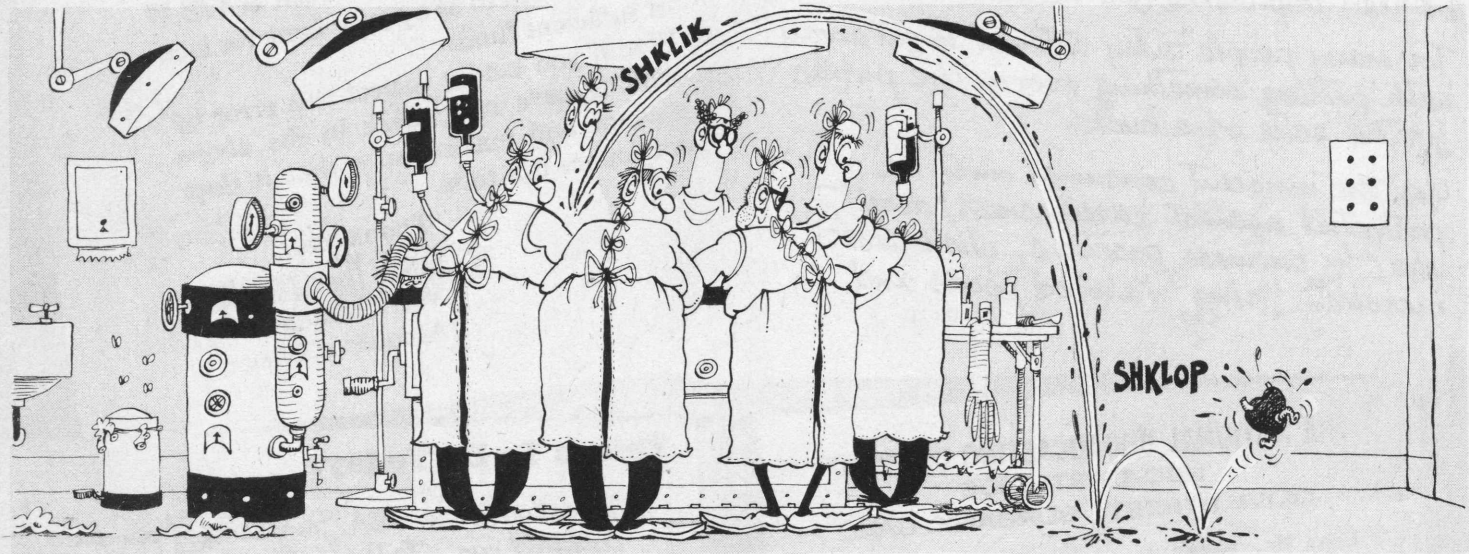
Cy Chermak
Executive Producer
Ironsides

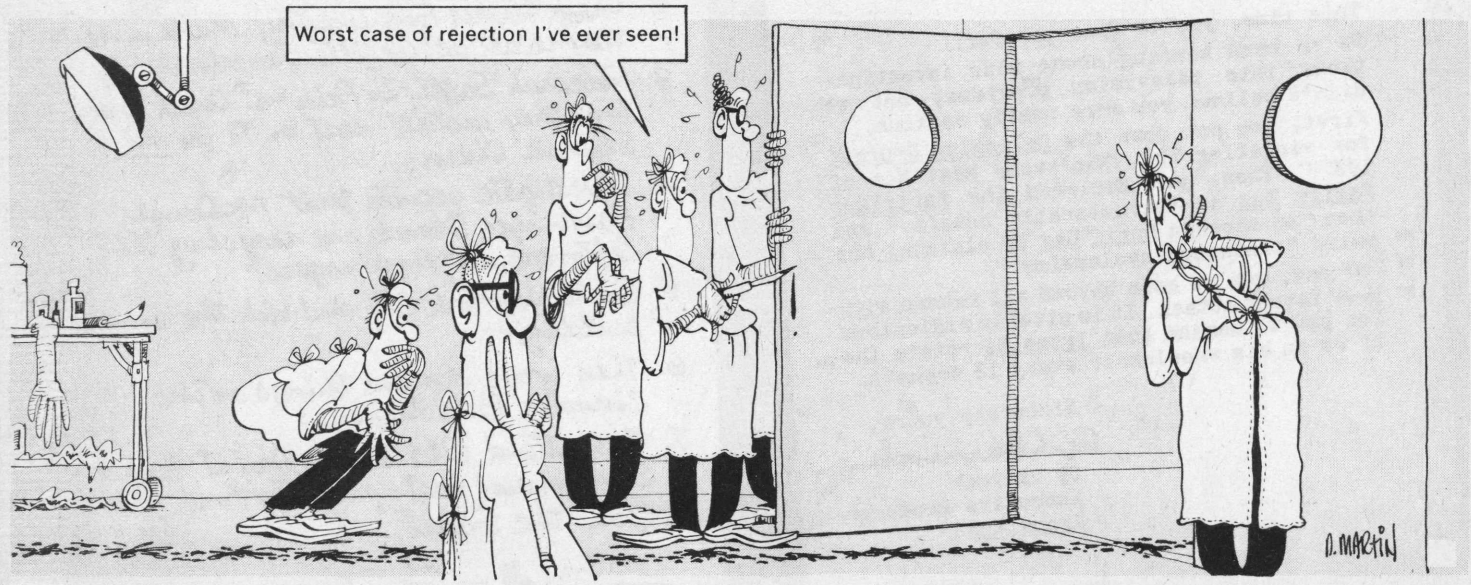
Things To Do Today!

1. Investigate the NBA. Suspected of pumping polluted air into Basketballs.
2. Check Kosher Food Industry. Make sure they recall all Gefilte Swordfish.
3. Research "Safety In Prisons." Check to see that they install seat belts on all Electric Chairs.
4. Investigate reports that McDougle Hamburger Stands are recycling their leftovers as "Hashburgers."
5. Go to New York City and kick the G.M. building.
6. Then write obscene things on the Chrysler Building.
7. Then attend Old Timer's Day at Yankee Stadium and beat up Whitey Ford.
8. Sell the Edsel.

BACK IN THE OPERATING ROOM WITH DON MARTIN DURING A HEART TRANSPLANT



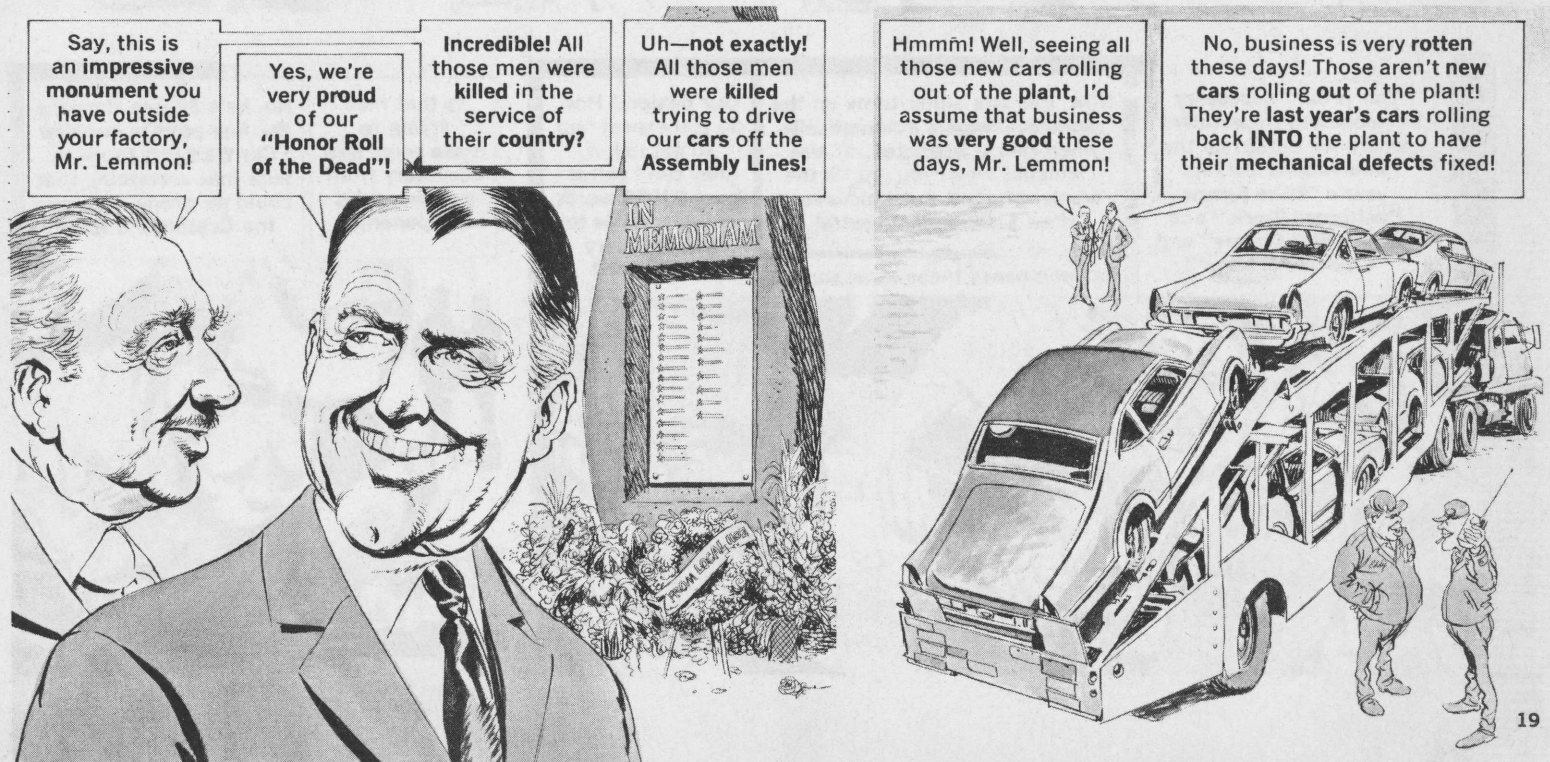




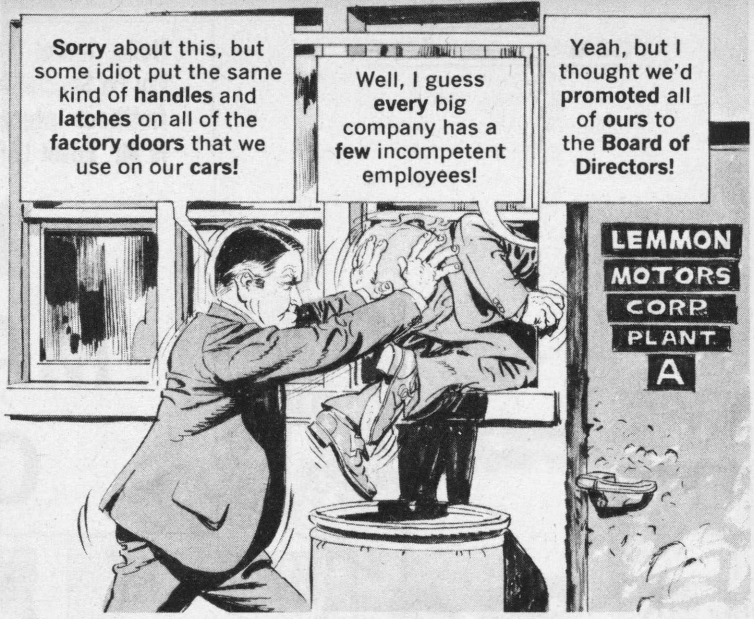
Hello, there! I'm Walter Crankcase, speaking to you from Detroit, Michigan, where I'm on Special Assignment for MAD Magazine! We're here for another of those stupid fictitious interviews with people who make America great! And this time, our guest is Mr. Edsel Lemmon, the famous industrial tycoon who was recently named as . . .

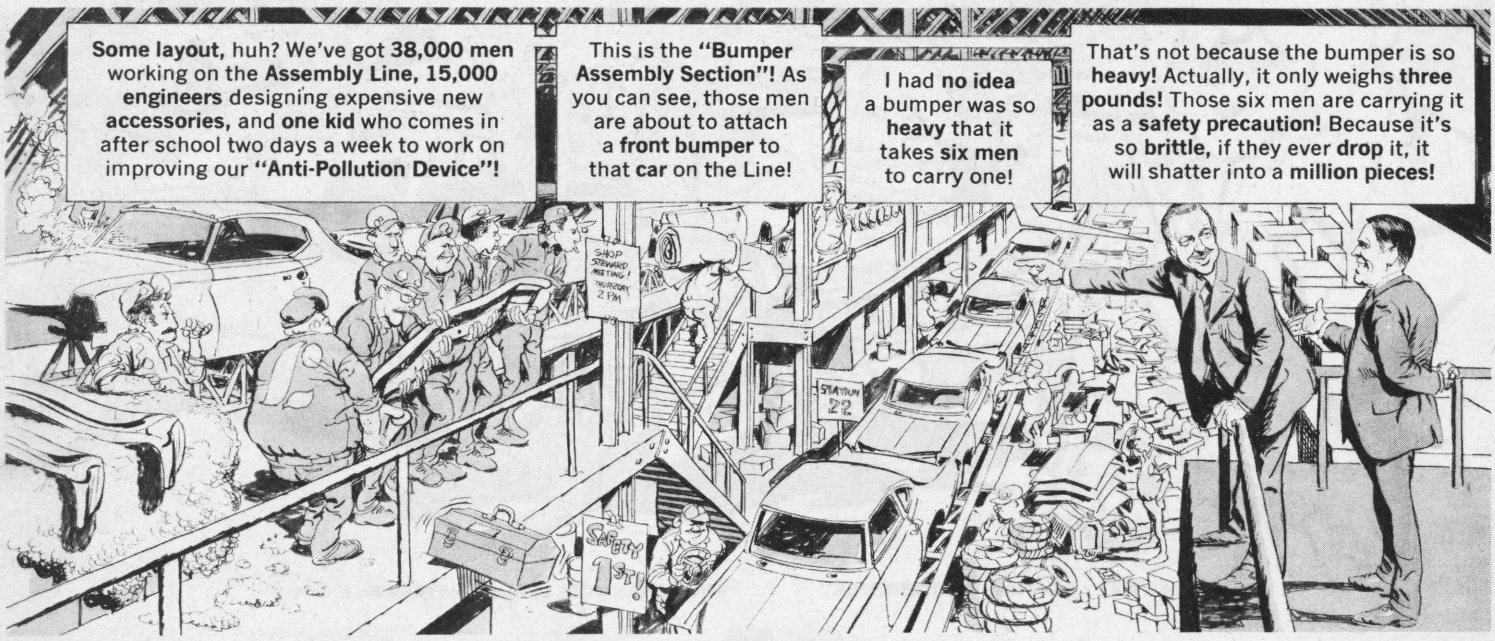
MAD'S AUTO MANUFACTURER OF THE YEAR

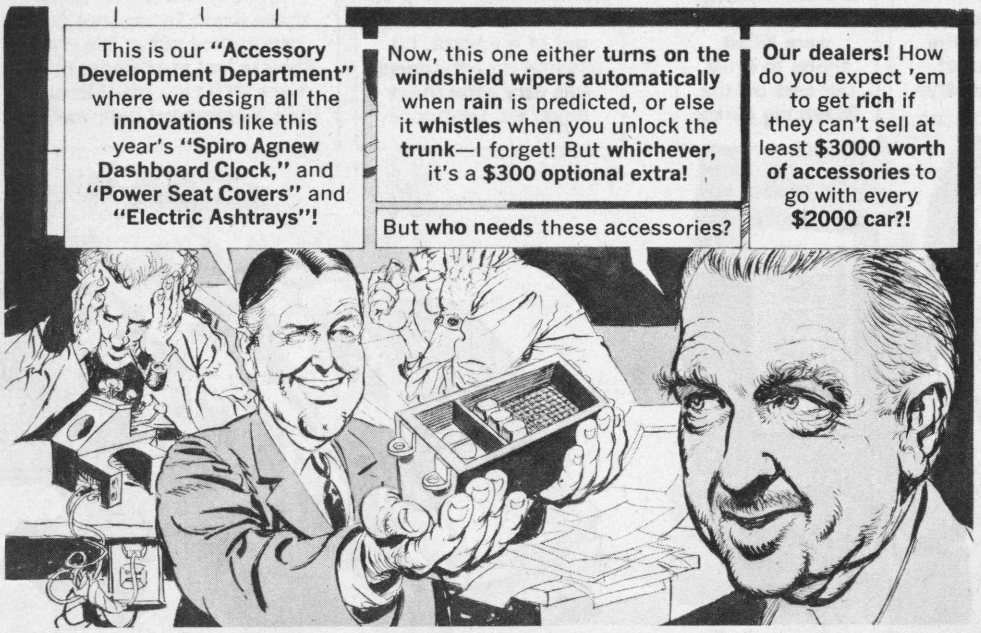
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITERS: TOM KOCH WITH EARLE DOUD



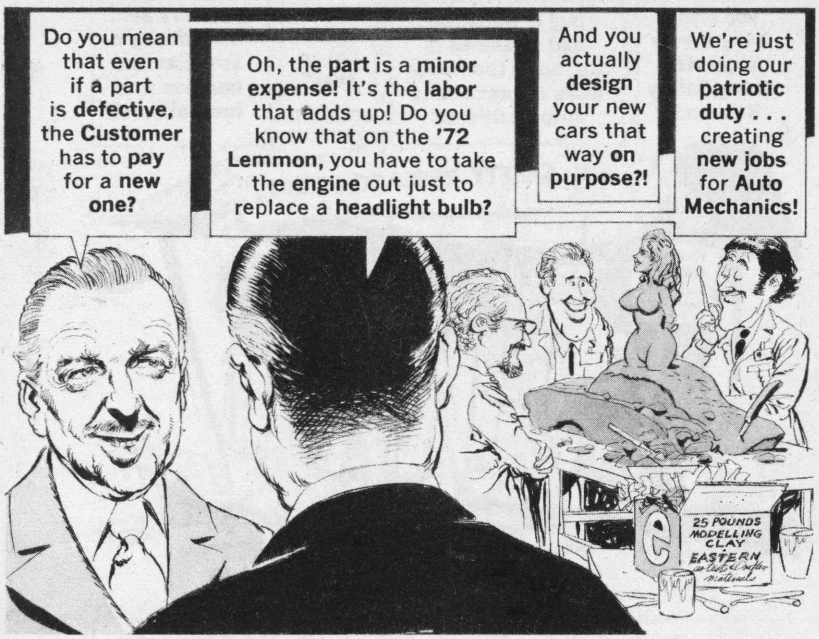
Oh, really? What's wrong with them?
Only a minor power problem! When you hit the power brakes at 80 miles an hour, the power steering cuts out, and the power windows roll down!

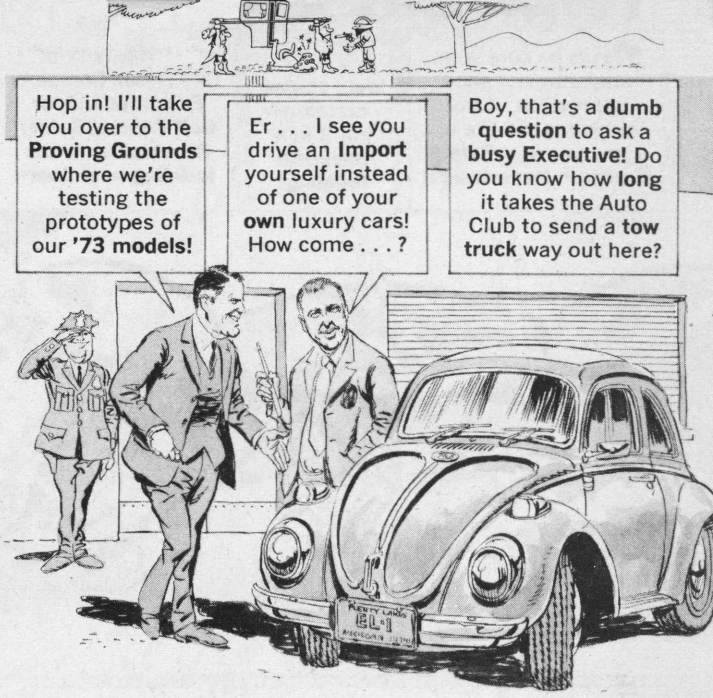

Sorry about this, but some idiot put the same kind of handles and latches on all of the factory doors that we use on our cars!
Well, I guess every big company has a few incompetent employees!
Yeah, but I thought we'd promoted all of ours to the Board of Directors!
LEMMON MOTORS CORP. PLANT A

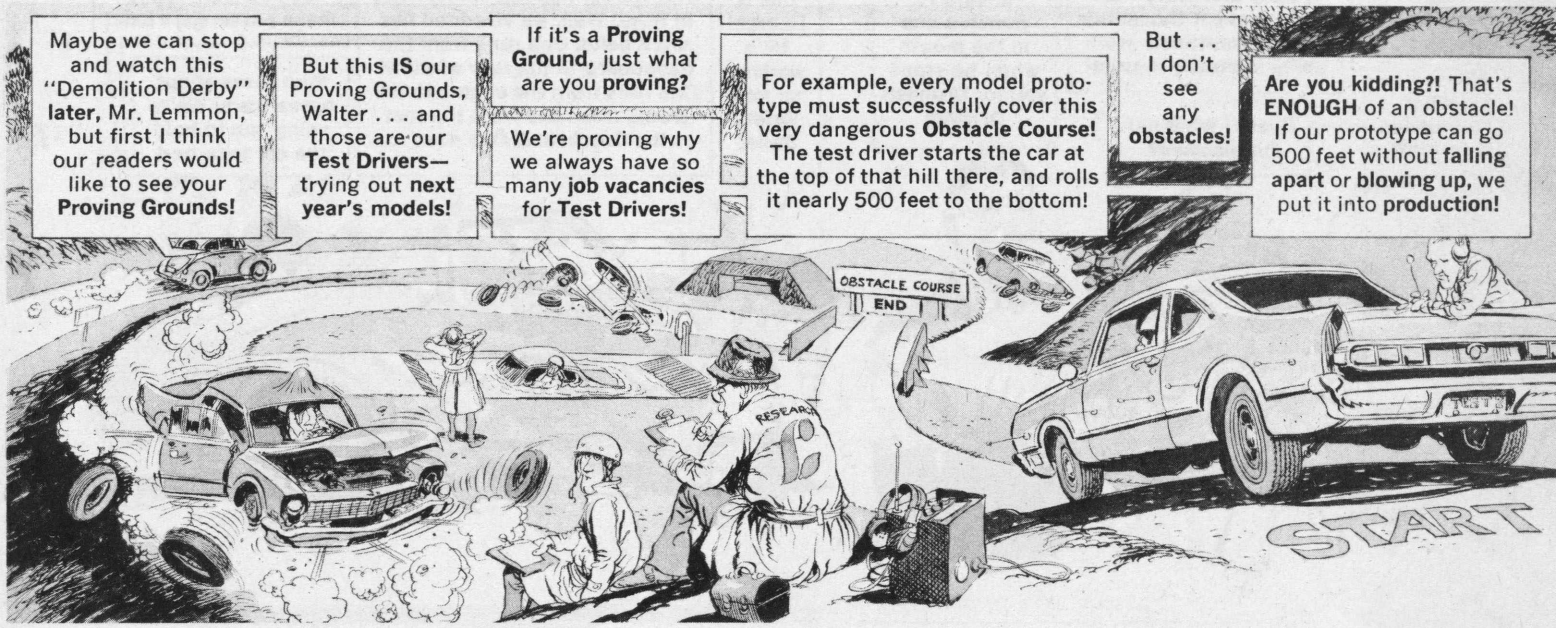

Some layout, huh? We've got 38,000 men working on the Assembly Line, 15,000 engineers designing expensive new accessories, and one kid who comes in after school two days a week to work on improving our "Anti-Pollution Device"!
This is the "Bumper Assembly Section"! As you can see, those men are about to attach a front bumper to that car on the Line!
I had no idea a bumper was so heavy that it takes six men to carry one!
That's not because the bumper is so heavy! Actually, it only weighs three pounds! Those six men are carrying it as a safety precaution! Because it's so brittle, if they ever drop it, it will shatter into a million pieces!
SHOP STEWARD MEETING! THURSDAY 2 P.M.
STATION 22
SAFETY 1ST!

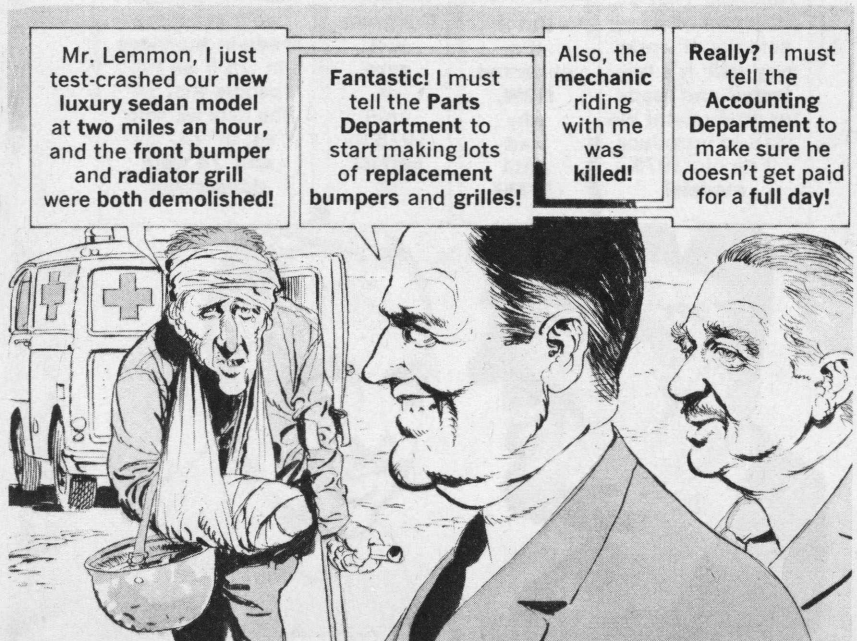

This is our "Accessory Development Department" where we design all the innovations like this year's "Spiro Agnew Dashboard Clock," and "Power Seat Covers" and "Electric Ashtrays"!
Now, this one either turns on the windshield wipers automatically when rain is predicted, or else it whistles when you unlock the trunk—I forget! But whichever, it's a $300 optional extra!
But who needs these accessories?
Our dealers! How do you expect 'em to get rich if they can't sell at least $3000 worth of accessories to go with every $2000 car?!

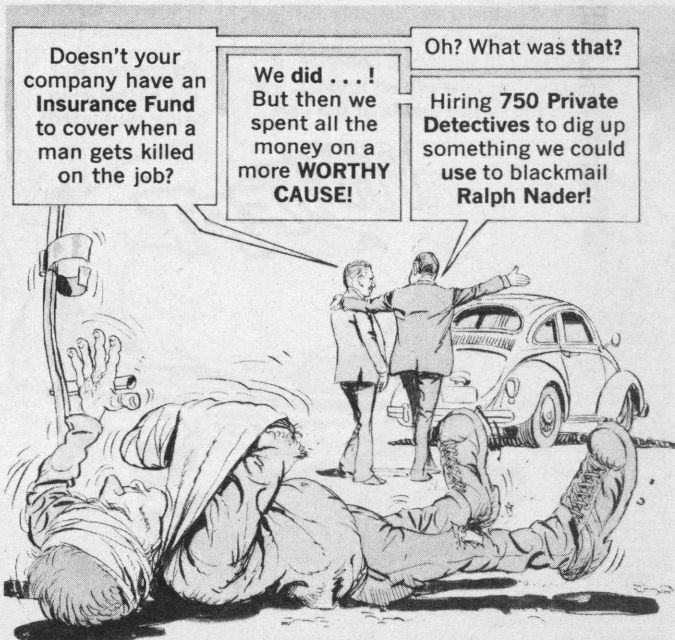
Is that man trying to make some new accessory from transistorized components?
No, he's double-checking the fine print in our New Car Warranty to make sure that everything that could go wrong is always the Customer's fault!


Do you mean that even if a part is **defective,** the **Customer** has to **pay** for a **new one?**
Oh, the **part** is a **minor expense!** It's the **labor** that adds up! Do you know that on the **'72 Lemmon,** you have to take the **engine** out just to replace a **headlight bulb?**
And you actually **design** your new cars that way **on purpose?!**
We're just doing our **patriotic duty . . .** creating **new jobs** for **Auto Mechanics!**
25 POUNDS MODELLING CLAY
EASTERN


Hop in! I'll take you over to the **Proving Grounds** where we're testing the prototypes of our **'73 models!**
Er . . . I see you drive an **Import** yourself instead of one of your **own** luxury cars! How come . . . ?
Boy, that's a **dumb question** to ask a **busy Executive!** Do you know how **long** it takes the Auto Club to send a **tow truck** way out here?


Maybe we can stop and watch this "Demolition Derby" **later,** Mr. Lemmon, but first I think our readers would like to see your **Proving Grounds!**
But this **IS** our Proving Grounds, Walter . . . and those are our **Test Drivers—** trying out **next year's models!**
If it's a **Proving Ground,** just what are you **proving?**
We're proving why we always have so many **job vacancies** for **Test Drivers!**
For example, every model prototype must successfully cover this very dangerous **Obstacle Course!** The test driver starts the car at the top of that hill there, and rolls it nearly 500 feet to the bottom!
But . . . I don't see any **obstacles!**
Are you kidding?! That's **ENOUGH** of an obstacle! If our prototype can go 500 feet without **falling apart** or **blowing up,** we put it into **production!**
OBSTACLE COURSE
END
RESEARCH
START


Mr. Lemmon, I just test-crashed our **new luxury sedan model** at **two miles an hour,** and the **front bumper** and **radiator grill** were **both demolished!**
Fantastic! I must tell the **Parts Department** to start making lots of **replacement bumpers** and **grilles!**
Also, the **mechanic** riding with me was **killed!**
Really? I must tell the **Accounting Department** to make sure he doesn't get paid for a **full day!**


Doesn't your company have an **Insurance Fund** to cover when a man gets killed on the job?
We did . . . ! But then we spent all the money on a more **WORTHY CAUSE!**
Oh? What was **that?**
Hiring **750 Private Detectives** to dig up something we could **use** to blackmail **Ralph Nader!**

Just to be sure your readers get a **good impression** of our company, I'd like to show you our **Safety Research Department!**

Well, you've certainly got it in a **beautiful building!**

Oh, **this** isn't it! This is our **Company Executive Indoor Golf Course!** Safety Research is in the **building next door!**

Apparently, you don't have a very large **staff** doing Safety Research!

No! It would be **bad business** if we found too many ways of preventing auto accidents!

How do you figure **that?**

Use your **head,** Walt! We **also** manufacture **ambulances, hearses** and **funeral cars!**

SAFETY RESEARCH DEPT.

THIS BUILDING UNSAFE KEEP OUT! WAYNE COUNTY BLDG. DEPT.

Walt, this is our **Department Foreman . . .**

He got hurt making a **Safety discovery** that could prevent thousands of **other** motorists from being **seriously injured!**

What happened to **him?**

Really? What did he **discover?**

That it's **unsafe** to punch a **cop** in the **mouth** when he stops you for **Drunken Driving!**

Walter, this is George! He's working on **new Safety Belts!**

That's right! As you know, the average car has **two safety belts in front!** Well, we've added **five more belts!** One runs from the **dashboard** to the rear **window!** One runs from the **engine** to the **trunk!** One runs from the **roof** to the **floorboard!** One runs . . .

Uh—those five extra belts should really make passengers **safe!**

Who cares about **passengers!** We're using 'em to hold the **car** together!

Here's a safety device we perfected that's designed **exclusively** for the **passengers!** It's a **gigantic plastic balloon!** In case of a collision, it **inflates immediately on impact,** and fills the **entire inside of the car!**

But won't passengers in the car **suffocate?!**

Of course! But it's better than being **mutilated!**

PHLEFFT

TEST

Heh-heh! That's a little **joke** of mine! Actually, it works **very well!** It's **fully tested** and **ready for production!** We plan to introduce it on our **1975 models!**

But if it's perfected **NOW,** why wait until **1975?**

Because Congress just **gave** us until 1975 to **perfect** it!

Besides, we figure we'll get more **trade-in business** in '75 if we tell people that all the cars we sold 'em in **'72, '73 and '74** were **dangerous!**

TO YOU FROM

What about the **pollution problem,** Mr. Lemmon? What are you doing about **exhaust fumes** that **foul** our **air?**

I'm happy to report that **next year,** for the first time, we **are** doing something about the problem! We're following the lead of **cigarette manufacturers!**

Great! You're going to put a **filter** on the end of the **exhaust pipe** to trap the dangerous **gases?**

No, we're going to put a **sticker** on the side of every car which reads: **BREATHING IN AUTO EXHAUST FUMES MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!**

Let's talk about **"Planned Obsolescence"!** Isn't it true that you **keep re-designing** your cars just to make the older models seem more **obsolete?**

That's a lie and I can **prove** it!

O.K.! **How?**

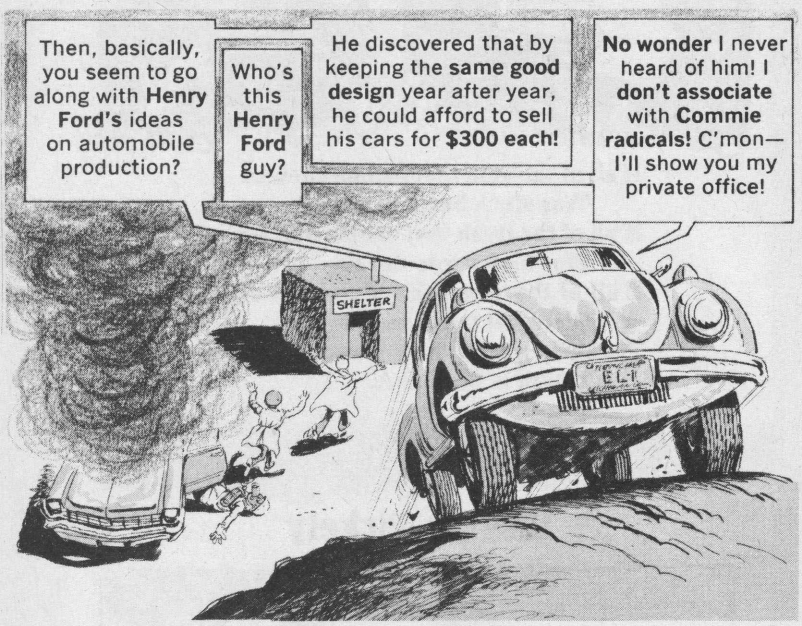
Just look at our **wheel suspension system!** We haven't changed **that** design in **17 years!** Our **1972 Lemmons** still tip over on curves exactly like our **1956 models** did!

Then, basically, you seem to go along with **Henry Ford's** ideas on automobile production?

Who's this **Henry Ford** guy?

He discovered that by keeping the **same good design** year after year, he could afford to sell his cars for **$300 each!**

No wonder I never heard of him! I **don't associate** with **Commie radicals!** C'mon—I'll show you my private office!

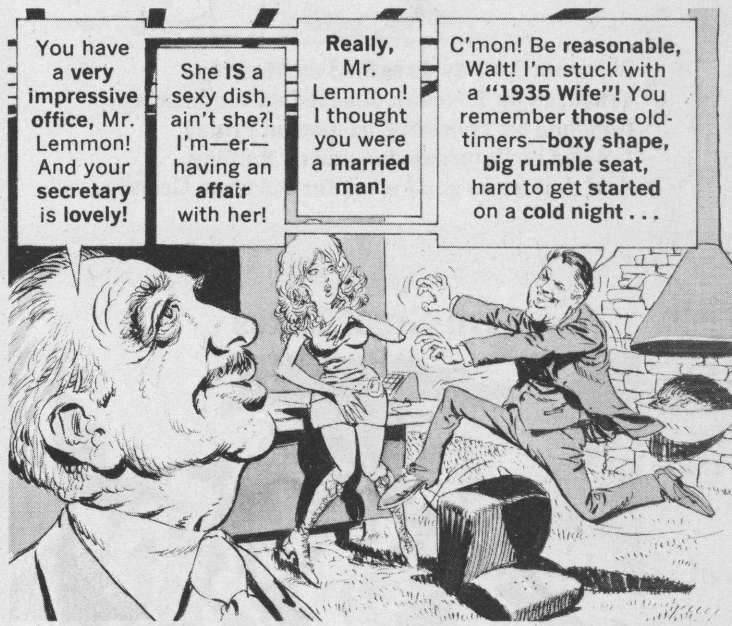


You have a **very impressive office,** Mr. Lemmon! And your **secretary** is **lovely!**

She **IS** a sexy dish, ain't she?! I'm—er—having an **affair** with her!

Really, Mr. Lemmon! I thought you were a **married man!**

C'mon! Be **reasonable,** Walt! I'm stuck with a **"1935 Wife"!** You remember **those** old-timers—**boxy shape, big rumble seat,** hard to get **started** on a **cold night . . .**



I've been looking at these **ads** for your cars, and I hate to say it, but they're **misleading** and **deceptive!**

Whaddya **talking,** deceptive?

Well, they say your cars are **durable** and **dependable!** You just **showed** me your cars, and they're **not** durable and dependable! And they **certainly** won't go **130 miles an hour!**

If you expect to make out with the chicks, forget all the jazz you've read about

SAFETY FIRST

and foremost, you need a sporty "now" car loaded with extras that can cruise at 130 MPH.

THE 1972 LEMMON SCREAMING HAWK

Maybe you can't afford to buy an $8,000 car, but we're counting on its snob

VALUE

PLUS MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE

by our fasting talking salesmen to high pressure you into this wild extravagance.

THE 1972 LEMMON SOARING EAGLE

DEPENDABILITY

LUXURY—DURABILITY

I know! But don't get excited! There's **no harm** done!

Look out there! Even if we **bothered** to make good, fast, dependable cars, who'd ever **know it** when there's **no room** for them to **move** anyway!

Hmmm! I **see** What you **mean!**

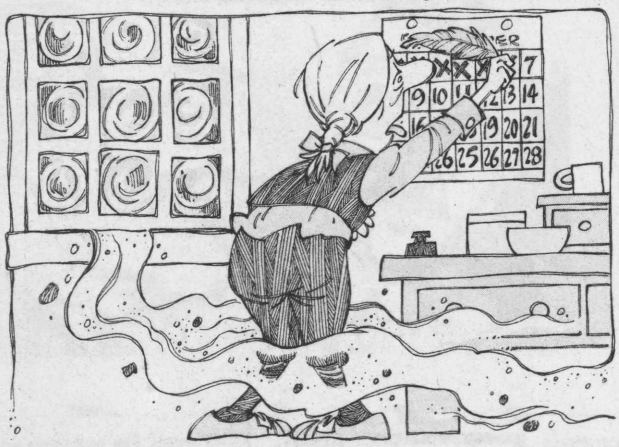
This is **Walter Crankcase** saying "Good-bye" . . . and returning you to MAD Magazine!

OUR GOOSE IS COOKED DEPT.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle
Are heading for death and destruction;
Let's hope that they read
All the rhymes that succeed
This ridiculous Mad introduction . . . to

MAD'S ECOLO

Solomon Grundy



Solomon Grundy, breathed on Monday,
Wheezed on Tuesday, sneezed on Wednesday,
Coughed on Thursday, gasped on Friday,
Gagged on Saturday, heaved on Sunday,
And that was a *good* week for Solomon Grundy.

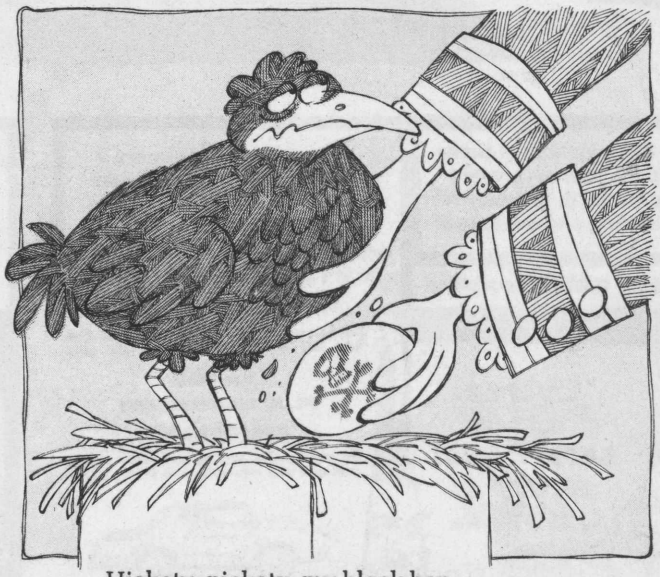
If All Of The Gum

If all of the gum that people chewed
Was stuck beneath a chair—
If all of the trash that people burned
Was blown into the air—
If all of the slums that slumlords owned
Were left to rot away—
Then you would know for sure, my lad,
You're in the U.S.A.

Five Great Lakes

Five great lakes;
Five great lakes;
See what we've done!
See what we've done!
The fish are all dead 'cause pollution's rife;
You can cut through the scum with a carving knife;
Did you ever see such a blight in your life
As five great lakes?

Hickety, Pickety



Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Of course, it's very good indeed
They don't know what goes in her feed.

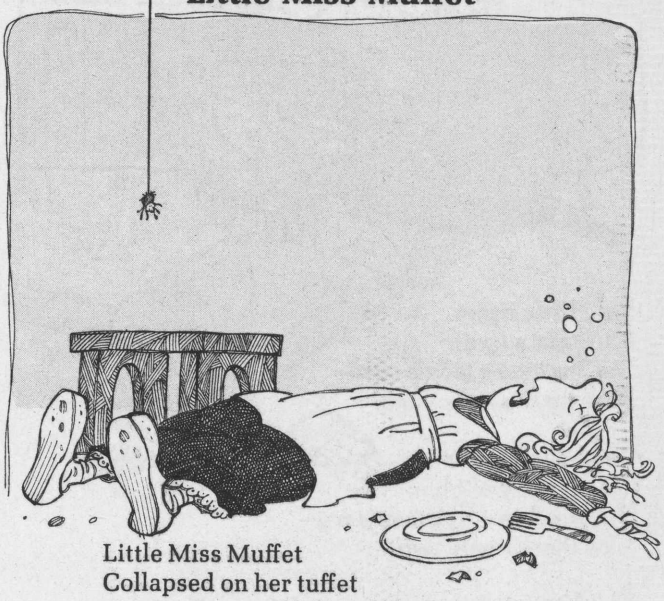
GY MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. VERSE: FRANK JACOBS IDEA: M. S. PINKHAM

Sing a Song of Spillage

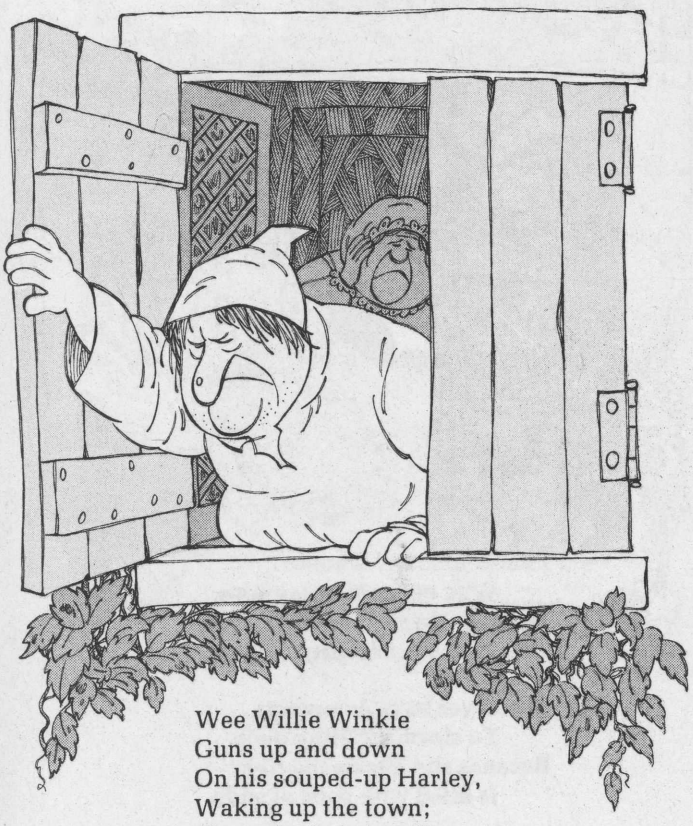
Sing a song of spillage—
A tanker's fouled the shore;
Four-and-twenty black birds—
They were white before.

Little Miss Muffet



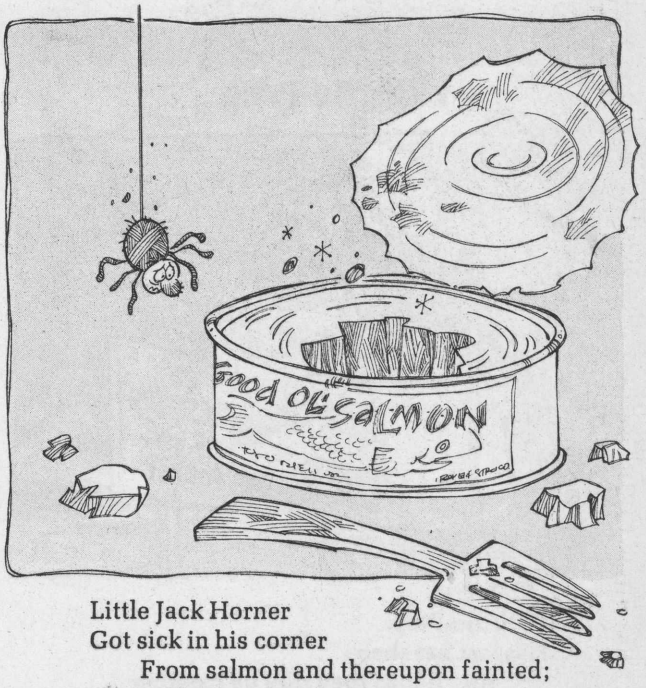
Little Miss Muffet
Collapsed on her tuffet
From swordfish and died in a minute;
Along came a spider
Who knelt down beside her
And said, "T'was the mercury in it."

Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie Winkie
Guns up and down
On his souped-up Harley,
Waking up the town;
If you think that Willie
Makes a racket, Mister,
Wait till Willie's brother
Turns on his transistor.

Little Jack Horner



Little Jack Horner
Got sick in his corner
From salmon and thereupon fainted;
The spider inspected
The brand Jack selected
And said, "Seems like *everything's* tainted."

Four Little Tigers

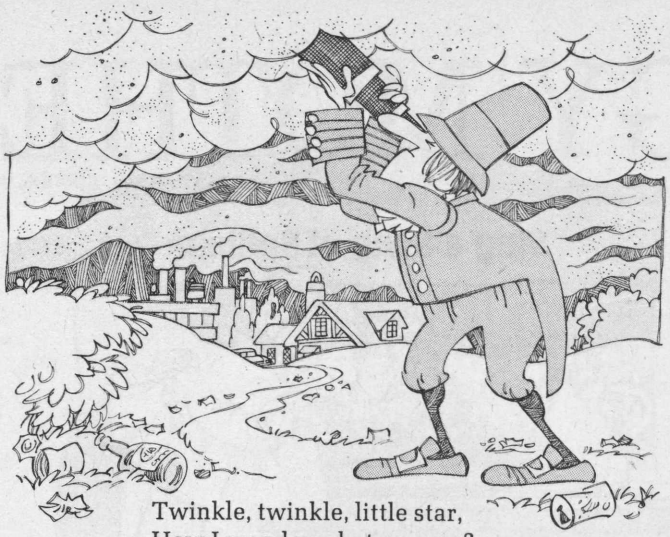
Four little tigers
Sitting in a tree;
One became a lady's coat—
Now there's only three.

Three little tigers
'Neath a sky of blue;
One became a rich man's rug—
Now there's only two.

Two little tigers
Sleeping in the sun;
One a hunter's trophy made—
Now there's only one.

One little tiger
Waiting to be had;
Oops! He got the hunter first—
Aren't you kind of glad?

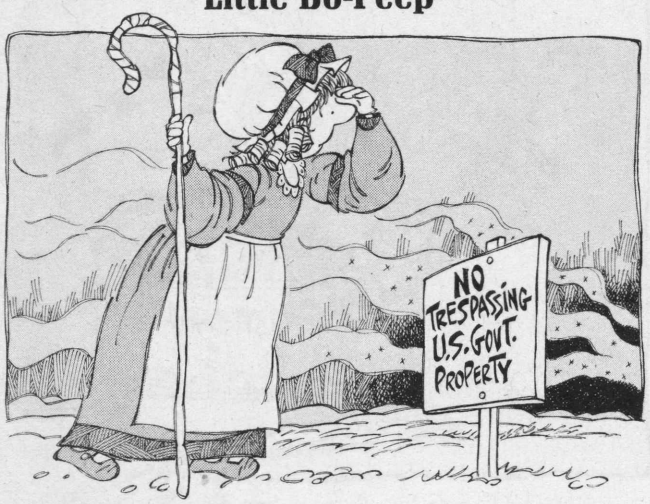
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are?
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

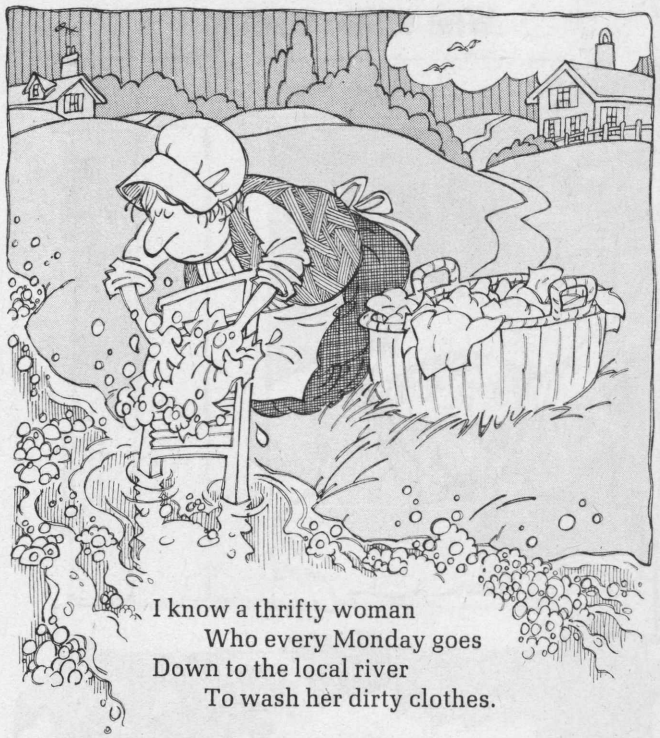
Well, I'll tell you, little star,
I can't tell you what you are;
With the smoke and haze and pall
I'm not sure you're there at all.

Little Bo-Peep



Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep
And thinks they may be roaming;
They haven't fled;
They've all dropped dead
From nerve gas in Wyoming.

I Know A Thrifty Woman



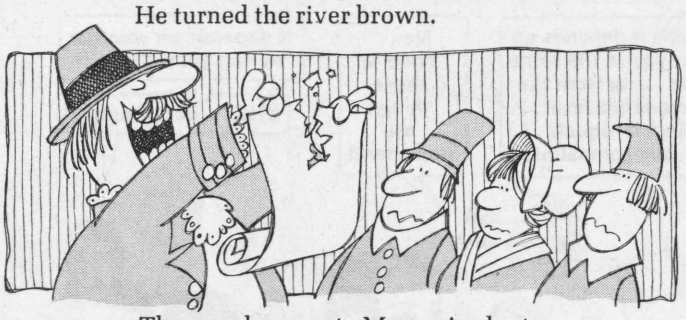
I know a thrifty woman
Who every Monday goes
Down to the local river
To wash her dirty clothes.

She never buys detergents
To clean her filthy duds
Because she knows the river
Is filled with gobs of suds.

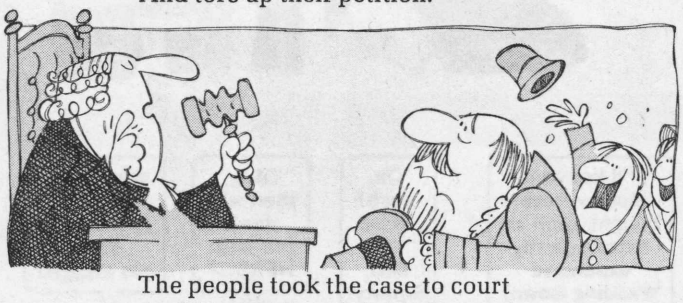
She really must be thrifty
In order to ignore
The fact the suds she's using
Were used by folks before.

Murray Had A Smelting Plant

Murray had a smelting plant,
Which made the people frown;
For every time he poured out wastes
He turned the river brown.

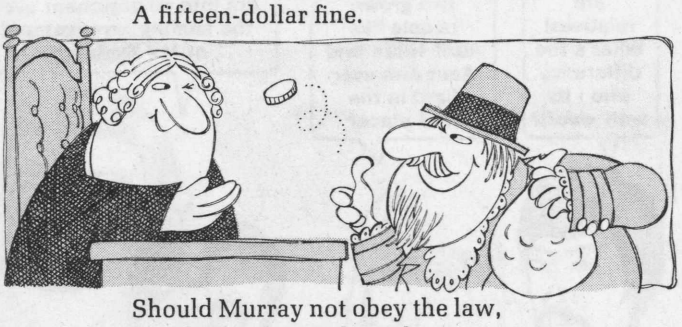


The people came to Murray's plant
To show their opposition;
But Murray laughed right in their face
And tore up their petition.



The people took the case to court
And Murray heard the judge
Declare the plant must never more
Pour out its icky sludge.

The judge invoked an ancient law
From eighteen fifty-nine,
Which meant that Murray had to pay
A fifteen-dollar fine.



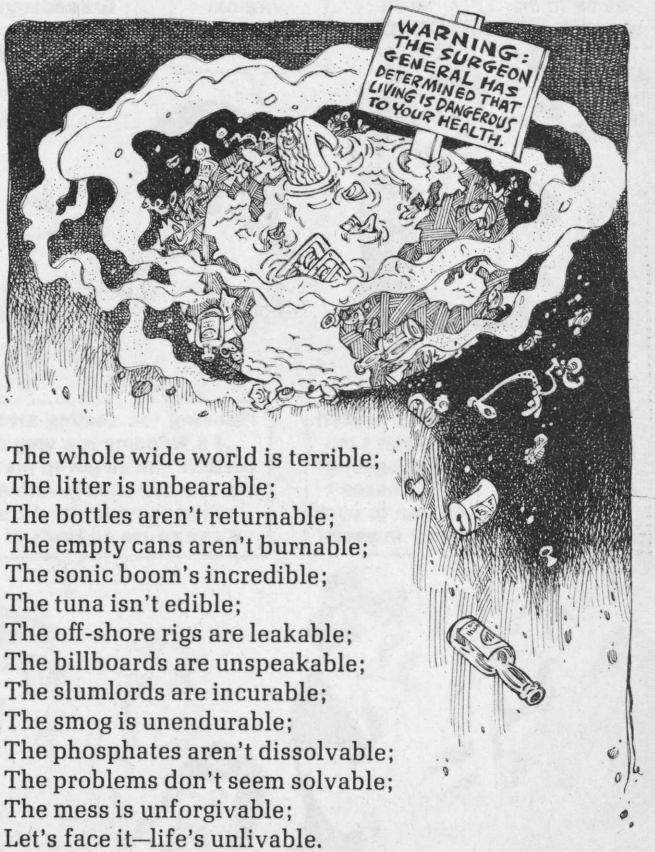
Should Murray not obey the law,
It's good to know that when
He's hauled back in he'll have to pay
That fifteen bucks again.

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty smoked a Pall Mall;
All of the doctors told Humpty that he
Must quit or he'd never live past 33.

Humpty Dumpty said, "I shall quit";
Humpty Dumpty smoked not a bit;
Humpty from smog is beginning to choke;
What the hell, Humpty! You might as well smoke!

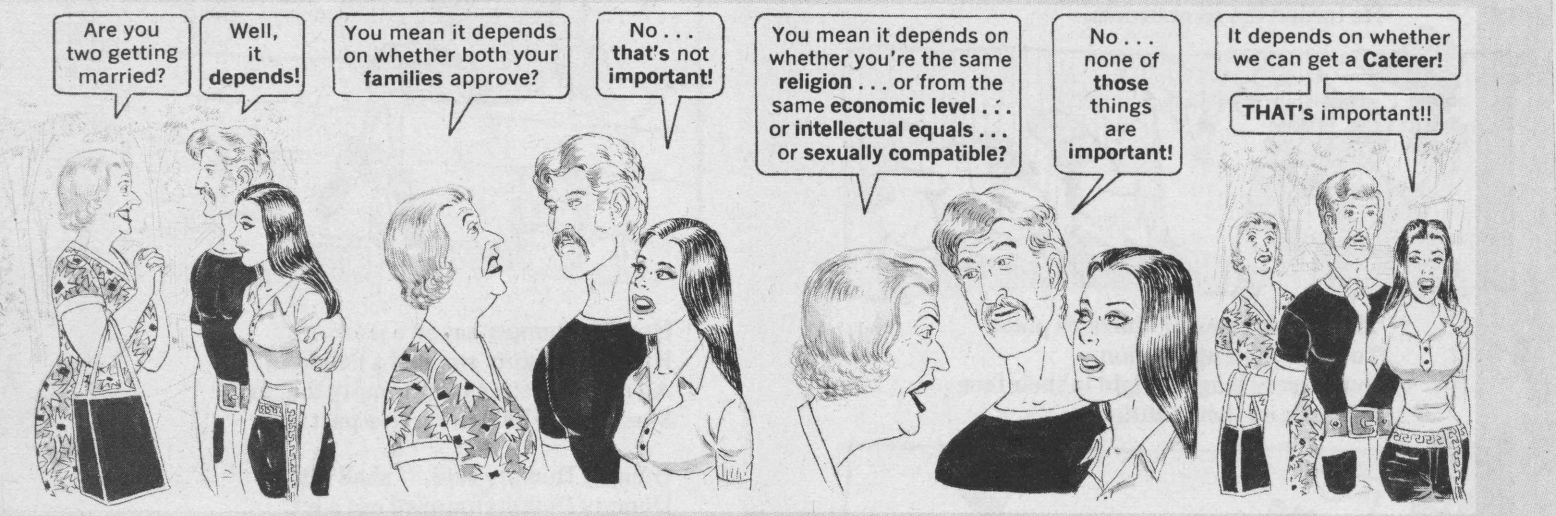
The Whole Wide World Is Terrible

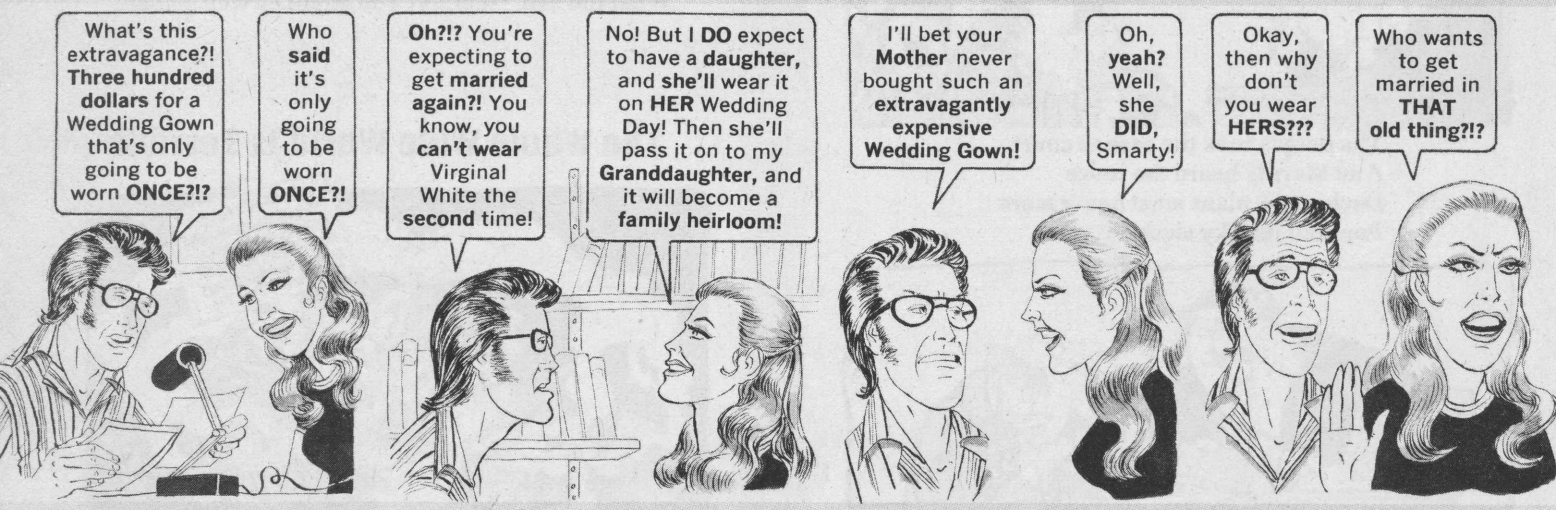


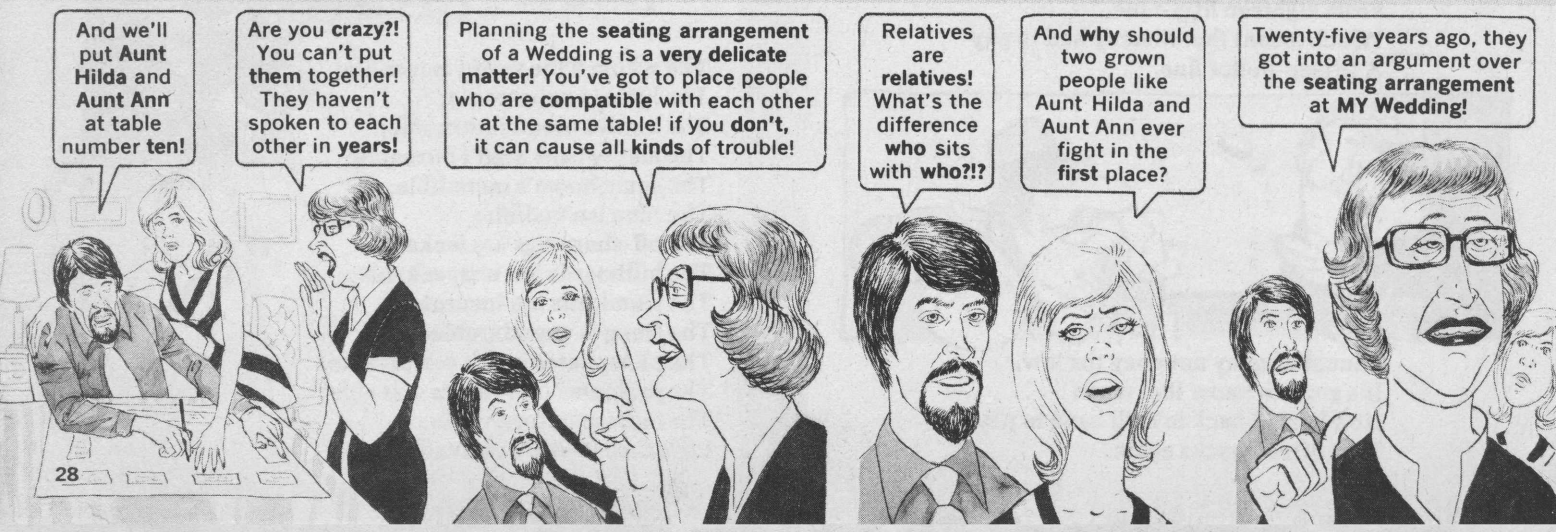
The whole wide world is terrible;
The litter is unbearable;
The bottles aren't returnable;
The empty cans aren't burnable;
The sonic boom's incredible;
The tuna isn't edible;
The off-shore rigs are leakable;
The billboards are unspeakable;
The slumlords are incurable;
The smog is unendurable;
The phosphates aren't dissolvable;
The problems don't seem solvable;
The mess is unforgivable;
Let's face it—life's unlivable.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... WE

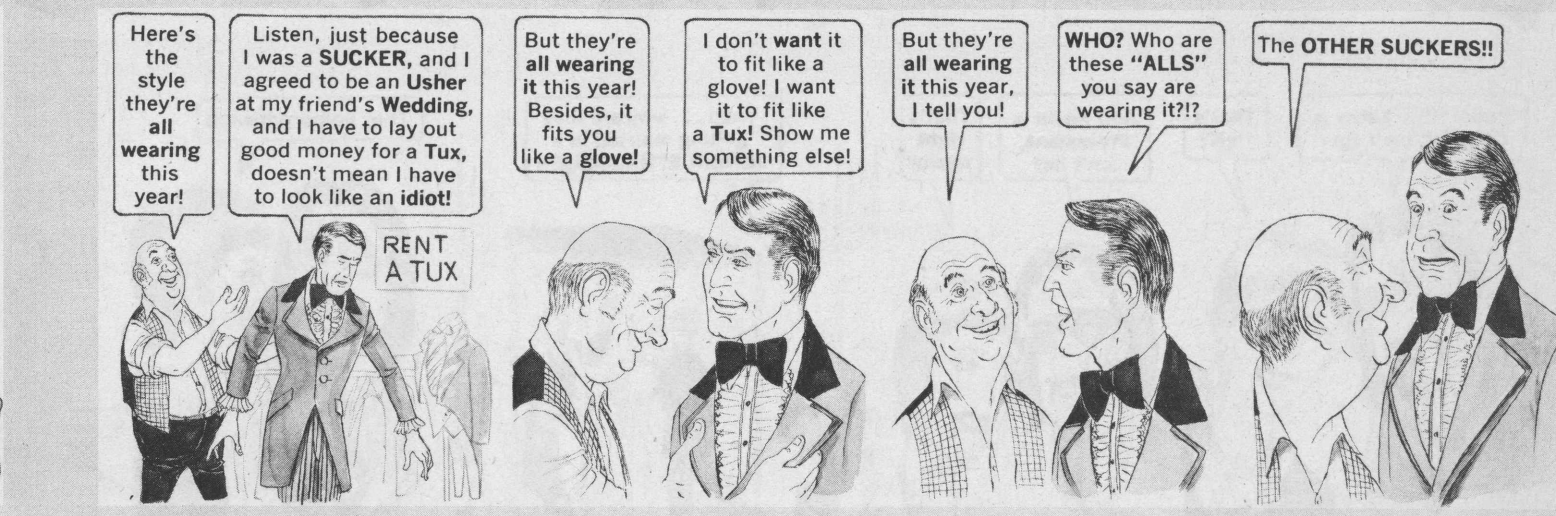


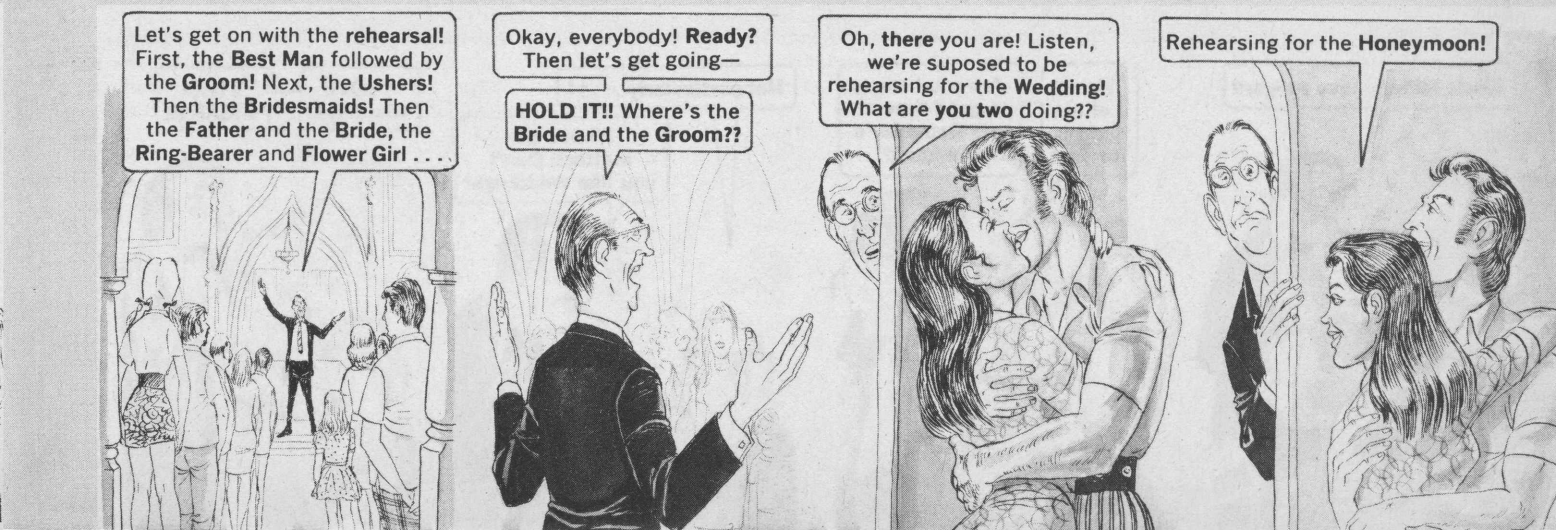




DDINGS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG





B-being a Bridegroom on my Wedding Day has made me one heck of an absolute nervous wreck!
I-I couldn't even get dressed! I kept losing things and dropping things and fouling up and forgetting things!
Calm down! We're almost at the Church!
No! I can't go through with it, I tell you! I can't go into that Church! I'm getting cold feet!
EVERY Bridegroom gets cold feet at the last minute! C'mon . . .
Anyway . . . it's no WONDER you're getting cold feet! You FORGOT YOUR SHOES!!
The way those two were fighting over the petty details of the Wedding, I'm surprised they've gotten to the altar at all!
Do you, Janet, take Anthony Monteleone to be your lawful wedded husband?
I do!
And do you, Anthony, take Janet Dodin, to be your lawful wedded wife?
I do!
Place the ring on her finger, and Anthony—say these words to Janet:
"With this ring, I do thee wed . . ."
I'm not saying ANYTHING to her! We're not talking!!
Pssst! Hey, Kathy is Catholic, isn't she?
That's right!
And Kevin is Protestant, isn't he?
That's right again!
Then . . . why are they getting married in a JEWISH SYNAGOGUE??
They compromised!!
Uncle Milton, have a cigar!!
2
Here! Let me light it for you!
Are you having a good time at my 'Daughter's Wedding?
Not particularly . . . ! !
What's the matter?! Don't you like Weddings?
I LOVE Weddings!
I hate CIGARS!!

Young folks' clothes are so **ridiculous** these days that it's a **welcome change** to see them dressed **nice** and **formal** for a Wedding!
Here comes the **Bride!** Isn't she **beautiful?!?**
And here comes the **Groom!** Isn't he . . .
. . . **RIDICULOUS!?!**
And do you, Alan Weiss, take Susan Bates to be—
Pssst!
What happened? Why did the Priest suddenly stop the **ceremony . . .?**
A higher authority just ordered a **temporary halt** to the proceedings!
What's higher than a **Priest?**
The **Photographer!** He ran out of **film!!**
Oh, boy! Look at this **spread!** Everything I **love!** Chopped liver, hors d'oeuvres, pigs in blankets, chow mein, spare ribs, potted meatballs . . .
. . . marinated herring, shrimps, lobster salad, shishkabob, roast beef, fruit salad, jello . . .
. . . and all the drinks I want!
Okay! **Enough** already with the fancy Reception Table!
WHEN DO WE EAT?!?
Mr. Bandleader, for the **first dance**—where my Bride and I dance together for the **first time** as **Man** and **Wife**—we'd like you to play a **special number . . .** one we are **very sentimental** about! It's, like, **OUR SONG!**
Surely! What is it . . .?
SOCK IT TO ME, BABY!

Aren't you going to **carry me** over the **threshold?**

What for?! It's a **stupid ritual** symbolizing the ancient custom of **stealing** a bride by **force!**

Really? Come to think of it, I **DID** steal you away from that **tramp, Lillian Slutny!**

Hurry up!

What's the **rush?**

Close the hotel **door** already! I **can't wait!!**

Hey! We've been **living together** for **two years—remember?!?**

Quick! Take off your **jacket!** I'm **burning** with **anticipation!**

Gee, I haven't turned you on like **this** since I don't **know** when!

Don't be **ridiculous!** I'm anxious to count **how much we got** in **Wedding presents!**

Hello! Do you **remember** us?

Er—let's see! Oh, **yes!** The **Martinson** and **Field** couple! How are you **doing?**

Fantastic! We had a **great Honeymoon** and we're **expecting** in **early February!**

Good! Bless you, my children!

Do you know who that man is! He **married** us!

MARRIED you?!? Funny, he doesn't **LOOK** like a **Judge** or a **Clergyman!**

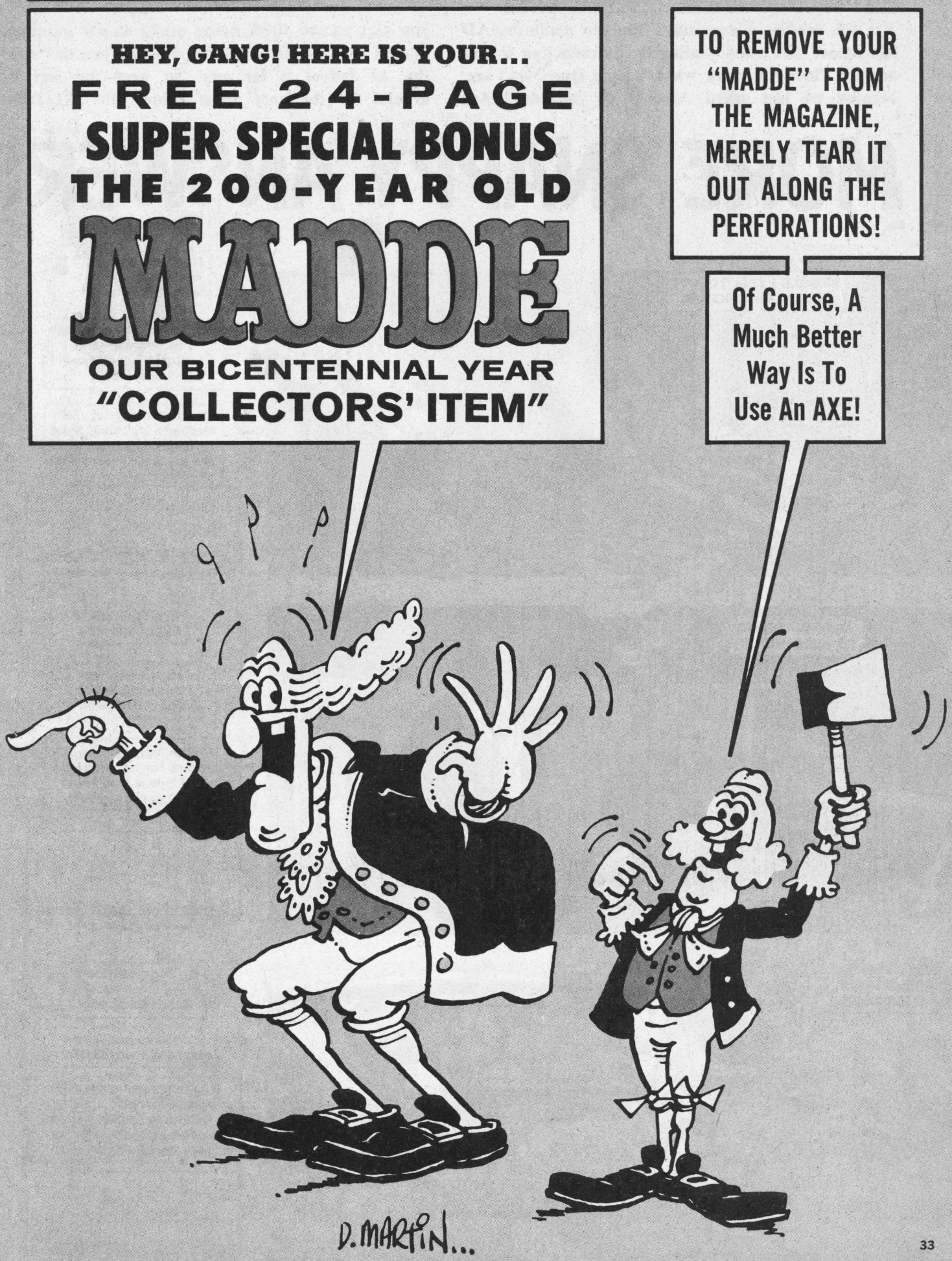
He's **not!** He was the **BANDLEADER!!**

Y-you mean that you two kids are **living together** without benefit of a **legal** and **formal Wedding?**

Sure! Why **not?** A legal and formal Wedding is just a **ritual** and a **piece of paper!** What **good** is it?

I'll **tell** you what good it is! It's good for your **soul!** It's good for your **conscience!** It's good for your **parents' peace of mind!** It's good for your **children** to come! It's good for your **self-respect . . .**

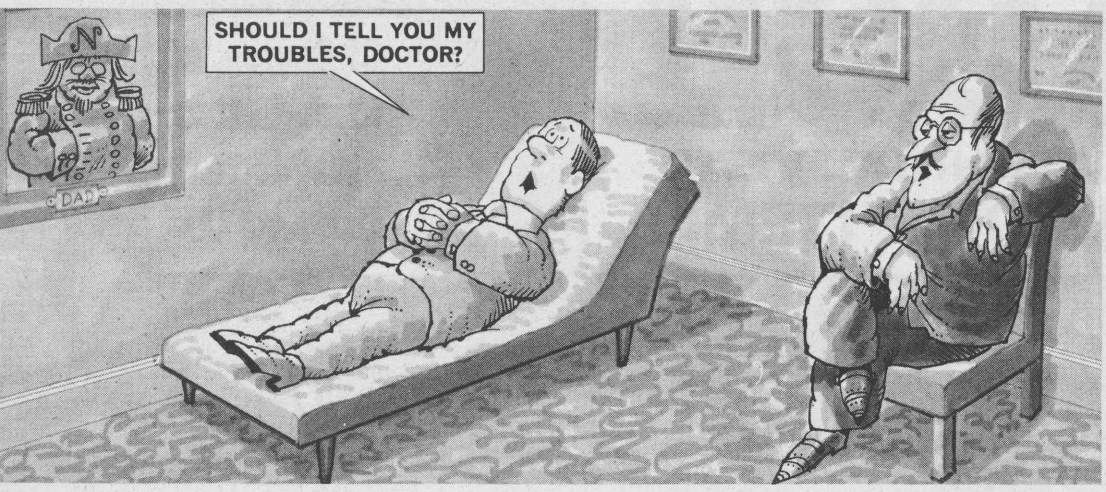
. . . AND IT'S GOOD FOR BUSINESS!!


HEY, GANG! HERE IS YOUR...
FREE 24-PAGE
SUPER SPECIAL BONUS
THE 200-YEAR OLD
MADDE
OUR BICENTENNIAL YEAR
"COLLECTORS' ITEM"
TO REMOVE YOUR "MADDE" FROM THE MAGAZINE, MERELY TEAR IT OUT ALONG THE PERFORATIONS!
Of Course, A Much Better Way Is To Use An AXE!
D. MARTIN...

PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

Are you reading a magazine? Are you reading MAD Magazine? Are your reading the introduction to this article? Then you know what "Stupid Questions" are, because we just asked three of the stupidest! Are you sick and tired of being asked stupid questions? Would you like to put them down? Then this article (by Al Jaffee) is for you! So were the first two articles on the very same subject (by Al Jaffee)

MORE SNAPPY ANSWERS



No, just pay me **$50 an hour,** and let me tell you **my** troubles!

No, tell me some **jokes!** I've **heard** all the troubles I can **stand** for one day!

No, tell me about your **Mother's troubles!** Start out with the **klutz** she got stuck with for a **son!**

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Is this blank balloon here for any reason?

Yes, it's waiting to collect "Unemployment"!

Why? Are you **falling down?**

No, it's just that I have this **fetish** about **armpits!**

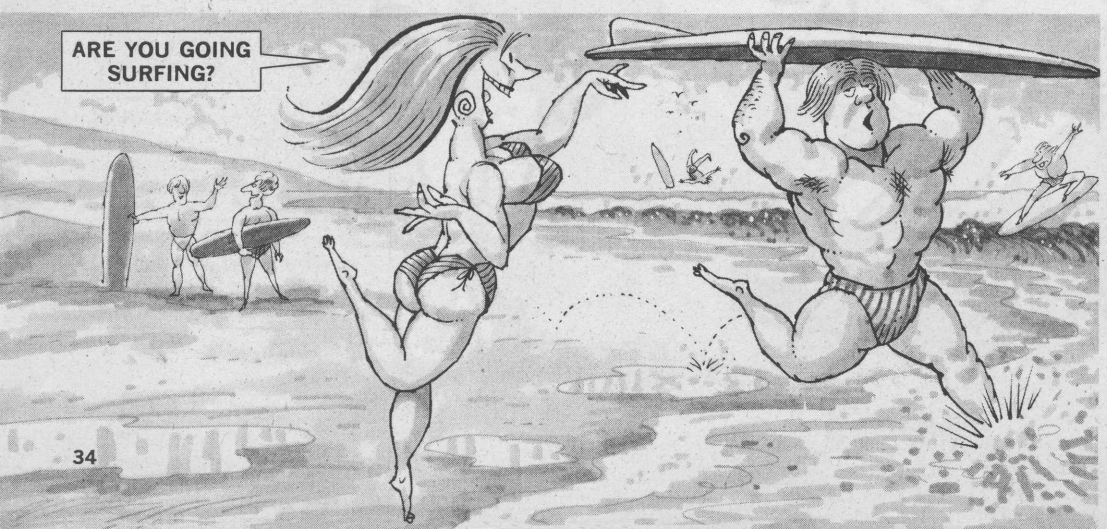
No, I'm looking for **apple pickers** for my **orchards,** and this is how I test out people's **reach!**

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Is this blank balloon for the reader's use?

Yes, so he can enjoy reading dotted lines!



No, I'm a **delivery man** for an **Ironing Board Company!**

No, this is just a **new style hat** I've created!

No, I once had a **dreadful experience** with a flight of **Canadian Geese,** and I'm taking no chances on **that** ever happening again!

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

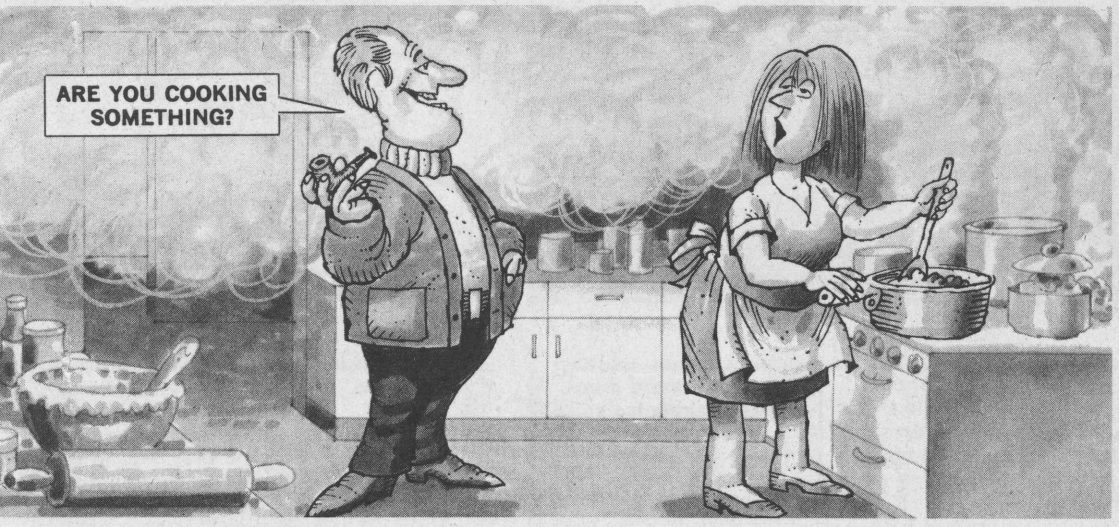
Is this for the reader's own snappy answer?

No, it's for making out his laundry list!

that we ran several issues back! So was the first MAD paperback book on the very same subject (by Al Jaffee) that we published several years back! So is the upcoming all-new MAD paperback book on the very same subject (by Al Jaffee) that's about to be published! Which means that, besides the ad for it on the Letters Page, this article is nothing more than another plug for Al's new collection of

TO STUPID QUESTIONS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



No, I've decided to turn our kitchen into a **Sauna Bath!**

No, I'm **burning pots!**

No, I'm drawing a **hot bath** for a **chicken!**

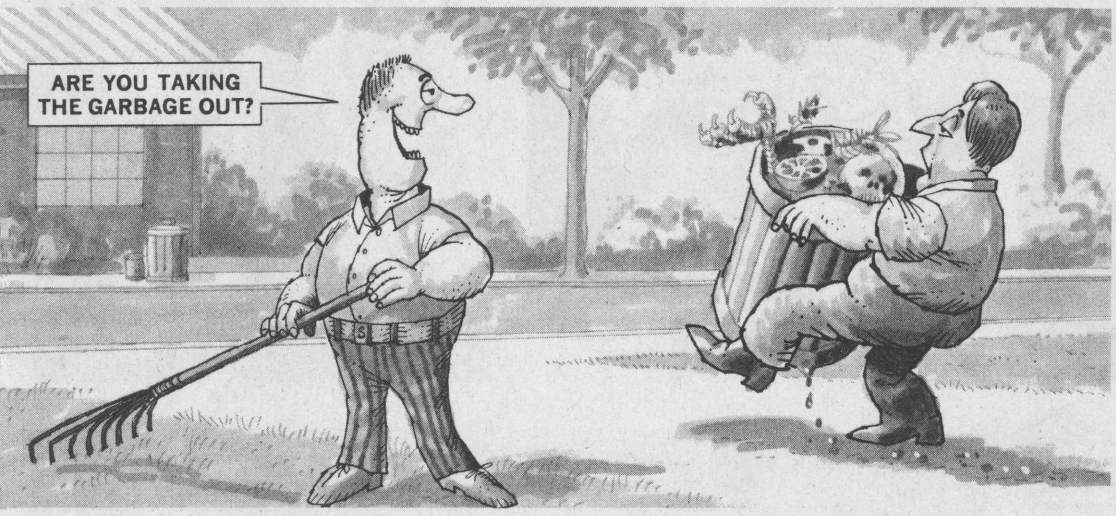
. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Does the reader write his snappy answer here?

No, he writes "The Lord's Prayer" here! He writes his snappy answer on the head of a pin!



No, I'm taking our **dinner** out! I put the **garbage** in our **refrigerator!**

No, I'm taking my **wife** out! But she's **shy,** and this is the **only way** she'll **go** anywhere!

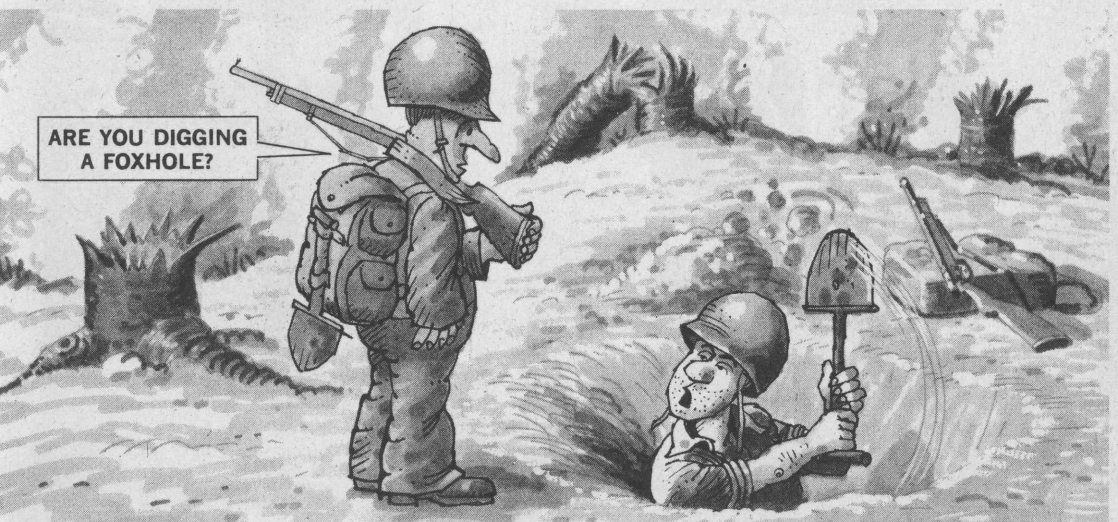
No, I'm taking this **picnic basket** out! Anytime you're **hungry,** feel free to **dig in!**

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

After he fills in the balloon, what happens?

He hangs on and tries for an altitude record!



No, I've got a **three-day pass,** and I'm digging a **tunnel** home to **Chicago!**

No, I'm building a **swimming pool** to relax in during those pleasant moments between **mortar** attacks!

No, I'm digging a **final resting place** for **idiots** who ask **stupid questions!** By the way, how **tall** are **you?**

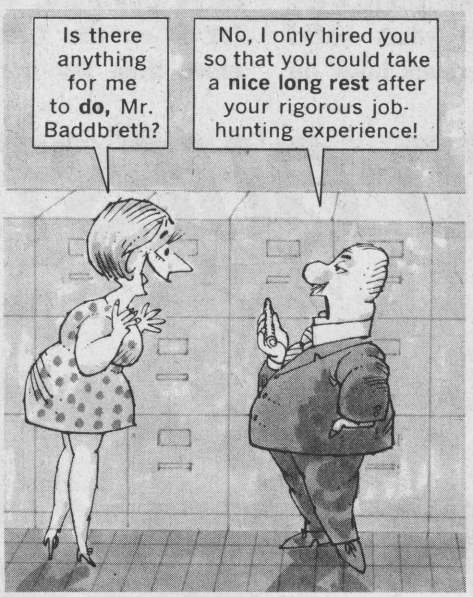
. . . . . .

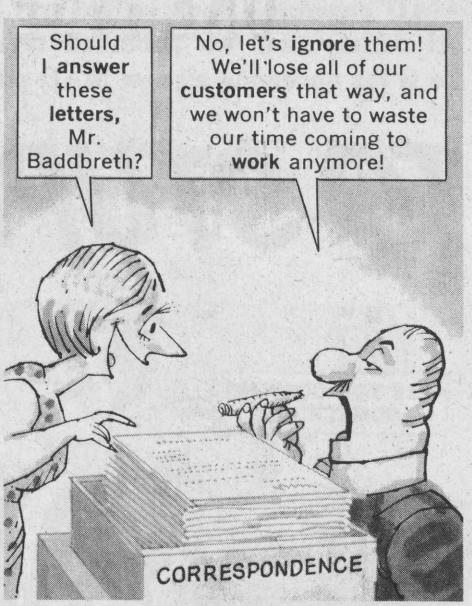
. . . . . .

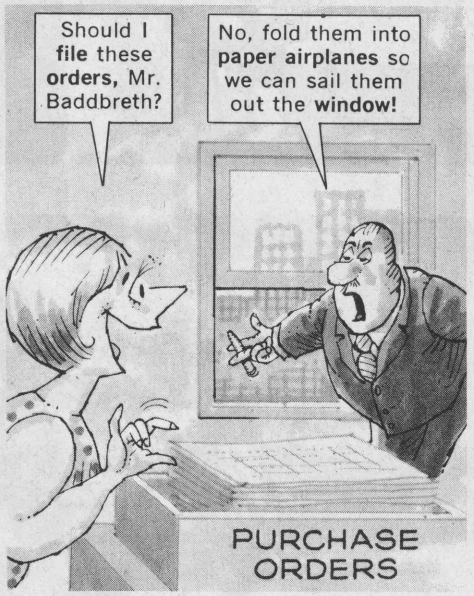
After he's finished, should he mail them in?

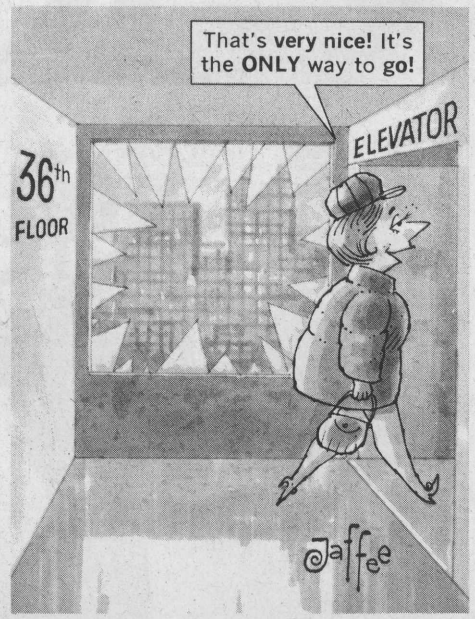
Yes, to the proper Mental Health authorities!

A "SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS" OFFICE SAGA



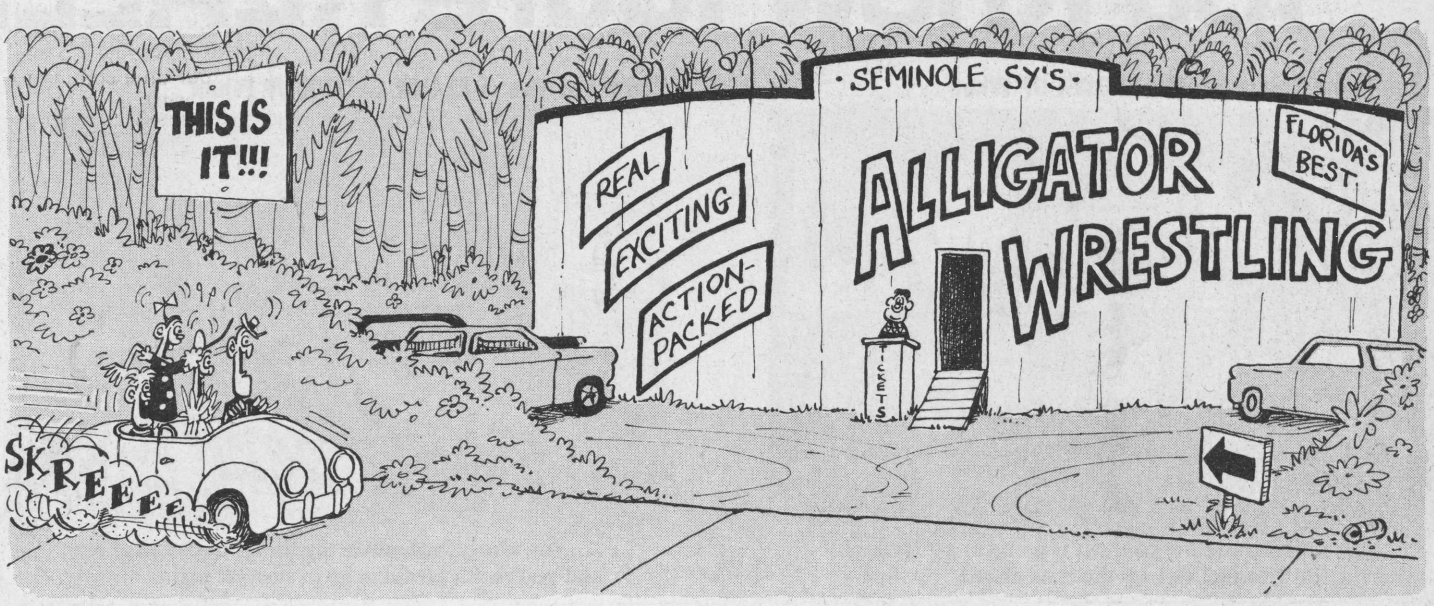


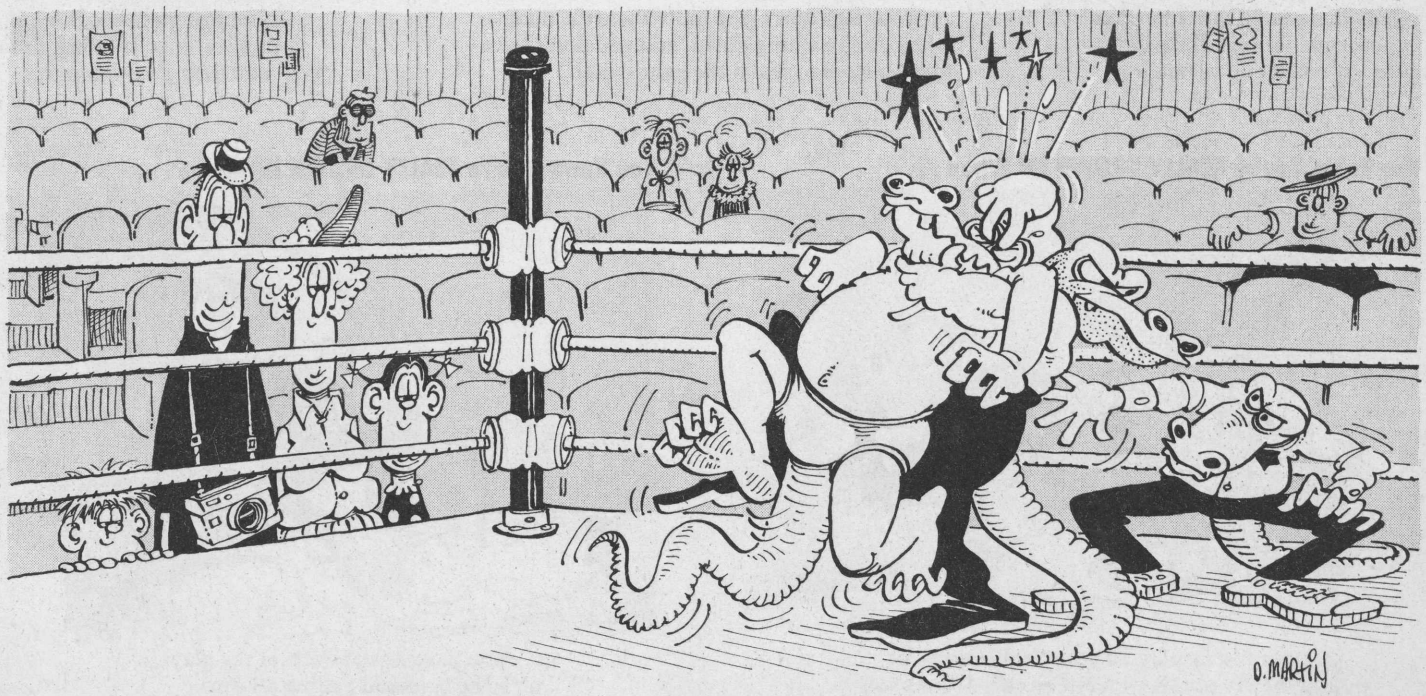




DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE FINE DAY WHILE TOURING FLORIDA

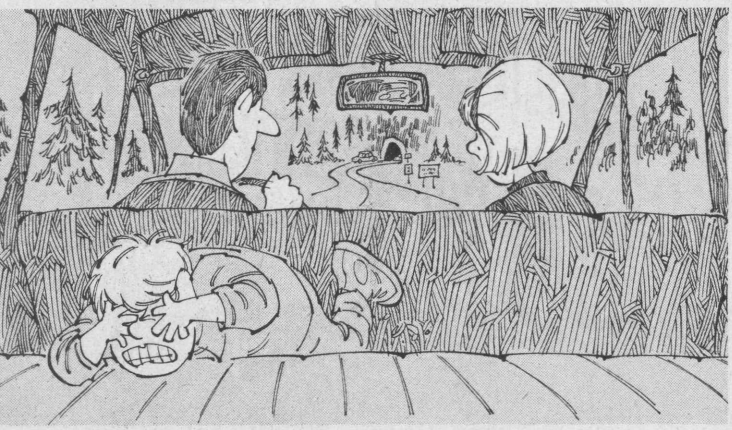




SENIORITY BREEDS CONTENT DEPT.

You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .



. . . you understand how your car is going to get through that tiny little tunnel way up the road ahead.

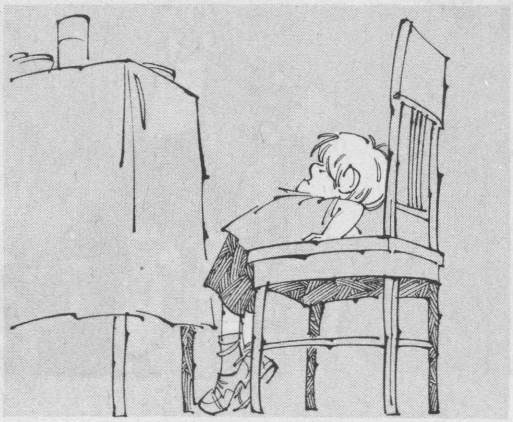
You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .

. . . you always recognize the things under your bed, and you're not afraid to go to sleep at night.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .

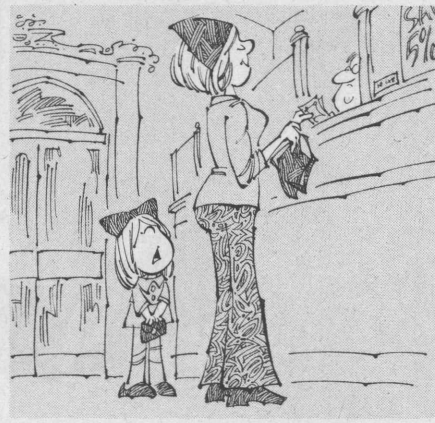
. . . you don't have to wait around for someone to open the peanut butter jar when you're hungry.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .



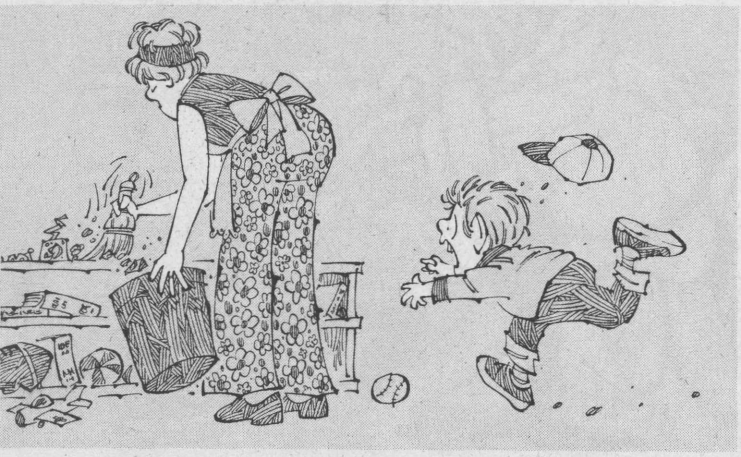
. . . your legs don't stop halfway to the floor when you're sitting down, and you don't have to get a stool to reach the light switch.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .



. . . you just go to the Bank if your allowance isn't big enough . . . and they give you more.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .



. . . you can display all your "collections"— and they're not thrown out or called "junk".

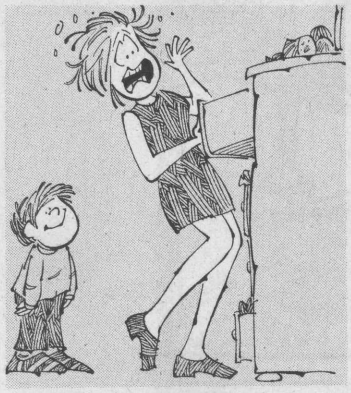
You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .

. . . you have lots of excuses for playing with the hose and getting all wet.

GROWN UP When...

WRITER: ALIS ELLIS
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .

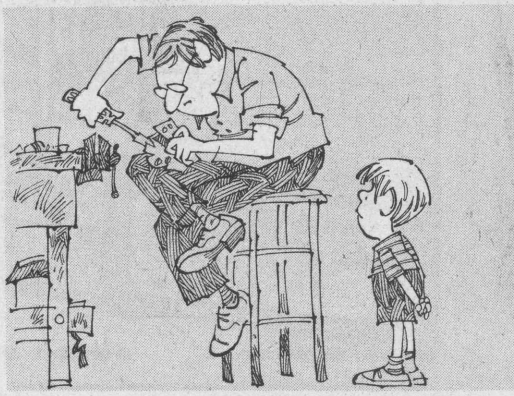


. . . you can keep anything you want in your dresser drawers.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .

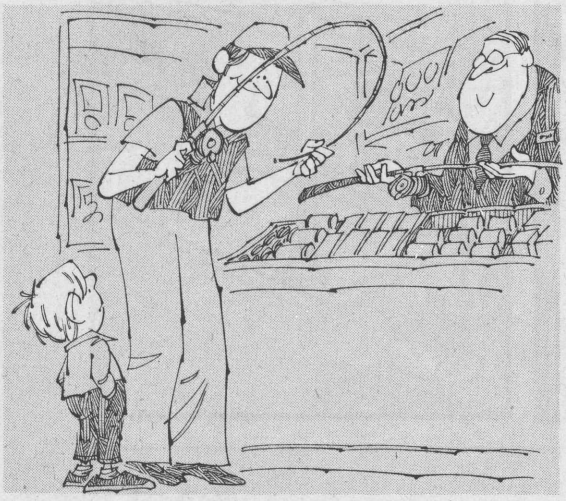
. . . your feet quit outgrowing your shoes, and your shoes quit outgrowing your boots.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .



. . . nobody yells at you when you break something, and you know how to fix it.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .



. . . you can buy all the toys you want.

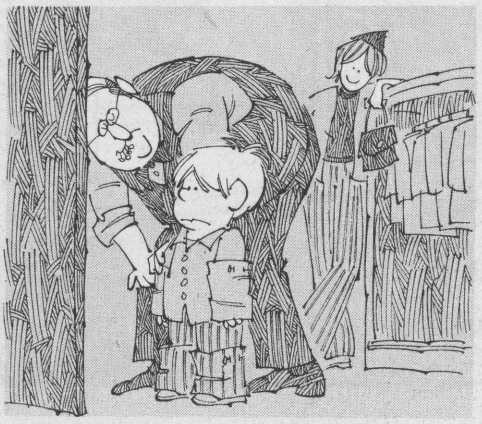
You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .

. . . you act up at a party, you're something called the "life" of it . . . and you don't have to go back the next day to apologize for your behavior.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .

. . . you can make up, and nobody yells at you to wash your face.

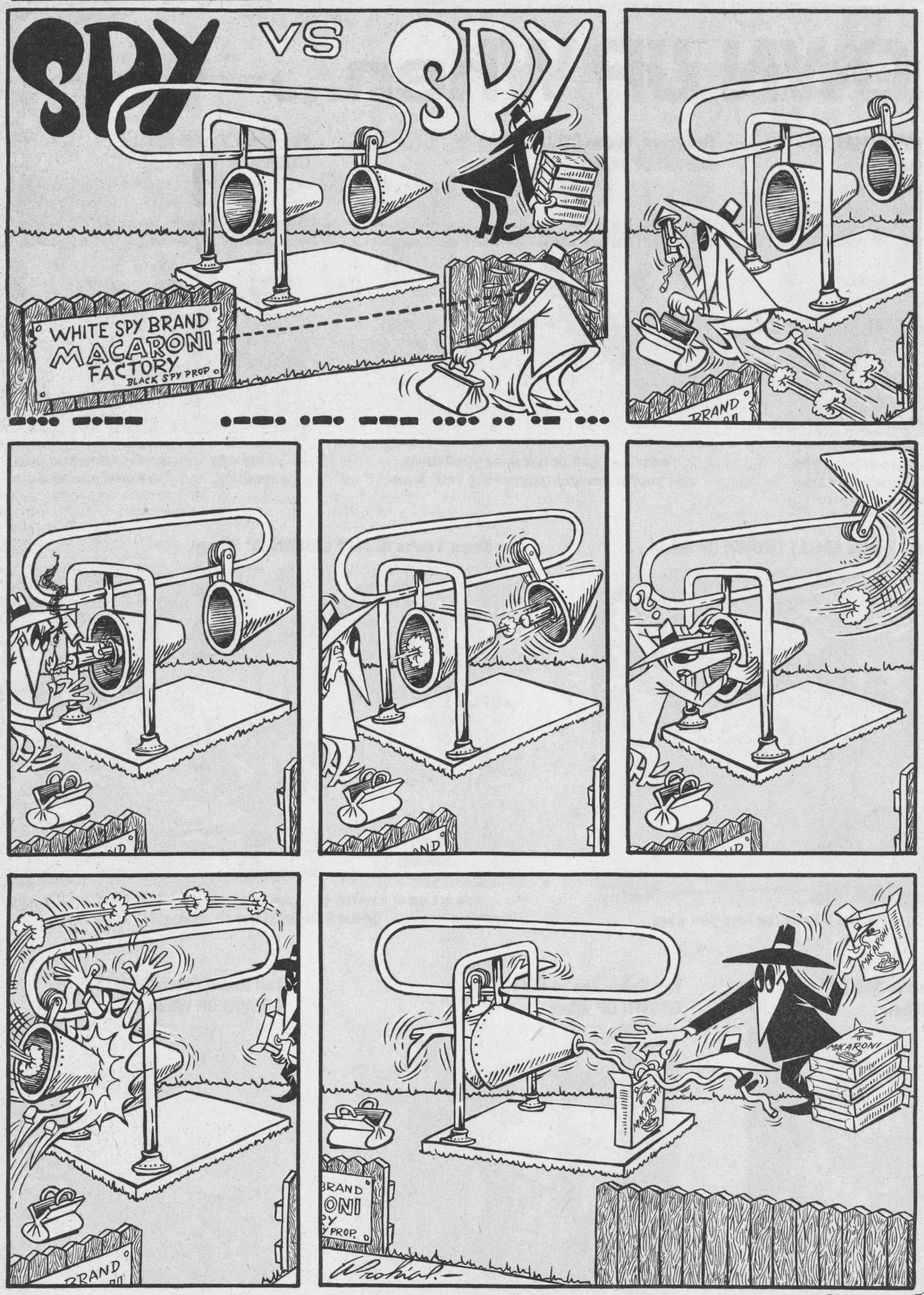
You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .



. . . you can buy clothes that fit you now . . . instead of six months from now.

You Know You're REALLY GROWN UP When . . .

. . . you can stay as clean as you like, and go outside in your best clothes without getting dirty.


SPY VS SPY
WHITE SPY BRAND
MACARONI
FACTORY
BLACK SPY PROP
MAKARONI
MAKARONI

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT. PART I

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A... POLITICAL CONVENTION

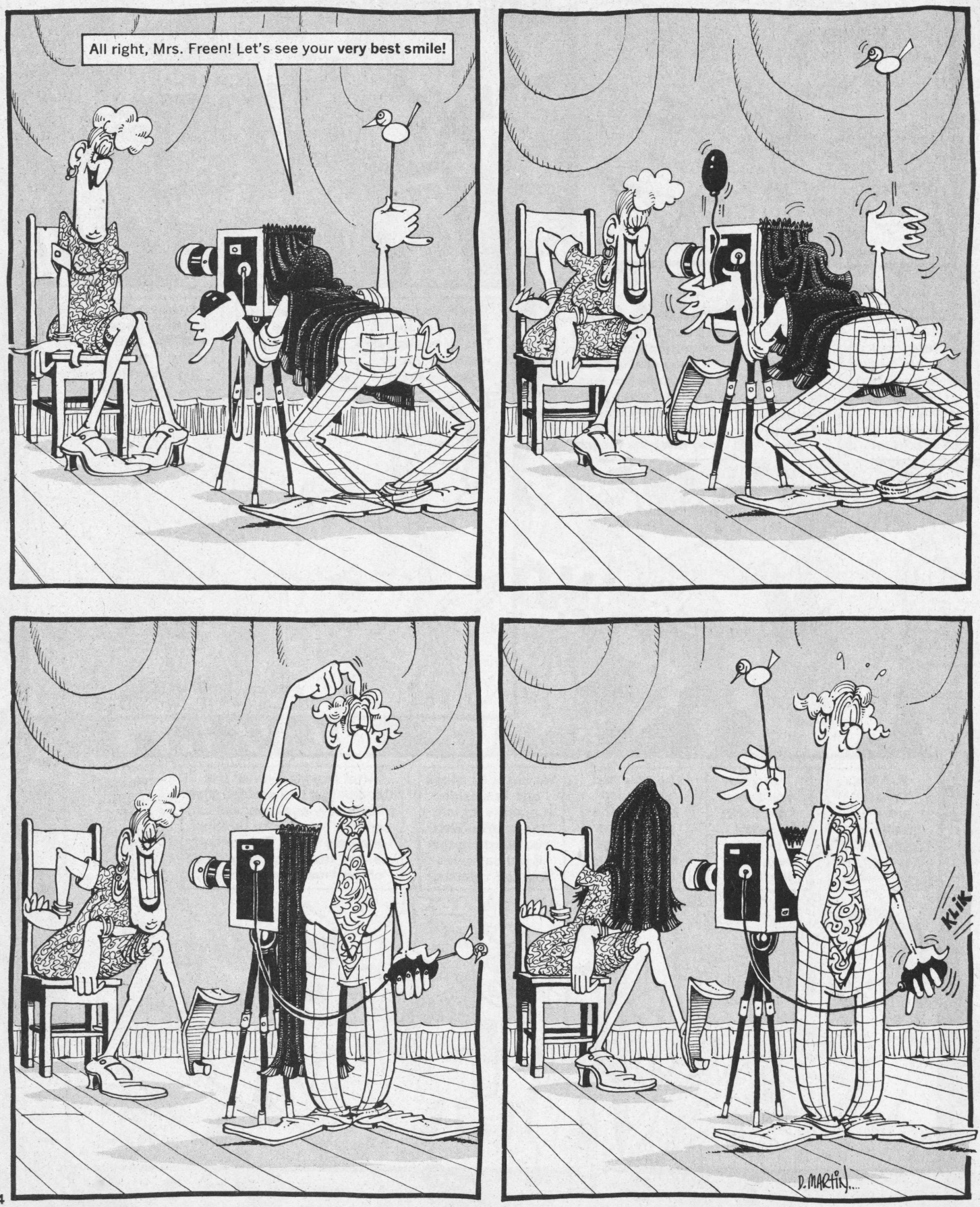
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

In my opinion, Richard Nixon is the most anti-Labor President we have ever had!
Then you'll throw the support of Organized Labor behind the Candidate selected at this Convention . . . ?
Sure . . . if they pick the man I WANT! Otherwise, Organized Labor will support Richard Nixon!
Okay, let's run through it again! Remember, this is supposed to be a spontaneous demonstration . . . so let's see some wild enthusiasm this time!
Hey, who are we demonstrating for?
Just read the name on the sign you're carrying, idiot!
One thing worries me! They have Billy Graham saying their prayers, and the people might get the impression that God is on their side!
Relax! We've got a Priest, a Rabbi, a Minister, a Guru and a Buddhist Monk for our Convention!
Great! That gives us FIVE Gods to their ONE!!
I'm sure glad they decided to move the Convention to Miami this year!
Yeah! That Chicago fiasco cost us the last election!
Who's talking about elections?!? I own a restaurant here in Miami and Conventions are good for business!
VOTE
And remember, I don' want any of you guys bustin' heads outside the Convention Hall . . . except when there are no TV Cameras around!
Yes, our Delegation has agreed on a Candidate! After considering all the fine men who are seeking the nomination, we have made our choice!
Who are you going to back, Governor?
Why, ME, of course! I'm going to run as a Favorite Son!
abc
NBC

As soon as your name is placed in nomination, the band will strike up a stirring **March!** What number do you want them to **play?**
"Hail to the Chief"!
Listen, I don't care **WHO** won the primary! You'll vote the way **I SAY!!** Who's **running** this State Delegation?? **Me**—or a bunch of **Farmers back home??**
Call a **Press Conference!** I want to announce officially that I will **not** accept the nomination for **Vice-President!**
But nobody has even mentioned your **name** for the job!
You don't know much about **Politics,** son! If I **keep denying** that I want to be the Vice-President, some of the bigwig kingmakers may **notice** me, and they may **offer** me the **job!**
There! You look **great,** Senator! The TV audience will think you're a **young man!**
He reminds me of the way my **Grandfather** looked when he was **embalmed!**
They use **more make-up** at one of these phony **Political Conventions** than they do at any **Gay Liberation rally!**
Tell me, Senator, are there **really** any **differences** between the two Parties?
I'm glad you asked me that, Walter! There are **two** major differences—
The only **real** difference between the two Parties is that one is **IN** . . . and one is **OUT!**
We ought to sneak our Television Cameras up into the **smoke-filled rooms** where the Candidates are **REALLY** selected!
After looking over all the Candidates, I've decided that there's only **one man** who can win this election for us! Only **one man** at this Convention has the **trust** and the **respect** of the **American people . . .**
You're **right!** Let's nominate **Walter Cronkite!**
VOTE
OHIO
IDAHO
TEXAS
NEVADA

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

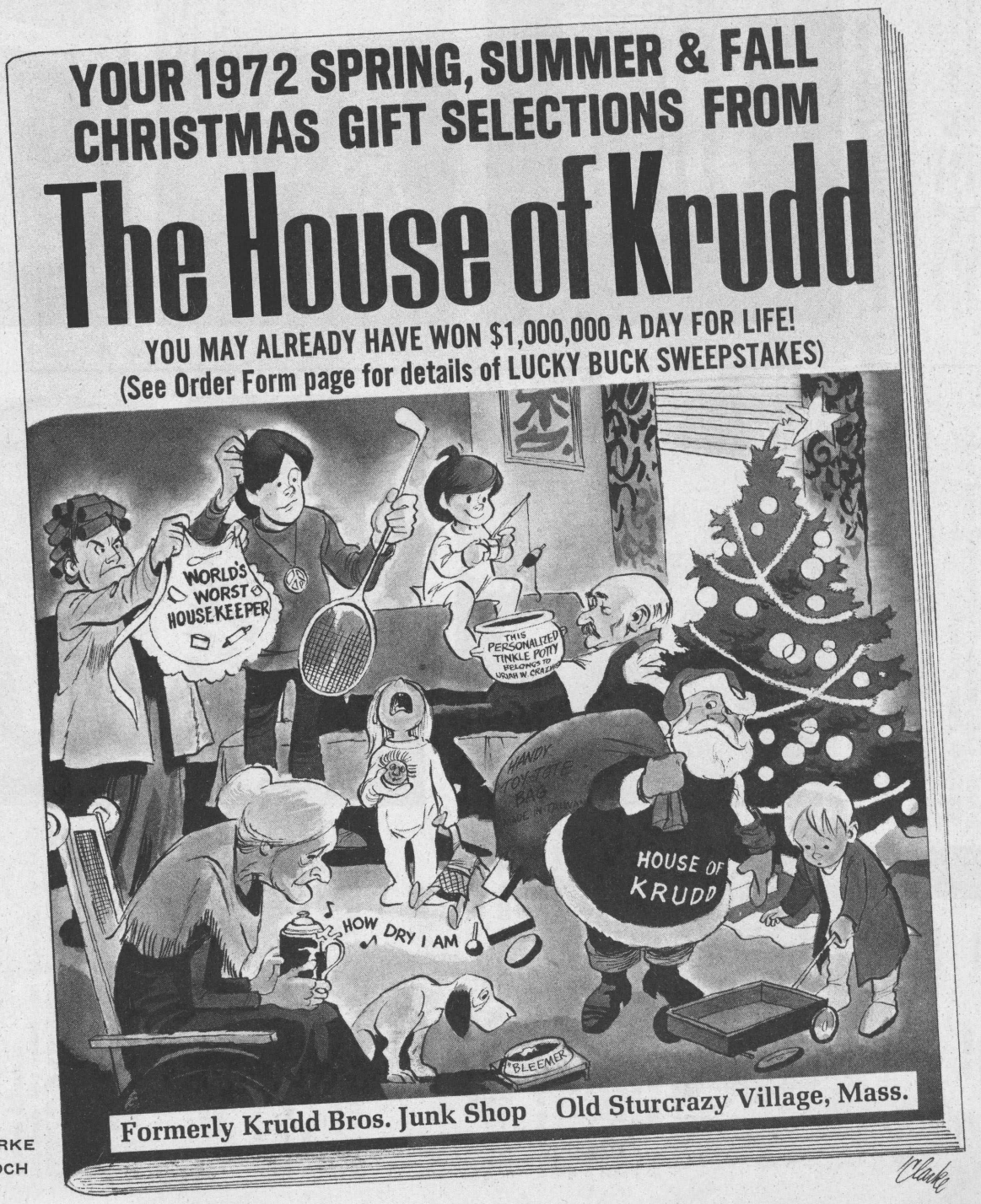
ONE DAY AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S



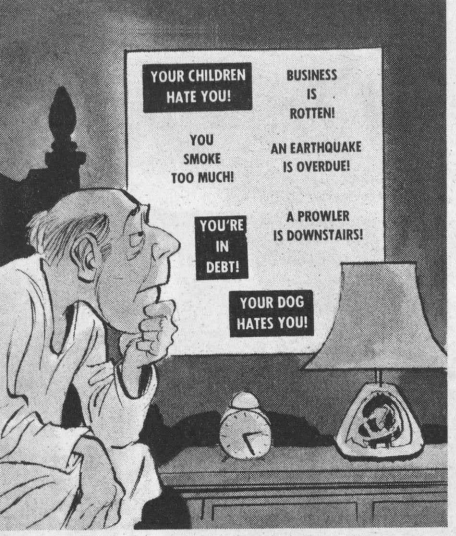
POST WASTE DEPT.

In the beginning, those pesky mail order gift companies seemed satisfied to squeeze a few dollars out of each of us at Christmas time. But soon, their catalogues began cluttering up our mail boxes in late summer, urging us to do our Christmas shopping early. Now, fearful that we may spend our off-season savings on mere necessities of life, their apparent plea is, "Do your Christmas shopping all year round." As evidence, we've selected one of the 23 we received just last week, and we herewith reprint a typical . . .

MAIL ORDER GIFT CATALOGUE



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: TOM KOCH



CAN'T SLEEP FOR NO APPARENT REASON? Jumbo glow-in-the-dark worry plaque supplies plenty of reasons for thoughtful insomnia. Phosphorescent-lettering eliminates minor worry of running up light bill in order to read plaque, and frees your mind to concentrate on bigger problems.

872—NITE-GLO WORRY PLAQUE $89.50
(Priced high so you can worry about your extravagance, too.)

END RISK OF FLUSHING TODDLERS AWAY with this safety bathroom seat, specially designed to fit tiny bottoms. Deluxe model also avoids danger of nasty spills from "potty" with dry ice unit that causes warm flesh to adhere to below-zero seat. Bitter cold saves Mother's time, too, by prompting youngsters to speed up.

497-A—TODDLER'S BATHROOM SEAT .. $9.95
497-B—DELUXE SEAT WITH DRY ICE UNIT $39.95

WIRE STRIPS COATED WITH FUZZY STUFF have hundreds of household uses. Teach kiddies to bend them into realistic animal shapes. Great for bundling uncooked spaghetti strands and broken ball point pens, too. Or hang one in bathroom for use as short, rainy day clothesline.

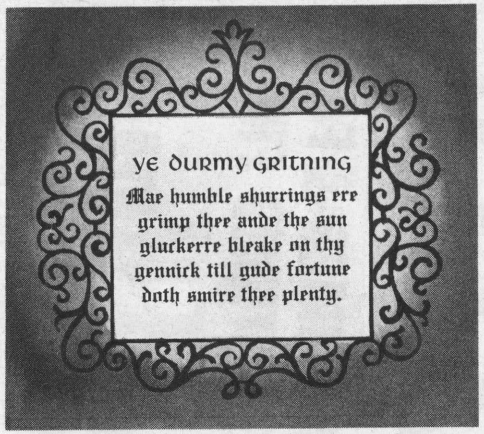
228—WIRE STRIPS COATED WITH FUZZY STUFF $4.98

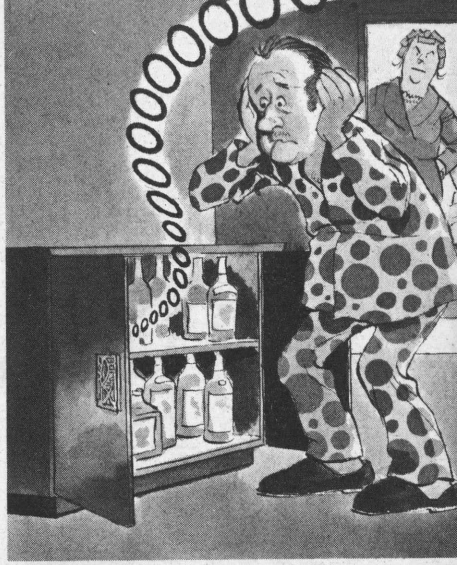
SAVE MONEY WITH AMAZING DOGGIE MOP! Why keep replacing worn out floor mops when this new device lets you pick up dust and grime with your household pet? Sturdy strap attached to handle fastens around Fido's middle to let him help with housework. Will not harm pet unless you dunk him in bucket of pure ammonia.

287T—SMALL DOGGIE MOP FOR PEKINESE, POODLES, ETC. $2.98
287U—MEDIUM DOGGIE MOP FOR SPANIELS, HOUNDS, ETC. $3.98
287V—LARGE DOGGIE MOP FOR DOBERMANS AND GERMAN SHEPHERDS (Not recommended for use unless dog is already dead.) $4.98

KEEP TABS ON THE FAMILY DRUNK with easily installed liquor cabinet alarm system. Piercing siren wails automatically when booze hound opens cabinet to sneak a nip. Ear splitting noise encourages abstinence by making hangover headaches unbearable. Deluxe model also spews forth Alcoholics Anonymous literature.

384 —"WINO-ALERT" LIQUOR CABINET ALARM $39.95
384A—DE LUXE ALARM WITH A.A. LITERATURE DISPENSER 59.95



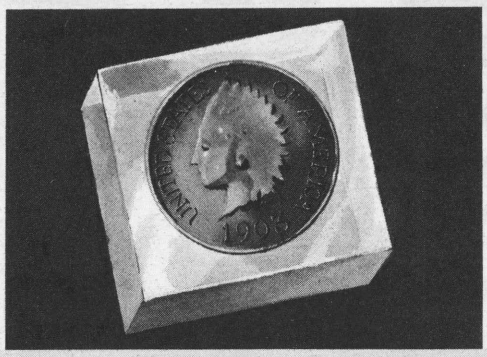


OLD SCOTTISH FRIENDSHIP GREETING makes this heat resistant trivet more than a kitchen utensil. Thoughtful message provides daily reminder to lift troubled spirits. Hang one on home wall and attach another to car or motorcycle. Great for campers, too!

725—INSPIRATIONAL TRIVET $3.99

CHILDREN QUICKLY LEARN NATURE'S WONDERS with this fully equipped rattlesnake hutch. Complete with live baby snake which grows to live adult snake as kiddies feed and care for interesting new pet. Easy-open hutch door permits even small tots to remove animal for closer study. Lets budding zoologists learn the fun way!

487A—CHILDREN'S RATTLESNAKE HUTCH ..... $ 27.95
488B—EXTRA LIVE SNAKES 12.95
489C—EXTRA LIVE CHILDREN 112.95

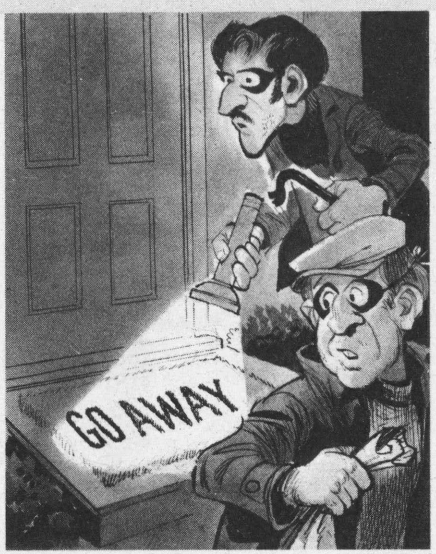


RARE OLD COIN WILL INCREASE IN VALUE! Genuine Indian head penny more than 60 years old is mounted in clear lucite holder for easy viewing without handling. Makes unique gift for all ages. Or buy several thousand for yourself for investment.

855—INDIAN HEAD PENNY IN LUCITE CASE $4.98
856—CASE WITHOUT PENNY (Seldom in stock) ..... .10
857—PENNY WITHOUT CASE (Never in stock) ..... .30
858—OUR PROFIT WITHOUT CASE OR PENNY 4.58

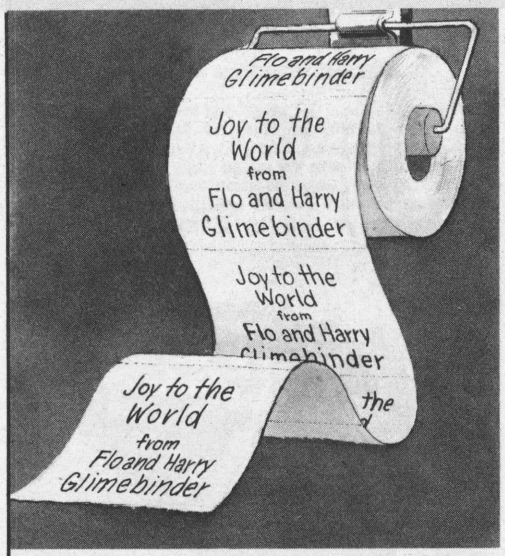
HAND MADE PARAGUAYAN COMPUTER combines crude charm of Amazon jungle artefact with efficient utility of I.B.M. 360. Handsome cabinet crafted of stone and vines houses inner workings capable of solving complex problems of home and industry. (Inner workings not included.)

866K—PARAGUAYAN STONE COMPUTER $49.95
866L—I.B.M. MECHANISM FOR STONE COMPUTER $1,298,049.95



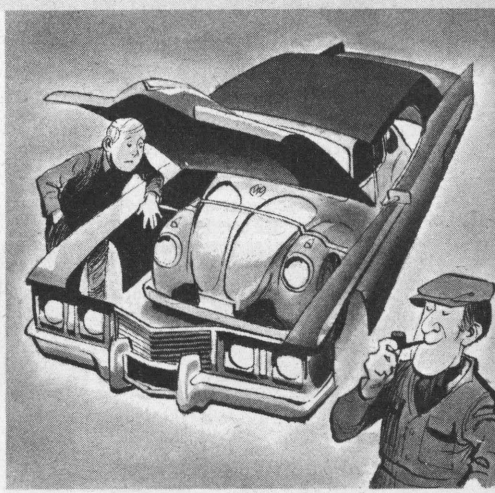
STOP INVITING BURGLARS TO ROB YOU! Replace crime encouraging "WELCOME" mat with this newly devised home protector. Psychologically tested hostile message is certain to deter nervous or easily discouraged crooks. Also gives you an edge over pushy door-to-door salesmen.

348—"GO AWAY" DOOR MAT $9.95



EXPRESS YULETIDE GREETINGS TO VISITING FRIENDS with cheery personalized holiday bathroom tissue. Full 1,000 sheet roll brings your warm message to all as they sit contemplating the true meaning of Christmas. Great for campers, too!

447—PERSONALIZED HOLIDAY BATHROOM TISSUE $3.69



YOUR CHEAP CAR BECOMES AN $8,000 LIMOUSINE when covered with this ingenious 1972 simulated Cadillac body. Made of sturdy plastic, authentic looking Caddy shell fits over most smaller cars with easily attached bolts and brackets. Impress your friends who always thought you were nothing but a loudmouth fourflusher.

972A—PLASTIC CADILLAC BODY .... $ 99.75
972B—DELUXE BODY WITH DOORS THAT REALLY OPEN 499.75

FEND OFF OVERLY AFFECTIONATE GIRLS with pocket size nerve gas sprayer. Looks like ordinary cigarette, but one blast can paralzye aggressive chicks while you flee to safety. Usually not fatal. Perfect gift for shy make-out men.

723—POCKET NERVE GAS SPRAYER $4.98
723-R—REFILL CARTRIDGES ..... .69

COLOR TV SET IS REALLY A GARBAGE CAN! Handsome walnut cabinet conceals embarrassing fact that you keep garbage in your living room. Envious friends will think you've acquired an expensive new TV. Fools everybody until they notice that picture never moves.

744—TELEVISION GARBAGE $49.50

OBSCENE ICE CUBES liven up even the dullest party. Clever set of freezer molds permits you to turn out sculptured figurines in a variety of fascinating poses. Good for a million laughs. Or plop them in soft drinks to educate kiddies about those matters you've put off discussing.

231—DIRTY ICE CUBES $4.98

"KIDDIE-SCRAM" CHILD REPELLENT effectively and permanently rids your lawn of destructive neighbor children. Non-poisonous pellets give off strong odor of cooking Brussels sprouts to nauseate tots. Can also be used indoors to make your own unwanted children run away from home.

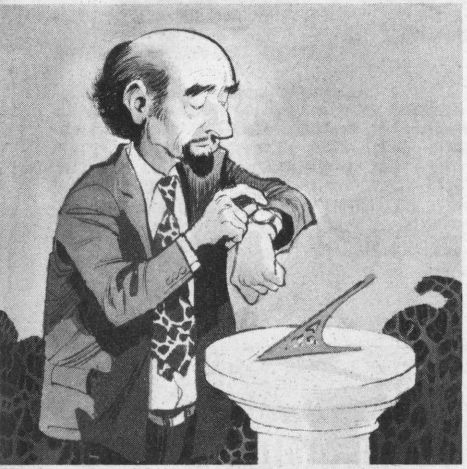
500—CHILD REPELLENT PELLETS $1.49

MAYO BROTHERS HOME SURGERY KIT—Ideal gift for those unable to get hospital insurance. Contains everything needed to perform costly surgery for mere pennies: scalpel, needles, thread, anesthetic and beginners' instruction book showing approximate location of internal organs. Sturdy construction by famous Mayo Brothers Toy Co.

476—HOME SURGERY KIT.....$12.98

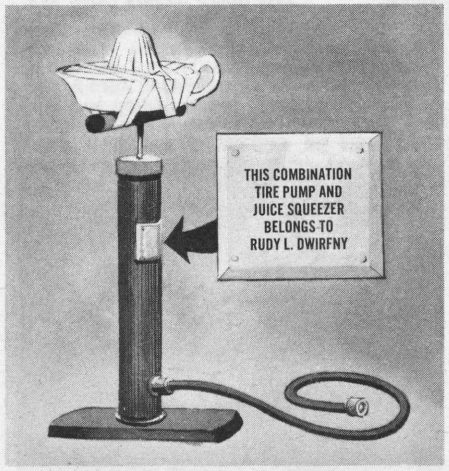
DOOR GUARD KEEPS OUT UNWANTED INTRUDERS! Hand-cut solid granite block offers protection against even the most determined homicidal maniac. Merely slide it against door and rest in peace. Or, should system fail, merely convert block to cemetery headstone and rest in peace.

1972-RIP—ALL-PURPOSE DOOR GUARD $198.50



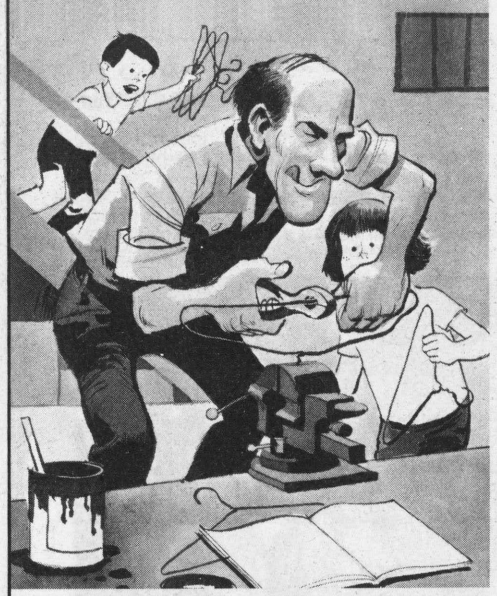
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME SUN DIAL. A boon to westerners weary of ordering sun dials from eastern manufacturers, only to find they're always set three hours fast. Sturdy construction allows you to use dial with confidence even on rainy days. Or place it indoors as handsome matching companion to your Pacific Standard Time clock.

783—PACIFIC TIME SUN DIAL $116.27
(Slightly higher west of Rockies)



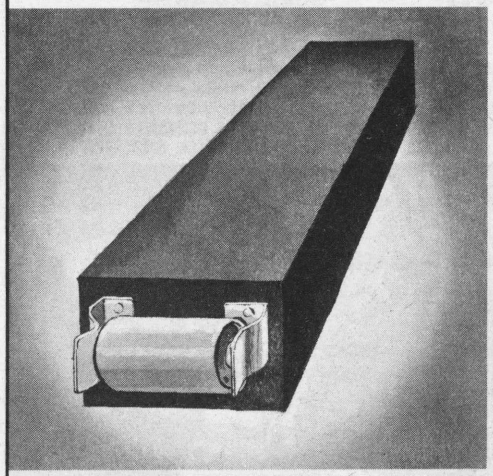
PERSONALIZED TIRE PUMP AND JUICE SQUEEZER—Not just a toy. It really works! Pump up flat tires in a jiffy. Then quench your thirst with delicious hand squeezed orange juice. Or do it the other way around. Great for camping trips, too. And personalized nameplate makes it a "must" for boaters. Specify name desired.

441—PERSONALIZED TIRE PUMP AND JUICE SQUEEZER $14.96



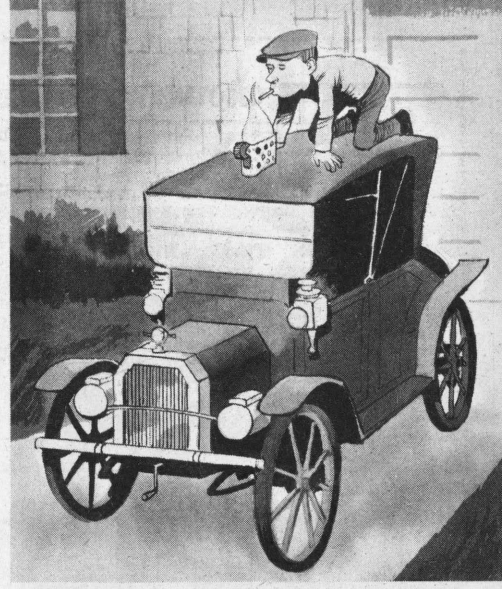
BENT COAT HANGER REPAIR KIT—Never a need to buy new hangers again once you acquire the fix-it knack. Kit includes work bench, sturdy vise, Swedish forged steel pliers, black touch-up paint and 96-page instruction book. Hanger repairing also makes a nice hobby for the senile and stupid.

822—BENT COAT HANGER REPAIR KIT $89.50



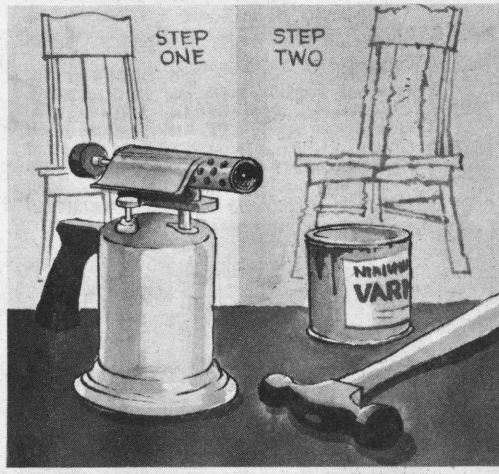
NEW LIFE FOR WORN OUT BATTERIES with this handy portable battery charger. Restores power for mere pennies. Won't run up household electric bill either as this unique charger operates on 18 ordinary flashlight batteries. Buy two and use one to restore worn out batteries from the other.

927—BATTERY POWERED BATTERY CHARGER $8.99
(Batteries not included)



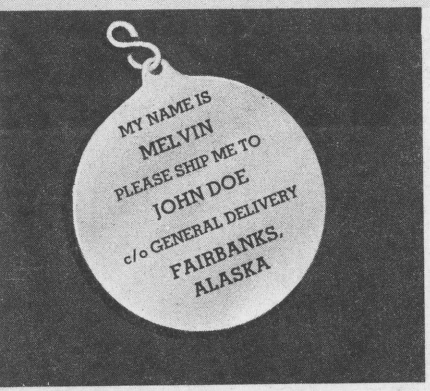
FULL-SIZE ANTIQUE CAR IS REALLY A CIGARETTE LIGHTER! Not just a conversation piece. Interior of authentic looking "Tin Lizzie" holds 150 gallons of lighter fluid for up to 75 years of trouble-free use. Immovable wheels prevent lighter from rolling down driveway even on icy winter days.

577—ANTIQUE CAR CIGARETTE LIGHTER $895.98



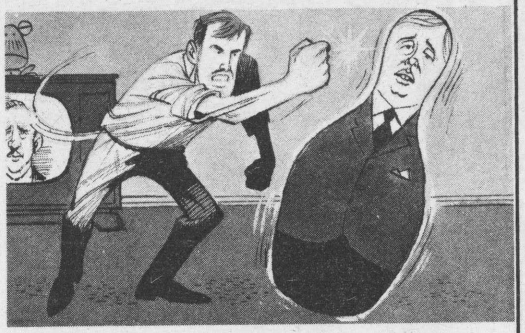
CONVERT NEW FURNITURE INTO SIMULATED ANTIQUES with this complete professional antiquing kit. Contains blow torch for creating fire damage effect, sturdy hammer for producing mottled, chipped surface, and dark lumpy varnish for instant aging. Why pay $500 for a damaged authentic heirloom when you can wreck your present furniture inexpensively?

892—FURNITURE ANTIQUING KIT $49.50



HAVE TROUBLE GIVING AWAY UNWANTED PETS? Clever I.D. tags help you dispose of them permanently and humanely. Turn pets loose wearing phony owner tags and rest assured finders will ship them to cozy new home in Fairbanks, Alaska, post office. Really works! Fairbanks postmaster reports he's already received 10,000 unwanted rabbits.

976—PET SHIP **$2.98**



LET DAD WORK OFF HOSTILITY after watching the evening news by clobbering this lifesize scapegoat punching bag. Comes with likeness of William Buckley on one side and Abbie Hoffman on the other for use by enraged TV viewers of all political persuasions. Unbreakable, except on days when newsmakers issue particularly idiotic statements.

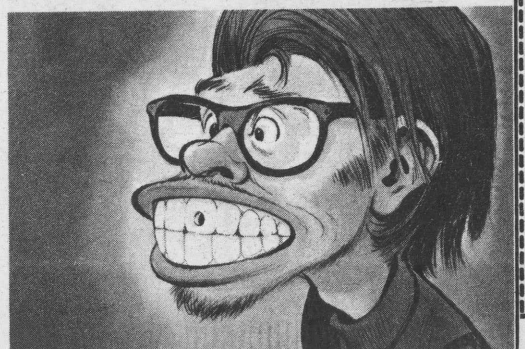
471—POLITICAL SCAPEGOAT PUNCHING BAG **$19.98**

END LONELY BACHELOR LIFE with this realistic, talking housewife doll. Electric eye mechanism causes silent house to be filled with sound of recorded nagging from "Mildred" as soon as front door is opened. Doll is guaranteed not to shut up until lights are turned off at bedtime. Best of all, she can be thrown in trash without divorcing her first.

421—NAGGING HOUSEWIFE DOLL **$99.92**

BRIGHTEN YOUR SMILE WITHOUT COSTLY DENTISTRY! Gleaming white plastic choppers fit snugly over your own discolored teeth. Ideal for covering up blackened snags, gaping holes and fangs. Adhesive edges make unbreakable one-piece plastic "smile" stick permanently to your gums. Convenient front tooth hole permits taking nourishment through a straw.

559—EVER-GRIN PLASTIC TEETH ..... **89¢**



LUCKY BUCK SWEEPSTAKES!

Look into your wallet QUICKLY! If you find a dollar bill in U.S. Currency bearing the same serial number as the one pictured above, MAIL IT IN NOW and we'll send you

ONE MILLION DOLLARS A DAY FOR LIFE!

(We will also notify Treasury agents to arrest you for counterfeiting because every dollar bill has a different serial number, and we already have the only real one with this number in our possession.)

HOUSE OF KRUDD ORDER FORM

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE (if you care to divulge it) _____ ZIP CODE _____

BONUS OFFER CHECK ONE
☐ YES. Enter my name in the drawing for the 1959 Studebaker.
☐ NO. Instead, I'd prefer to have my Xmas order filled before Xmas, just this once!

CATALOGUE No.	QUANTITY	NAME OF ITEM	PRICE

(If more than one item is being ordered, use your own paper, Cheapskate!)

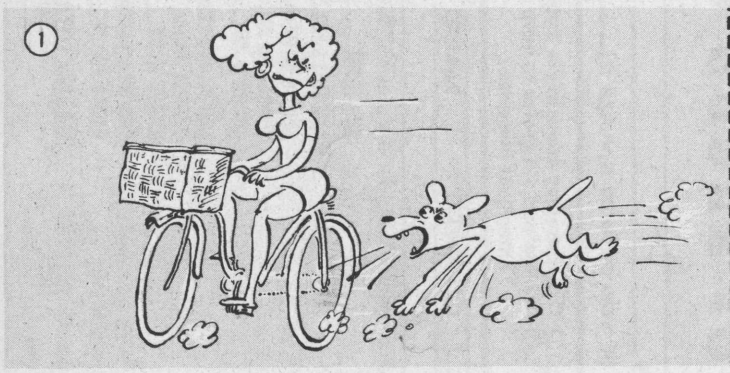
SUB-TOTAL	
ADD SALES TAX *	
ADD $6.00 HANDLING CHARGE ON ALL ORDERS UNDER $4.00	
ADD $4.00 HANDLING CHARGE ON ALL ORDERS UNDER $2.00	
ADD 15% TIP FOR ORDER FILLER	
GRAND TOTAL ENCLOSED **	

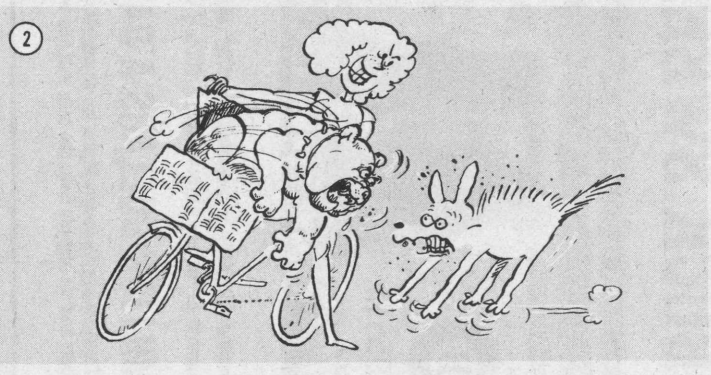
*Better make it about 12% as tax rates may go up before we get around to this.

**Residents of Ohio, Nebraska and Utah: send $2.94 extra just in case.

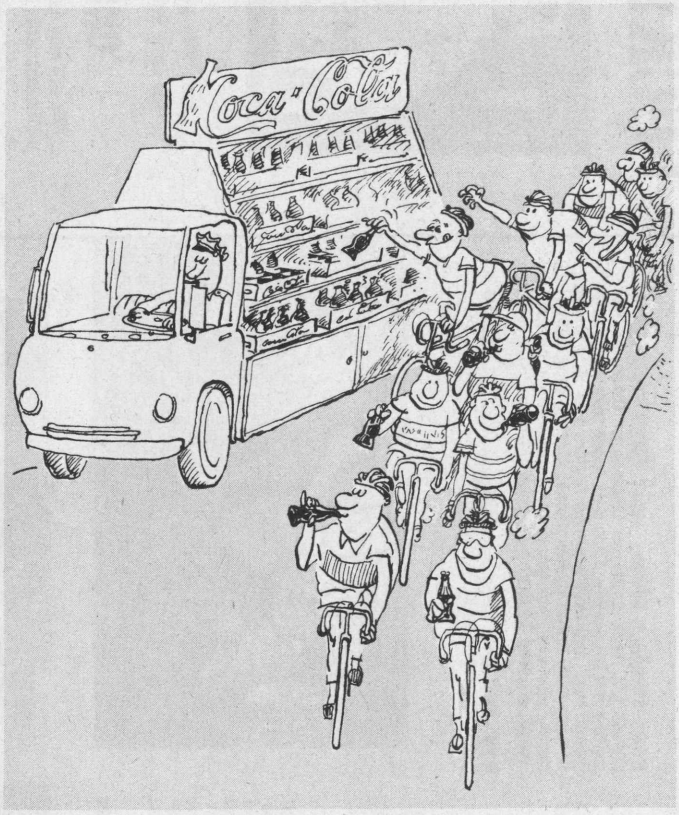
CHAIN REACTION DEPT.

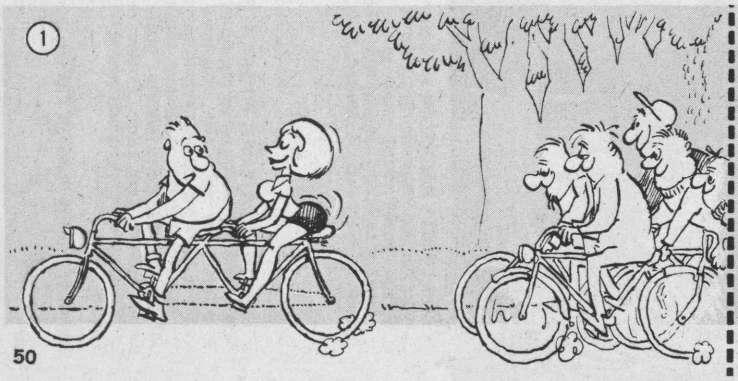
A MAD LOOK

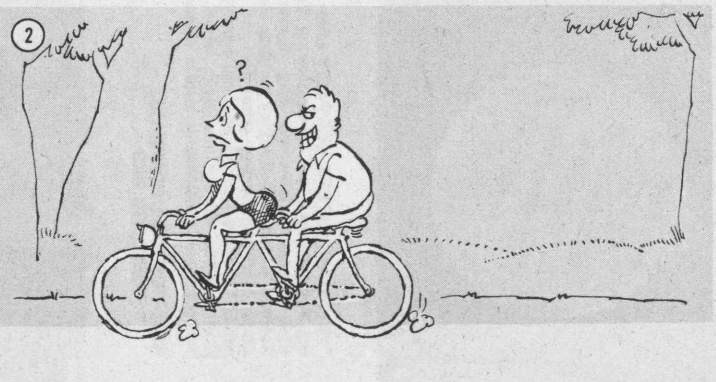




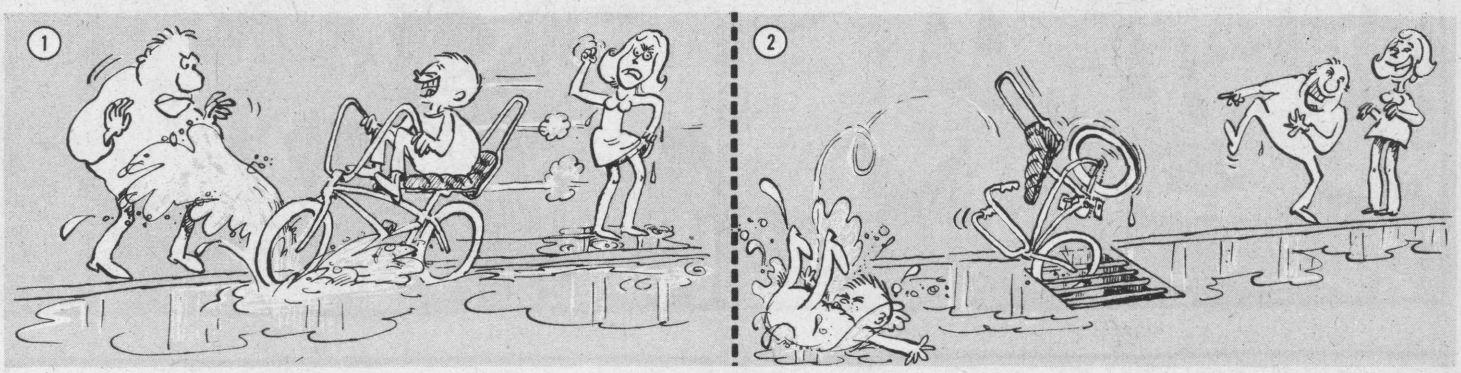
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

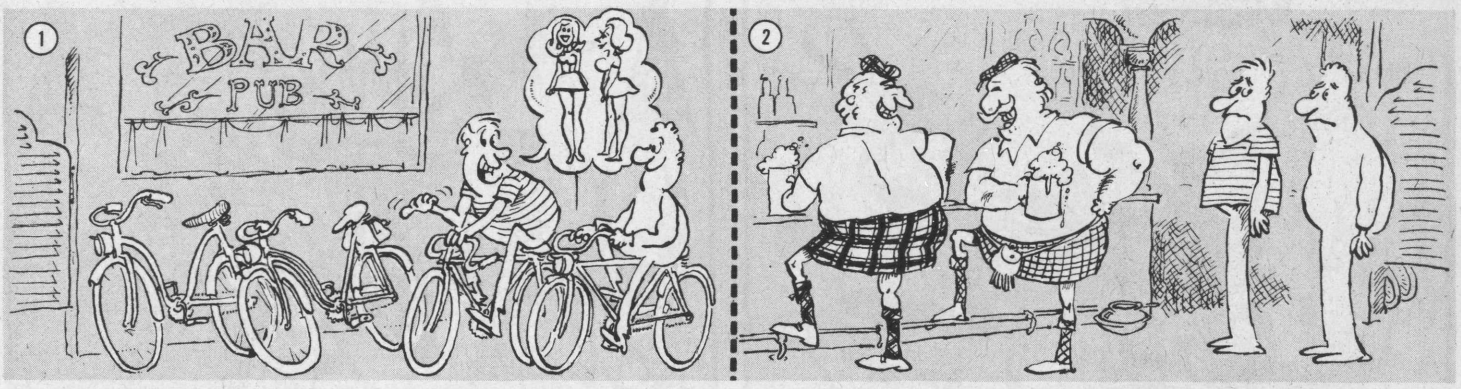


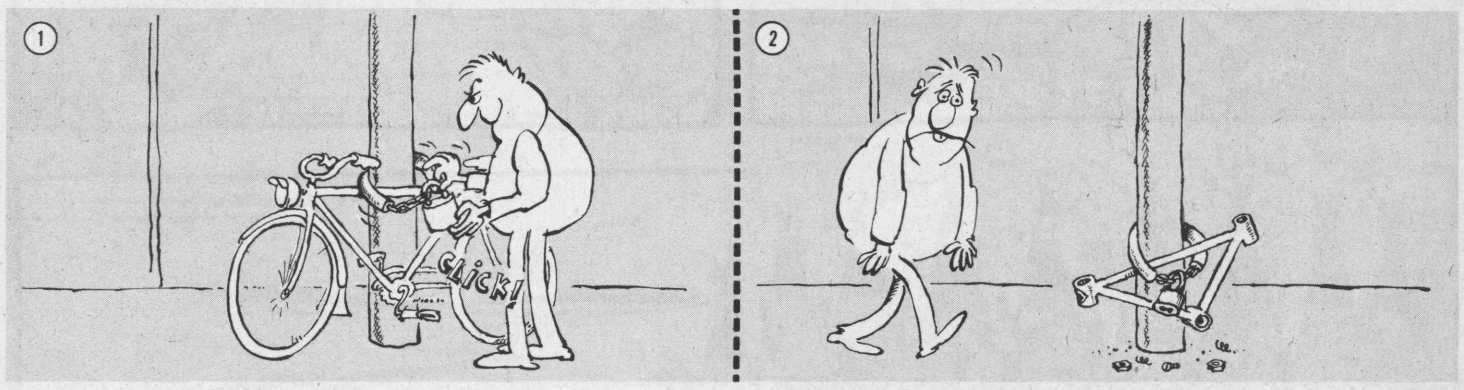


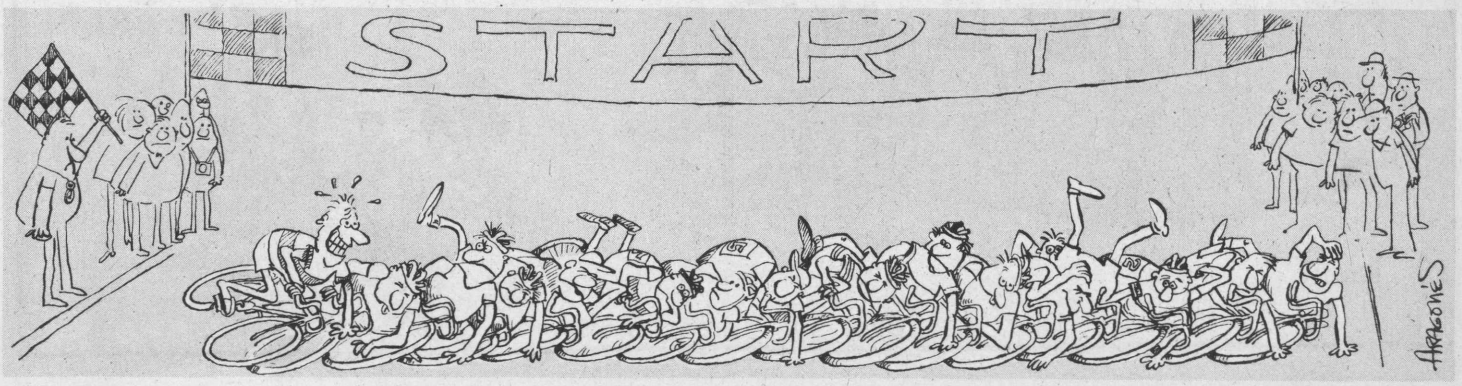


AT BICYCLING

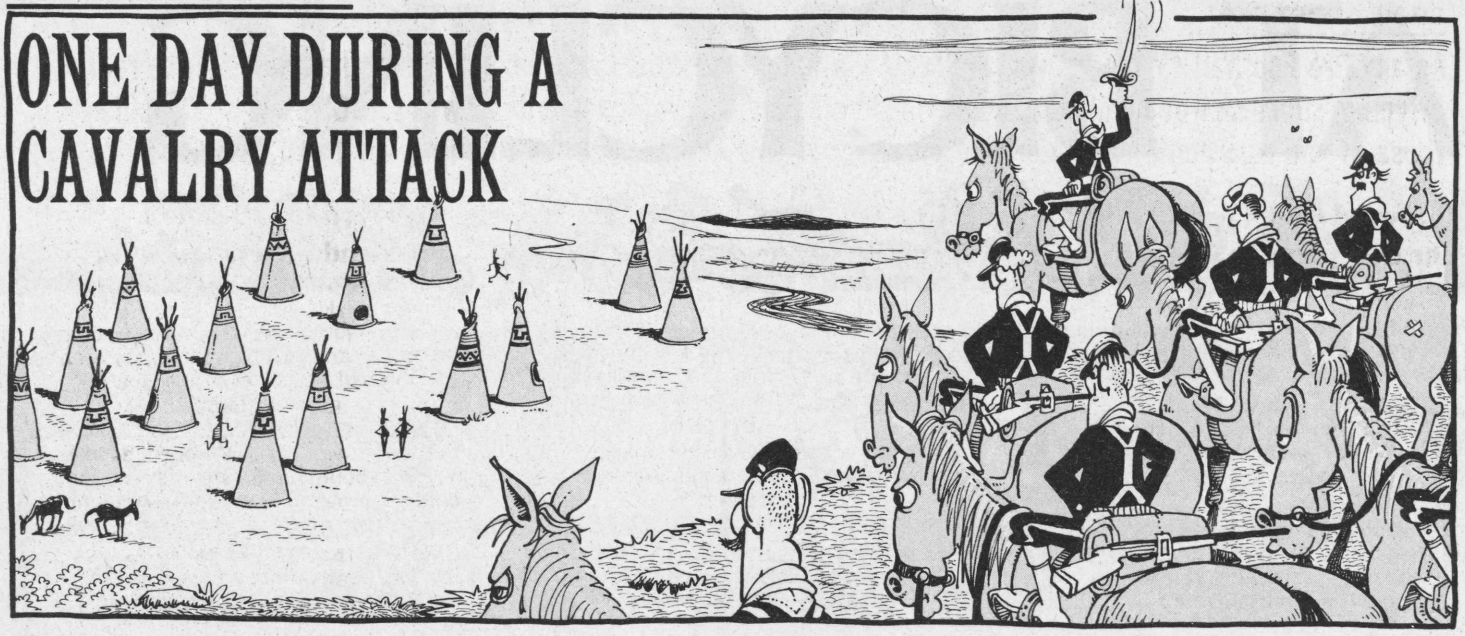


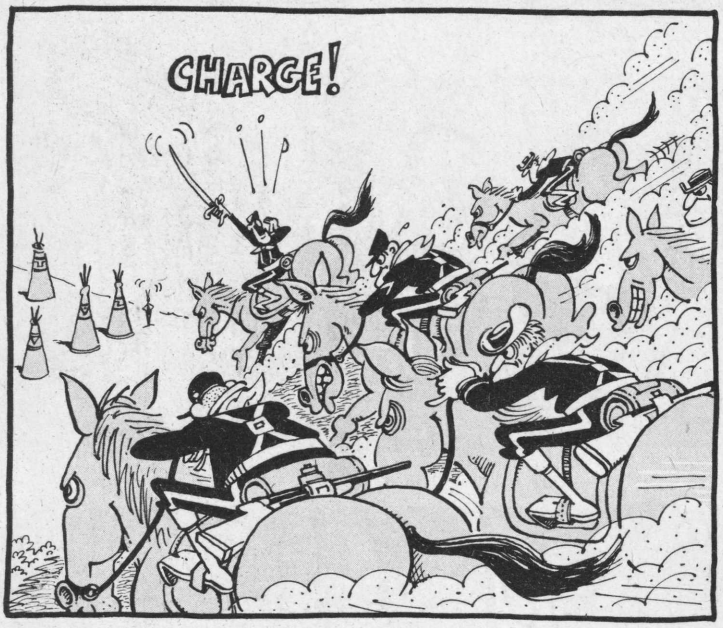


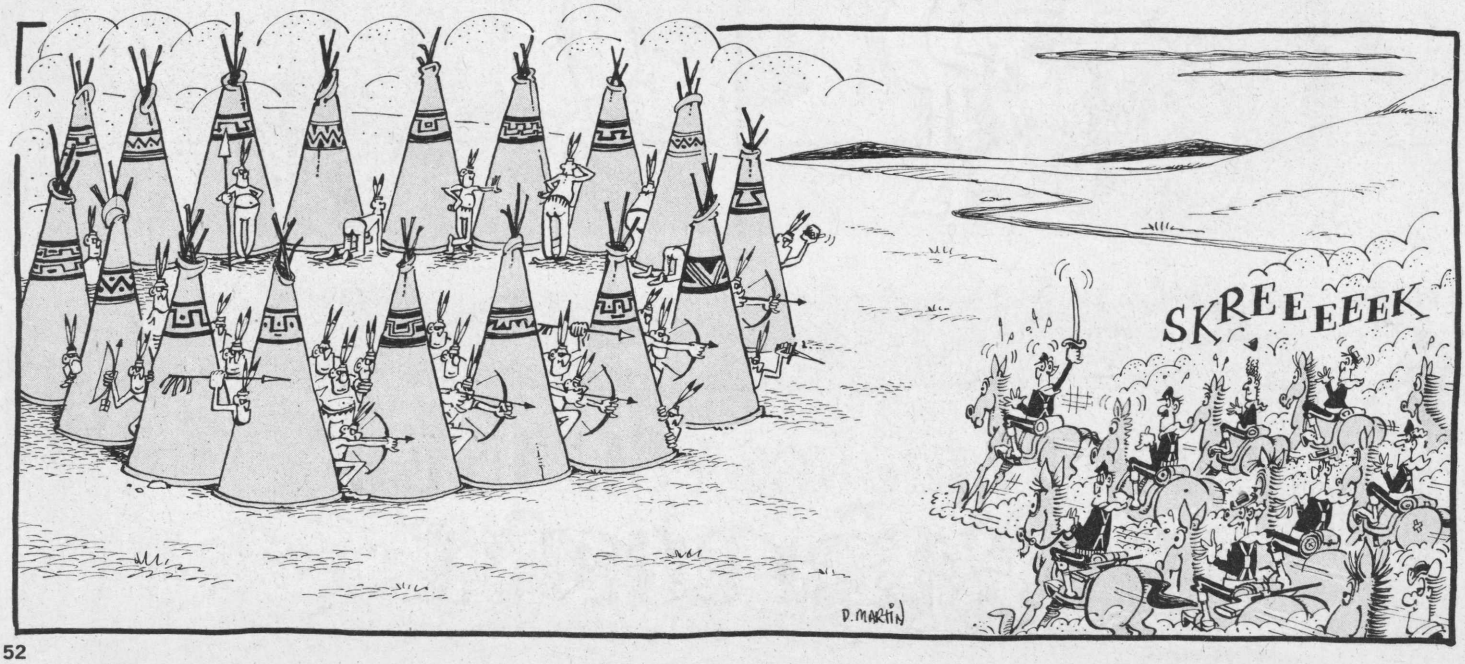




ONE DAY DURING A CAVALRY ATTACK

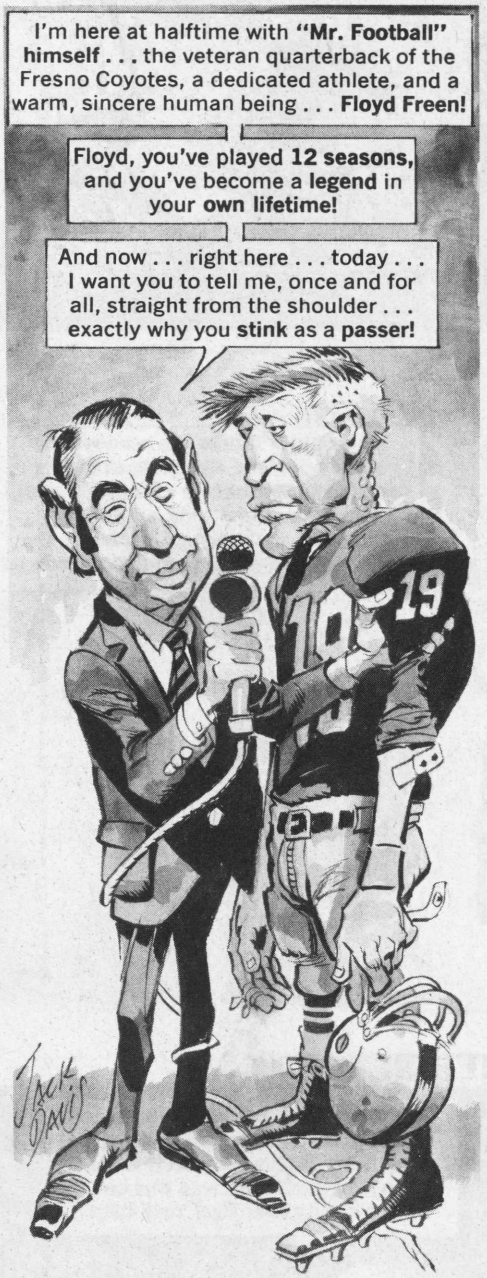




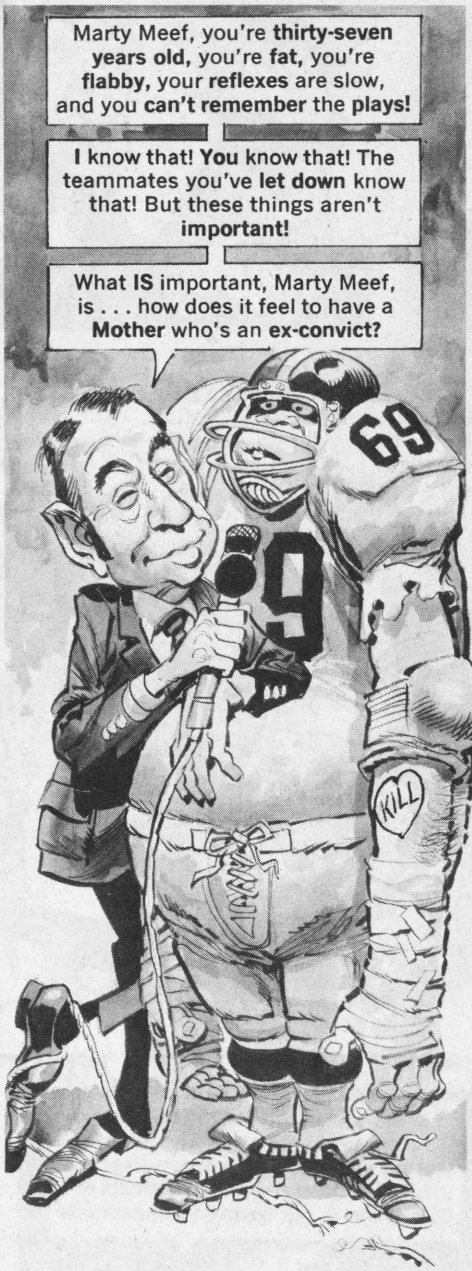


As any Pro Football TV fan knows, the most dramatic moments do not take place on the field. No, the really gripping, super-charged moments occur on the sidelines during those interviews by ABC's Howard Cosell! For those of you who don't know him (and for those of you who do, but can't believe what you see), let us say:

Howard Cosell speaks with heartfelt emotion . . .



Howard Cosell brings a rare warmth to the game . . .



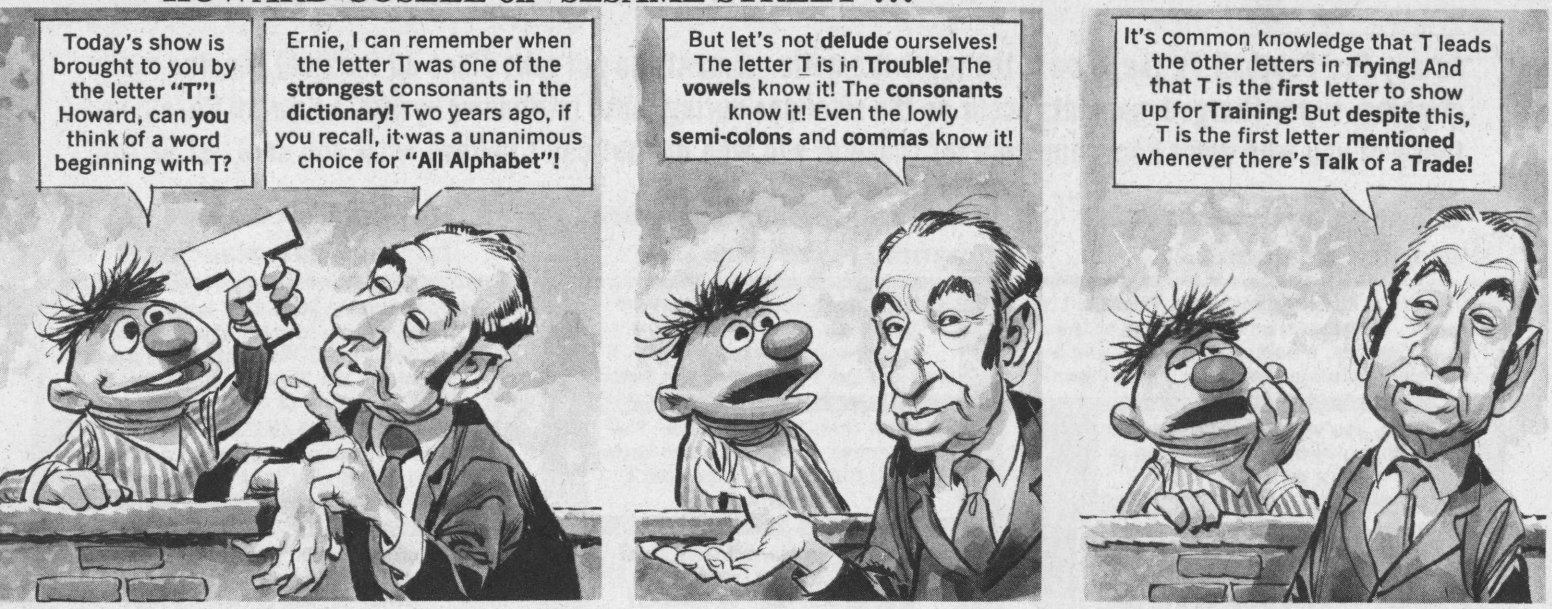
Howard Cosell shows tact and understanding . . .

Love him . . . or hate him . . . one thing is certain: Howard Cosell's unique style and approach certainly makes the TV ratings zoom! Therefore, it's only a matter of time before all the Networks start using him, and not just for Sports coverage! So let's step into the future and see what we'll be looking at and listening to—

When TV makes FULL USE of HOWARD COSELL

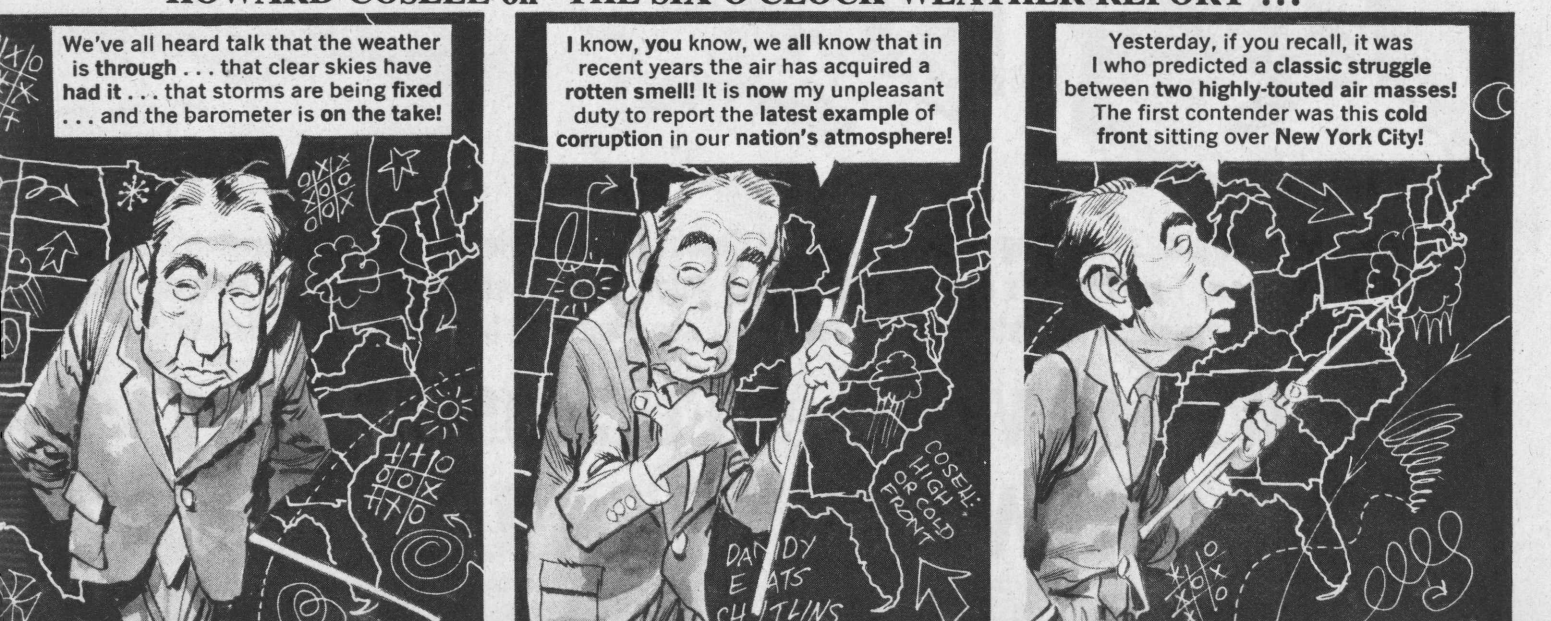
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

HOWARD COSELL on "SESAME STREET"...



HOWARD COSELL on "LET'S MAKE A DEAL"...

HOWARD COSELL on "THE SIX O'CLOCK WEATHER REPORT"...



And so we must ask—**"Why?"** The answer can be traced to the **hatred** and **rancor** and **bigotry** that pervades our **alphabet** today! T is being treated as an **outcast** because T is a **minority letter!** T is **ostracized** by the **vowels, ignored** by the **numerals,** and even **tormented** by his **fellow consonants!**

They say that T does not know its place! Well, let me say—once and for all—that T is an **upstanding letter!** That **without** T, we would not have **Tedious Talkers on Television** . . . and **Tripe** and **Twaddle** and **Tirades** and **Titillation . . .**

. . . and **Tiresome Tomfoolery a**

Yecch!

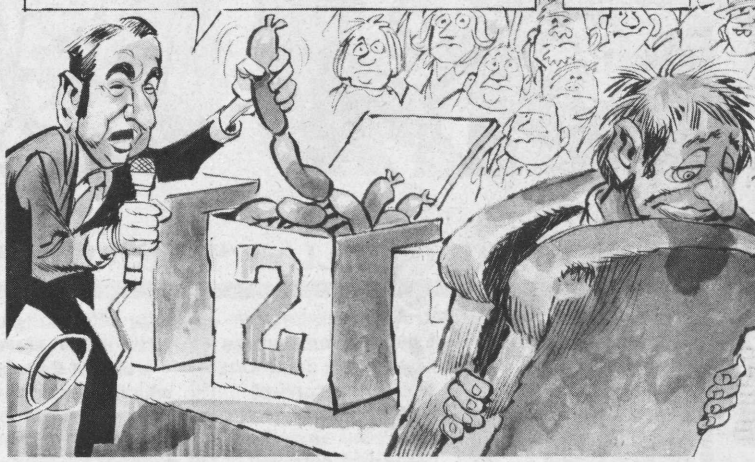
Z Z Z

d Tantalizing—

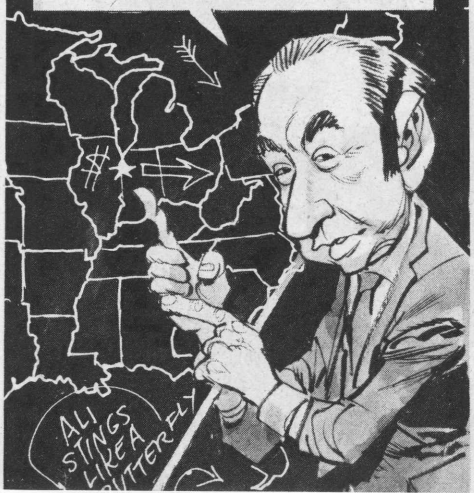
I have here **three boxes!** Two contain **worthless items!** The third contains **$750,** an amount equal to the **average yearly income of a Mississippi sharecropper!** While you ponder your **choice** and this **inequality** in our society, I'd like to inform the **studio audience** that their behavior today is **more sickening** and **childish** than **ever!**

You, sir, have chosen **Box No. 2,** which contains **12,000 imitation salamis!** This should **convince** you that not only are you a **lamentable example of American manhood,** but that you're **also** a **rotten guesser!**

Now get out of my **sight!** You **disgust** me!



His opponent was this powerful **warm front,** a mass of moist air, churning out of **Chicago!** It's **no secret** that **this** was where the **big money** was!



Well, we all **know** what **happened!** The **cold front** chickened out over **Ohio!** And the **warm front** turned into **Bush League drizzle** and took a **dive** in **Pittsburgh!**

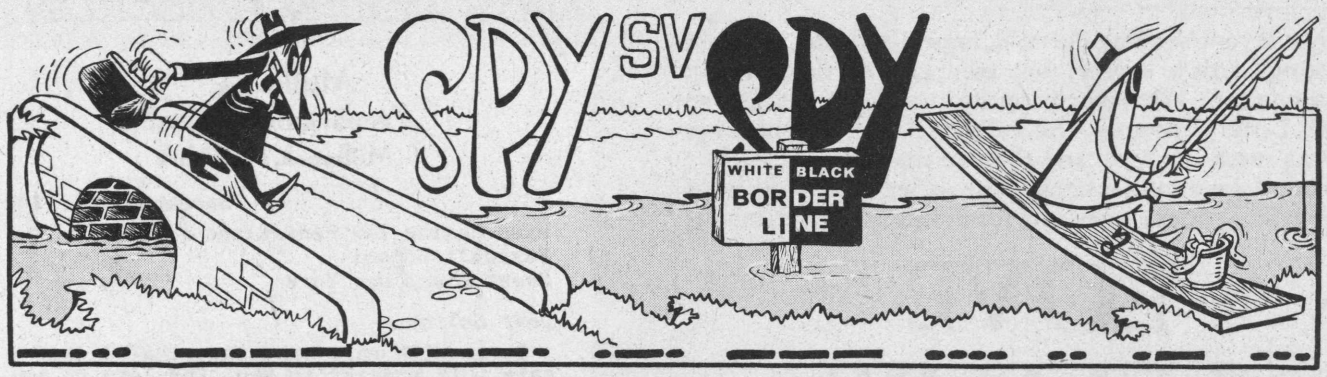
And to think that there are people who **still** have **faith** in the **weather!**

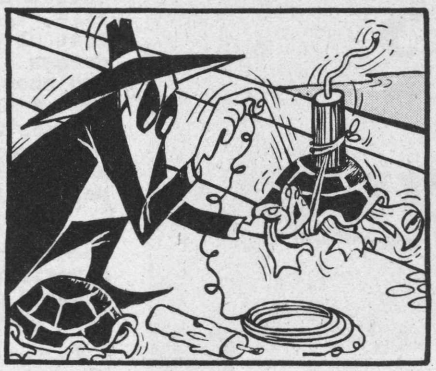
I'll be back again at **11:00 P.M.** to humiliate the **Jet Stream!**

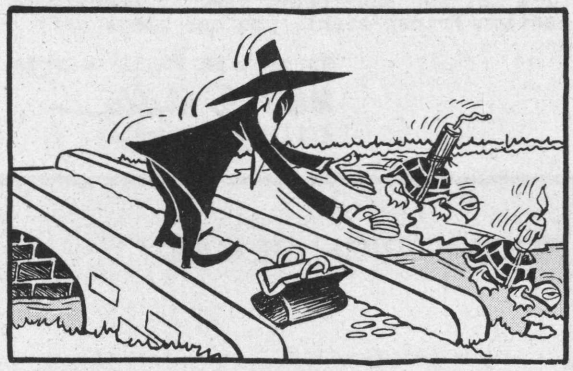
HOWARD COSELL on "THE GILLETTE COMMERCIAL"...

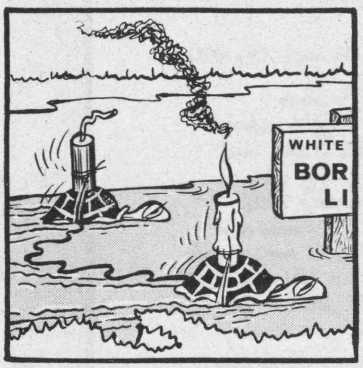
HOWARD COSELL on "MEET THE PRESS"...

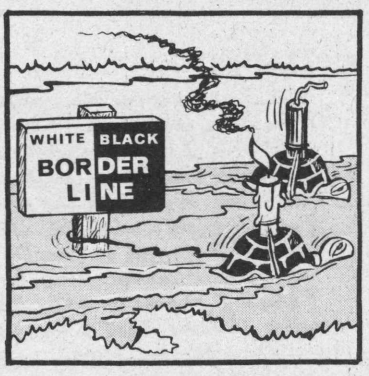
JOKE & DAGGER DEPT. PART II

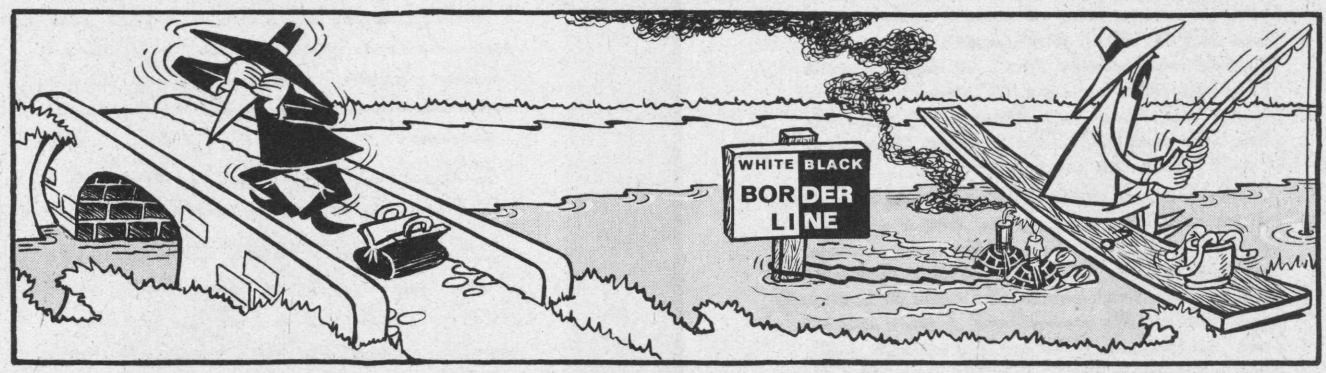


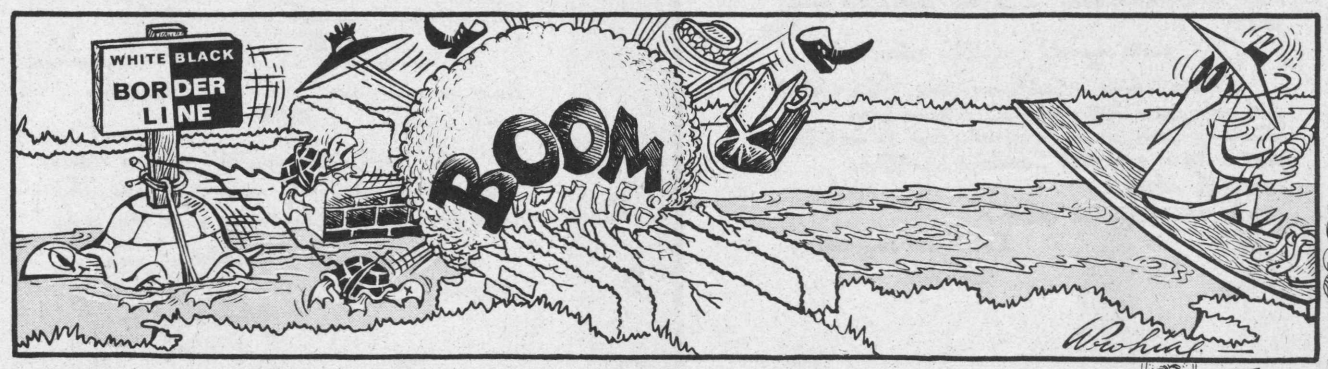












MASH COMMUNICATION DEPT.

With everyone sending out cold, impersonal, store-bought Greeting Cards to express their feelings these days, we got to wondering: Whatever happened to the old-fashioned "Love Letter"? Mainly, the individual personal message that captured the style and the personality of its author, instead of some professional card-writer. You'll see what we're talking about when you read these MAD versions of

LOVE LETTERS FROM CELEBRITIES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

FROM RICHARD NIXON

Dear Pat, January 23, 1932

Let me make one thing perfectly clear. I am your boyfriend. Make no mistake about that. And I feel it perfectly safe to say that I love you. That is, I believe I love you. This is not to preclude the possibility that I may like you a whole lot. Or that I may even have a heavy crush on you. Or that I am simply hot to trot. However, since this is a "love letter", I think I should correctly state, for the time being at least, that I love you.

Now, about that other matter: Let me say that within one year, I hope to withdraw from all my other girlfriends. You can readily understand that, for safety's sake (They may beat me up after school!), I cannot withdraw from them all at once. My plan is to gradually stop calling them, and to date them less and less.

As for last night, I hope you will forgive me for what may have seemed like a surprise attack in Lovers' Lane. Let me make clear my position on this. I believe that only by advancing upon and holding unprotected parts of your body can I protect the commitment I have made in time and money. I believe it is morally just. And, more than that, it is the American thing to do!

Do I make myself perfectly clear?

Another thing. About your acne. Please don't feel self-conscious about it. I have been studying your condition closely, and let me state that within a month I believe it will be perfectly clear!

Is this perfectly clear?

I am your boyfriend,
Dickie

FROM WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

Millbrook
Preparatory School
Millbrook, New York

December 18, 1940

Miss Selina Van Renssalaer
Foxcroft School
Sweetbriar, New York

Dear Selina:--

It is with warm exudation that I dedicate this missive to you, the love of my life, the apocalypse of my being and the lustful cornucopia of all my hedonistic dreams. How ironic that this passion for you should exist, yes, flourish under a left-wing state whose invidious ideological posture is the antithesis of a renaissance romanticism and, ergo, contains absolutely no aesthetic vision except a perfunctory ersatz.

Under this arduous tyranny, with Mr. Roosevelt the provocateur of legislative egregiousness, I nevertheless, have dedicated my puerile existence to satiating my concupiscent and pubescent lust.

To put it more succinctly, Selina, baby, I'm hot for your body. And if there's no action Friday night, you can shove off!

Warmest personal regards,
William F. Buckley
William F. Buckley,

FROM ERICH SEGAL

July 18, 1963

Dear Gladys,

What can you say about a sixteen-year-old girl who loves Mozart, Frankie Avalon, Chubby Checker, and is suffering from an incurable disease... the heartbreak of psoriasis?

That's right, Gladys! I know all about your terrible skin condition!

But it doesn't matter to me because I love you in spite of your faults. What DOES bother me is that you've been secretly seeing my best friend, Solomon Fleischman, behind my back!

Is this love? As far as I'm concerned, love means never having to say you're with Solly!

This letter is too sad to continue. Tears are welling up in my eyes, and like this strange itch is spreading over my body.

Some love story! I'm catching your disease!

Your boyfriend,
Erich

FROM BURT BACHARACH

Oct. 3, 1947

Dear Angie,

What's new, pussycat?

I just want to say that this guy, this guy's in love with you! And, gosh, if there's one thing the world needs right now, it's love... sweet love!

What a great summer it's been! We had some real crazy times together. Remember when we took that trip and got lost and we didn't know our way to San Jose? What made it really crazy was we were standing in the middle of the Bronx at the time!

And then, there was that silly day in the country when we stopped at that roadside fruit-and-vegetable stand! Remember? You bought a pound of cumquats, and I bought a head of lettuce. And then there was that sudden thunderstorm. It poured all over your cumquats, and raindrops kept falling on my head. We laughed and laughed. And we made promises, promises that we'd never part.

Then, he came along!

Tell me, Angie... what's it all about with you and Alfie???

Close to you,
BURT BACHARACH*

*Letter written with the help of Hal David

FROM HENNY YOUNGMAN

Feb. 27, 1930

Dear Gloria,

Now take my girlfriend, Gloria Lifschultz... please!!

I think about you every moment, Gloria. When I see you, my heart beats so fast I need a Doctor. Speaking of Doctors, this Doctor opened the window wide and said to the Patient, "Stick out your tongue in front of this window." The Patient said, "What for?" And the Doctor said, "I'm mad at my neighbor."

Whenever I'm near you, Gloria, you drive me crazy. By the way, want to drive somebody crazy? Send him a Telegram saying "Ignore first telegram."

You're gorgeous, Gloria. You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Not like my friend's Mother-In-Law. She went to a beauty parlor and had a mud pack. For two days, she looked great. Then the mud fell off.

I think the two of us are meant for each other. Have you ever noticed how we're always holding hands? Because if we ever let go, we'd kill each other.

I'm saying all this in a letter, Gloria, because you know how I am in person. I can never get serious.

Love, Henny

FROM DON RICKLES

Miss Shirley Plotkin
4755 Ocean Parkway
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sept. 12, 1945

Dear Dummy,

That's right! You're a "Dummy"! You're also a Creep! And a Slob!

As all the guys on the block know, I only insult the people I like. And I'm crazy about you, you miserable hockey puck!

I love everything about you!

I love the way you eat a cookie, and the crumbs get all over your moustache! (By the way, there's a new thing out. It's called "Electrolysis." Look into it!)

And I love the smart outfits you wear. The J. C. Penney calico dress with the stains under the armpits. And the sweat socks. And the gym boots. And the torn underwear.

And the funny way you lean out your apartment window and say, "Psst! Hey, Sailor! Up here!"

And the time last Summer when you forgot to bathe for three weeks, and I couldn't dance with you because there were too many flies around.

And the first time I met your father. He was nasty to me until I fed him a piece of raw meat, and he went away.

And the time you sold kisses at the Bazaar for a dollar each, and you gave everyone that strange disease.

And the cute way you walk along the beach and we all laugh because you keep forgetting to shave your legs. And arms. And back.

Yes, it's a thrill for me to date you, Shirley. Almost as much of a thrill as the time I was held hostage by the Japs on Iwo Jima.

Let me wrap it all up by saying I think you're an ugly, fat, bowlegged, four-eyed, moronic, hideous-looking Dum-Dum... and I hope you feel the same way about me.

All my love, Don

FROM RALPH NADER

April 21, 1950

Dear Chevelle,

I love you, honey. You are built fantastically, and you are the sleekest-looking thing to come out of school this year.

But you must realize that there are specific standards and specifications I have set for my "ideal girl", and these must be met. Therefore, before we get serious, I must call to your attention certain defects you suffer from--which will have to be corrected immediately.

They are as follows:

Your right ear lobe is 1/4 inch longer than your left, and should be adjusted.
When you walk, your chassis is out of line.
The caps on your teeth should be rotated.
On our last date, I ascertained that your bra was padded with foam rubber. This is a deceptive practice and violates my personal "truth in packaging" law.
I also find noticeable defects in your rear end, your paint job, your headlights and some of your accessories.
And to top it all off, I am not getting the mileage out of you that you led me to believe I'd get after our first date.

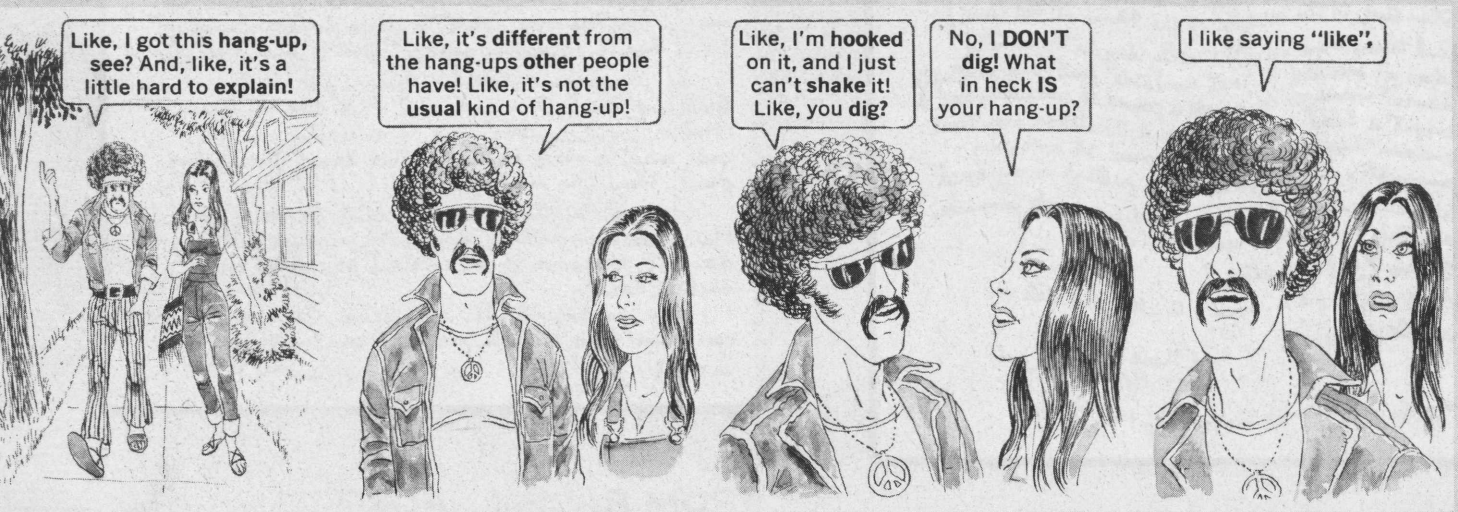
I know you're supposed to be the fastest girl in school, but as far as I'm concerned, you're "unsafe at any speed"!

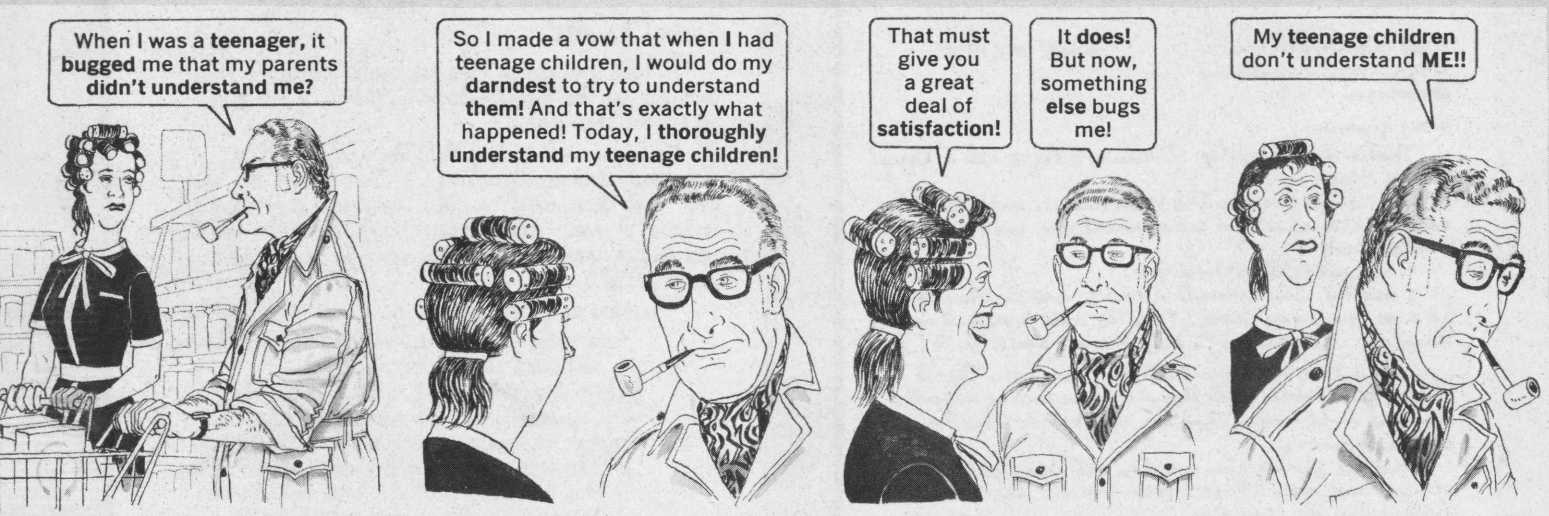
I hope you understand that this is not a personal reflection on you, but just that I am taking every precaution to see that I do not go steady with a "lemon"!

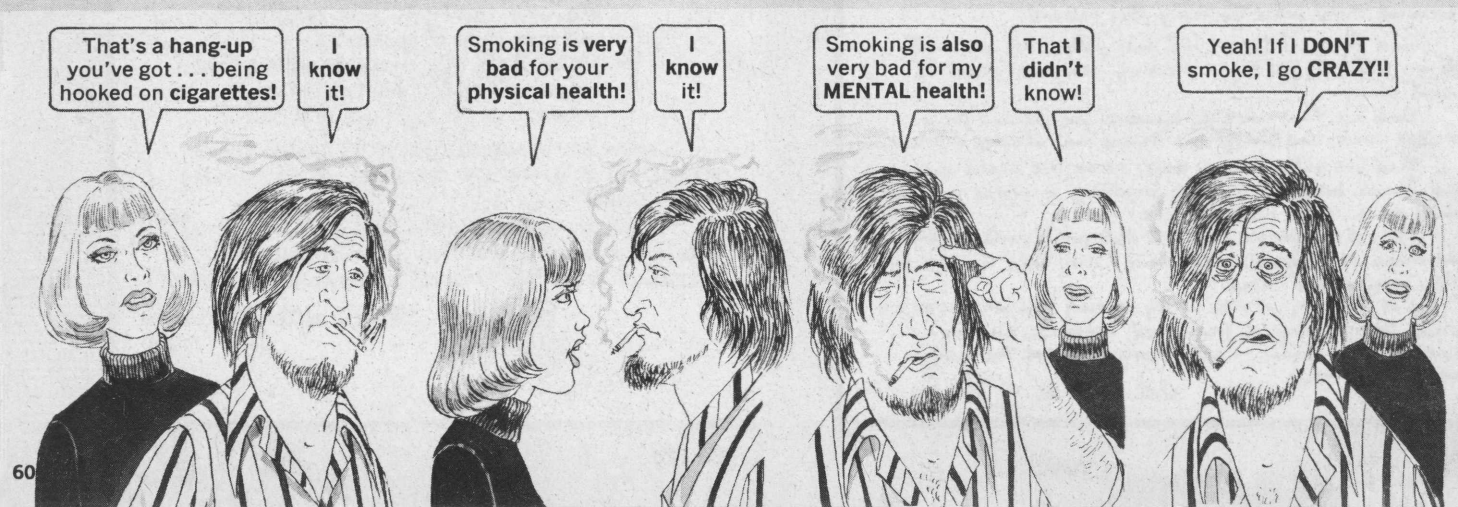
Expecting a callback on this, I am
As ever,
Ralphie

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... Han

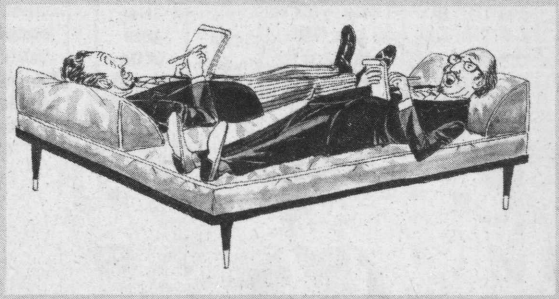


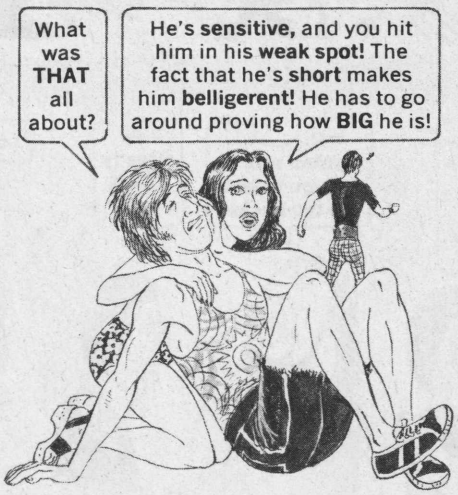


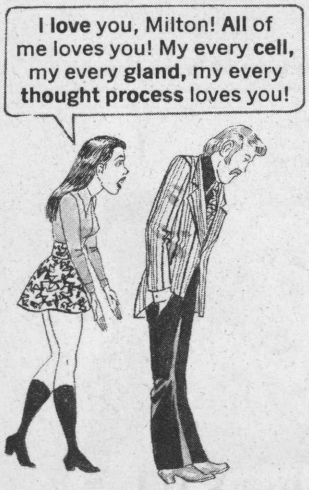


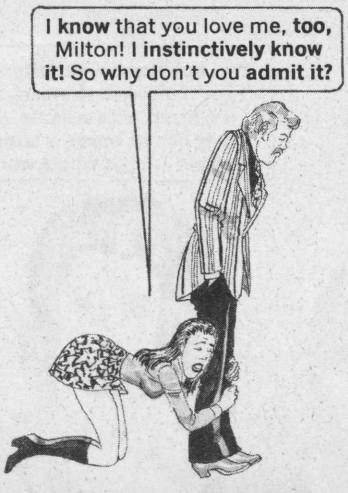
g-Ups

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

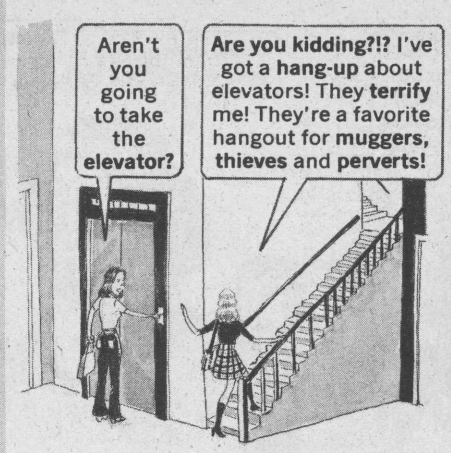


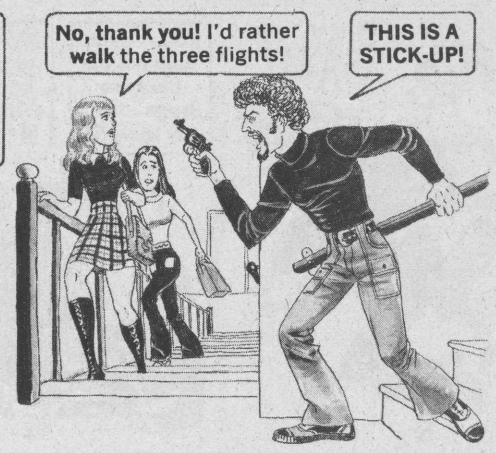




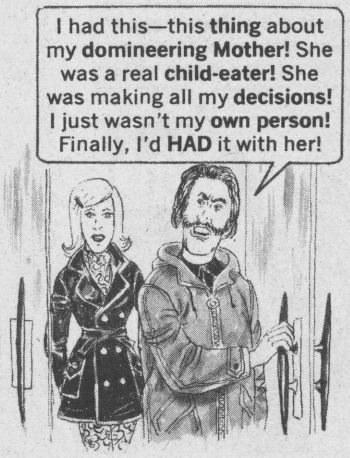


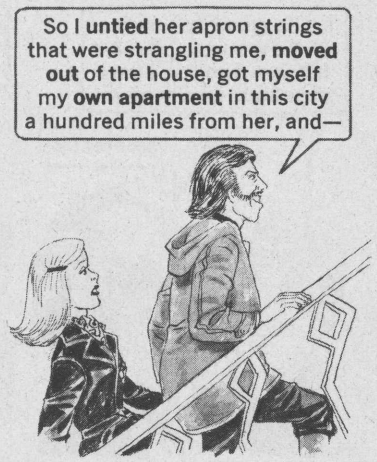
Chuck! You haven't got a drink! Let me get you a Scotch and Soda!
No, thanks! Boy, you're the fifth person to offer me liquor!
C'mon! Just one little drink!
Sorry, but I can't take 'just one'! It leads to a second and a third, and then I'm off on another bender! I have a drinking problem and I'm trying to stay on the wagon!
Oh, I didn't realize! Tell you what! I'll give you a plain glass of ginger ale! That way people will stop plying you with drinks!
Thank you! You are very understanding!
Will you look at Chuck . . . guzzling again! I knew he couldn't stay on the wagon!
Hi, Lenny, ol' pal!
Don't touch me! I can't stand being touched! Get your hands off me!
Gee, Lenny, I'm sorry! I was only trying to be friendly! See? My hands aren't touching you!
That's better! Now . . . what do you want?
Well . . .all I wanted was to ask you to lend me ten bucks!
I've already TOLD you!
I can't stand being touched!
They're absolutely right! Women have been sexually exploited since the very beginning of time . . . and it's got to change!!
Harry! From now on, you will no longer regard me as just a SEX OBJECT!!
Boy . . . am I uptight!
So take one of your tranquilizers!
That's what's got me so uptight! I forgot to bring my tranquilizers with me!
You—you may not believe this, but I just had my purse snatched!
No, I DON'T believe it . . . knowing what a hang-up you've had about being mugged, and all the precautions you've taken!
You bet I took precautions! I got the whole shmeer . . . a policeman's whistle, a spray can of mace, a siren, a hat pin . . . the whole works!
So why didn't you use any of that stuff?
I would have!
But they were all in my purse!

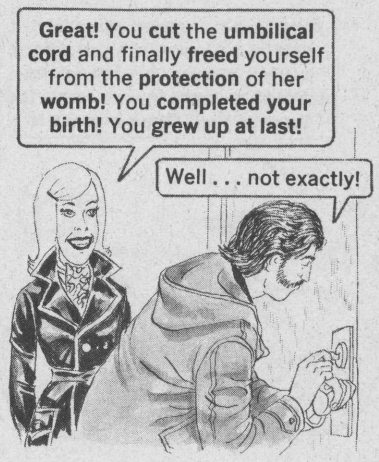

Aren't you going to take the **elevator?**
Are you kidding?!? I've got a **hang-up** about elevators! They **terrify** me! They're a favorite hangout for **muggers, thieves** and **perverts!**


No, thank you! I'd rather **walk** the three flights!
THIS IS A STICK-UP!

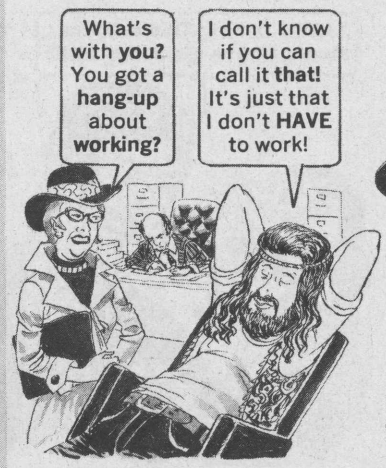
Oh, **no!** I climbed the stairs just to **avoid** meeting someone like you! Why aren't you on the **elevator** where you **BELONG?!?!**
Are you kidding?!?! I've got a **hang-up** about elevators! They **terrify** me! You could **get stuck between floors!** O a **cable** could snap!

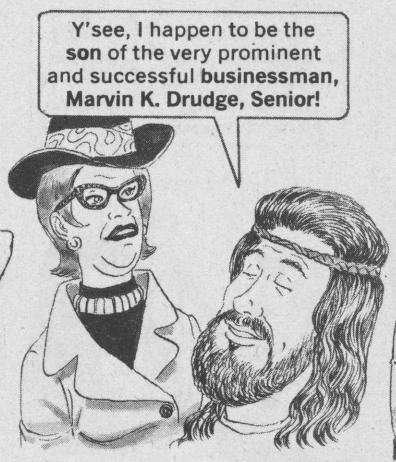

I had this—this **thing** about my **domineering Mother!** She was a real **child-eater!** She was making all my **decisions!** I just wasn't my **own person!** Finally, I'd **HAD** it with her!

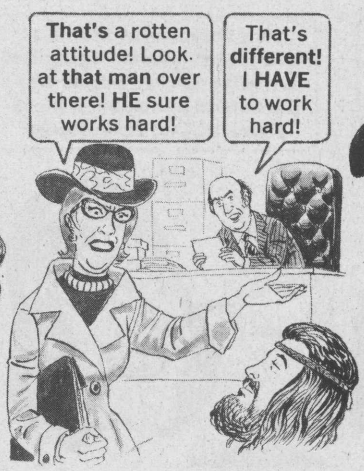

So I **untied** her apron strings that were strangling me, **moved out** of the house, got myself my **own apartment** in this city a hundred miles from her, and—


Great! You **cut** the **umbilical cord** and finally **freed** yourself from the **protection** of her **womb!** You **completed your birth!** You **grew up at last!**
Well . . . not exactly!

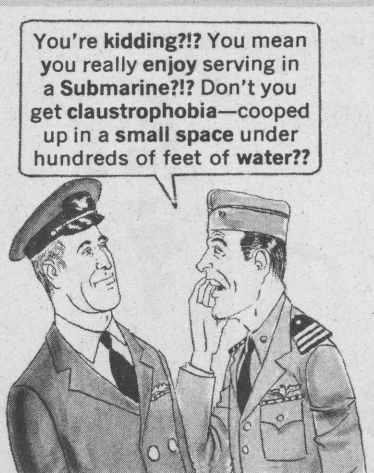
See, she moved in WITH me!

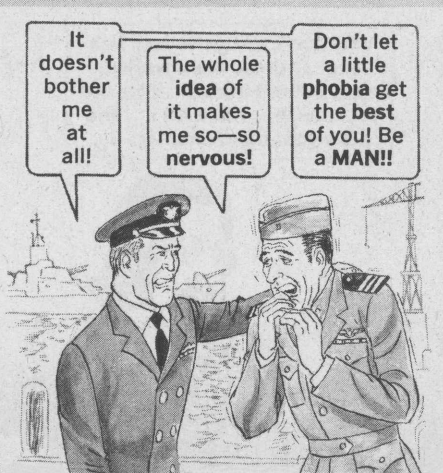

What's with **you?** You got a **hang-up** about **working?**
I don't know if you can call it **that!** It's just that I don't **HAVE** to work!

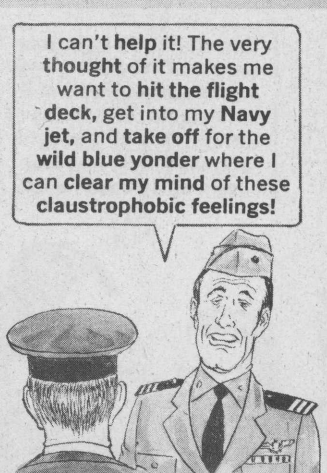

Y'see, I happen to be the **son** of the very prominent and successful **businessman, Marvin K. Drudge, Senior!**

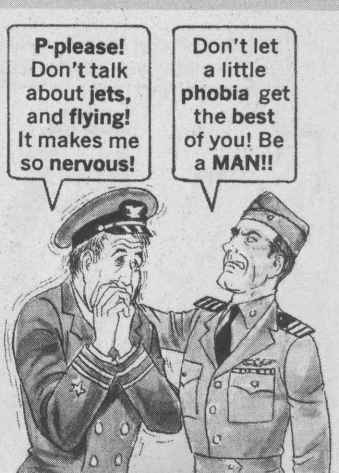

That's a rotten attitude! Look at **that man** over there! **HE** sure works hard!
That's **different!** I **HAVE** to work hard!

You see, I happen to be the **FATHER** of Marvin K. Drudge, **JUNIOR!!**


You're **kidding?!?** You mean you really **enjoy** serving in a **Submarine?!?** Don't you get **claustrophobia**—cooped up in a **small space** under hundreds of feet of **water??**


It doesn't bother me at all!
The whole **idea** of it makes me so—so **nervous!**
Don't let a little **phobia** get the **best** of you! Be a **MAN!!**

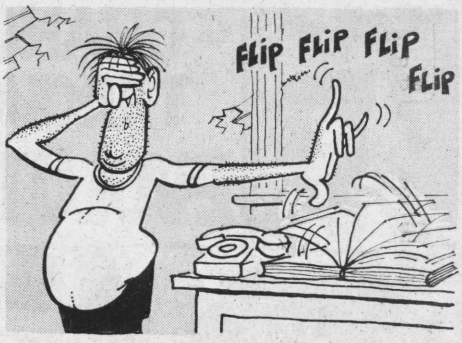

I can't **help** it! The very **thought** of it makes me want to **hit the flight deck,** get into my **Navy jet,** and **take off** for the **wild blue yonder** where I can **clear my mind** of these **claustrophobic feelings!**

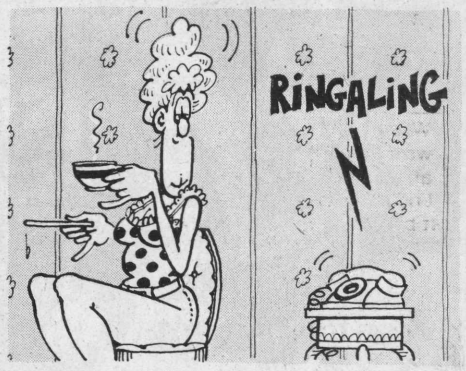

P-please! Don't talk about **jets,** and **flying!** It makes me so **nervous!**
Don't let a little **phobia** get the **best** of you! Be a **MAN!!**

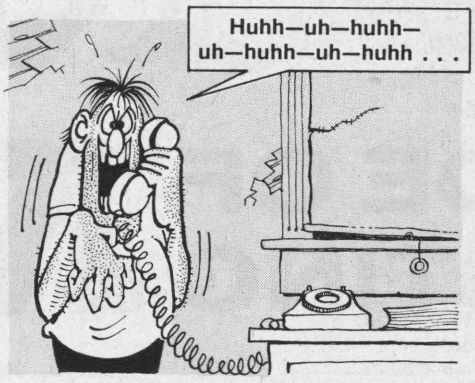
Excuse me, Sir, but I'd like to talk to you about drugs . . .
Sorry! Not interested! Drugs aren't my thing!
BAM!
You . . . you beat me up because drugs aren't my thing?!?
No, I beat you up because drugs ARE MY thing!
I need the money in your wallet for a fix!!
When I was a kid, my folks were so poor they couldn't afford to buy me a bike, so I never learned to ride one! It became a real obsession!
Now that I'm grown up, and I'm making a buck, and I can afford it, I bought me this ten-speed, dural aluminum frame, imported beauty! Paid three bills for it!
That's great! So now that you're grown up, you are fulfilled! You don't have your hang-up any more!
Well . . . not exactly!
Now that I'm grown up, it seems I'm too old to learn how to ride the damn thing!
Everybody's here except Milton! I hope he isn't late!
Don't worry! He WILL be! He always IS!
It's a compulsion with him! He's probably rebelling against an authoritarian Mother who demanded punctuality! So he shows up late deliberately!
You and your crackpot amateur psychology! Well, you're wrong! Here he is now!
I can't believe it! You're on time for once!
I AM?!? Darn it! This watch my Mom gave me is running fast!!
You know what your hang-up is, Roland? You're SQUARE!
U. of MIAMI
Why don't you hate your parents?! Why don't you hate your country?! Why don't you hate all forms of authority?! Why don't you play acid rock, and look down on achievement?!
Why don't you grow your hair long . . . dress like a working man, but not work . . . drop out . . . tune in . . . turn on . . . and blow your mind on drugs . . .
David Berg
. . . like any NORMAL PERSON?!

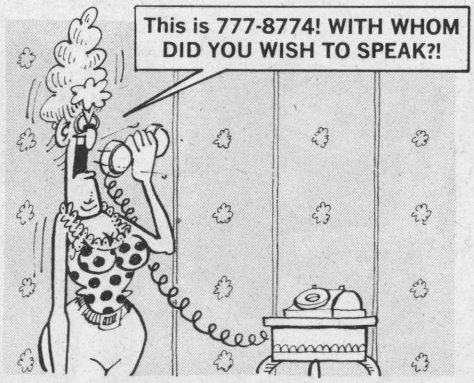
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART VI

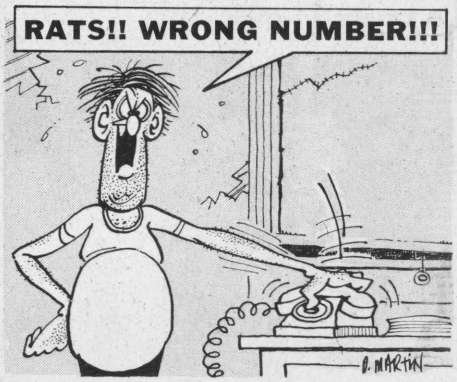
ONE DARK AND LONELY NIGHT

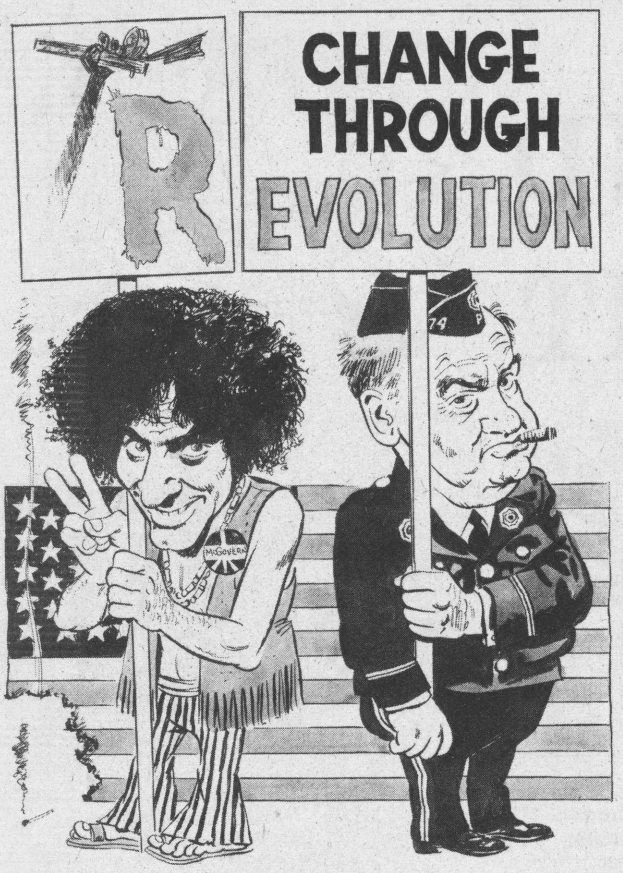


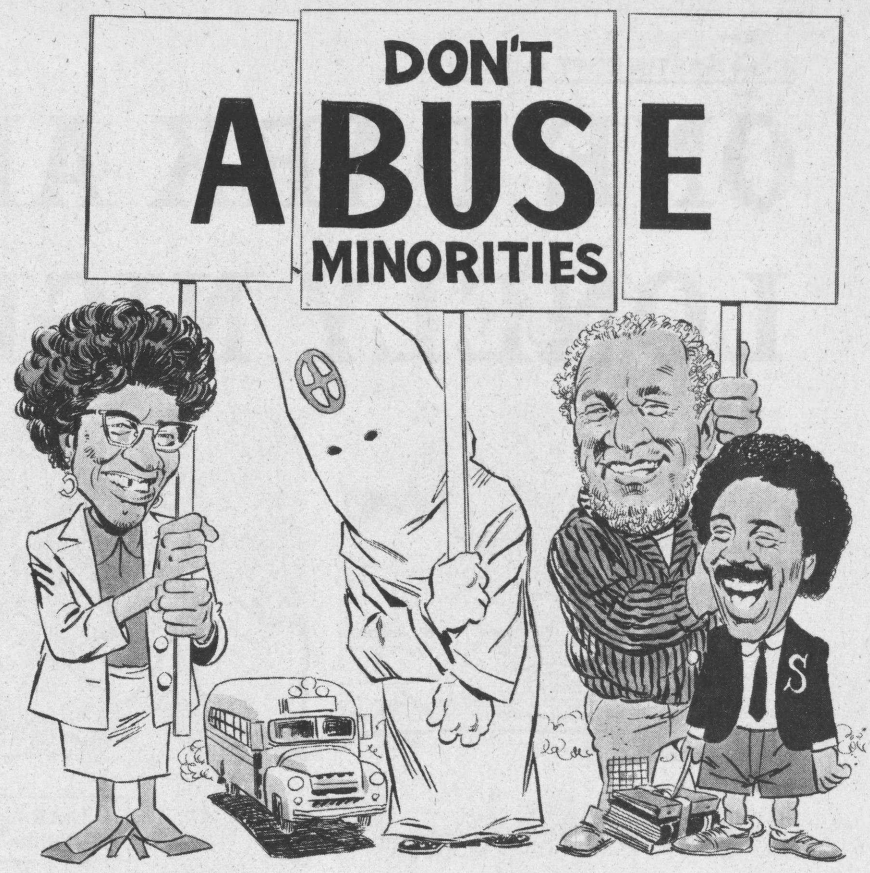






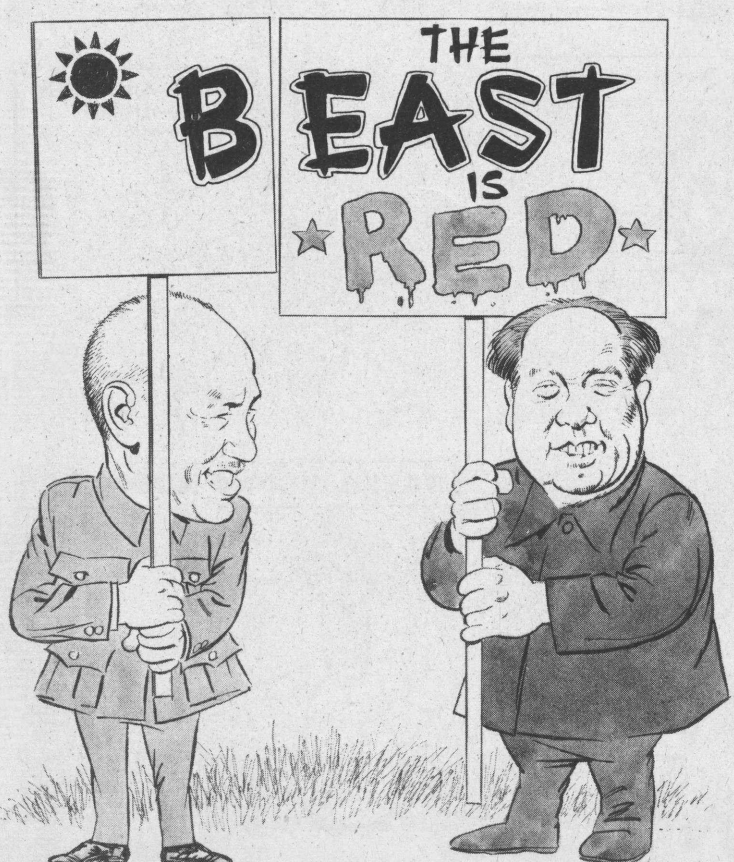


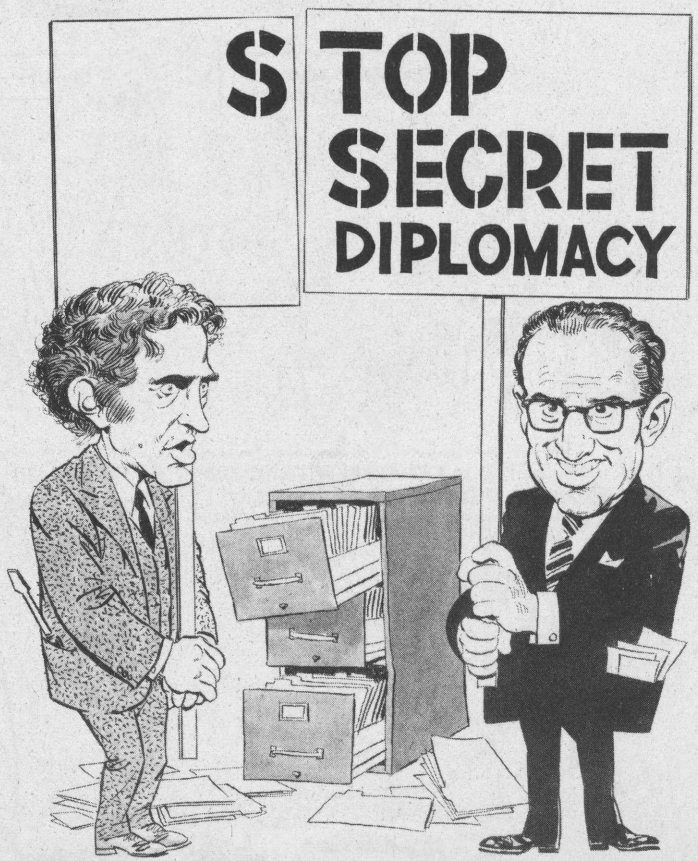


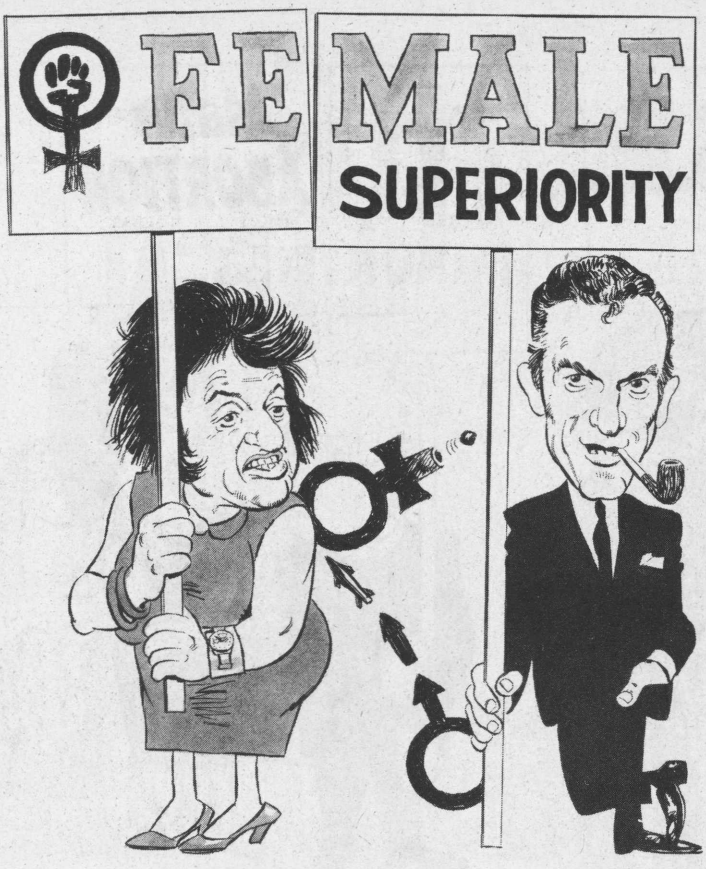


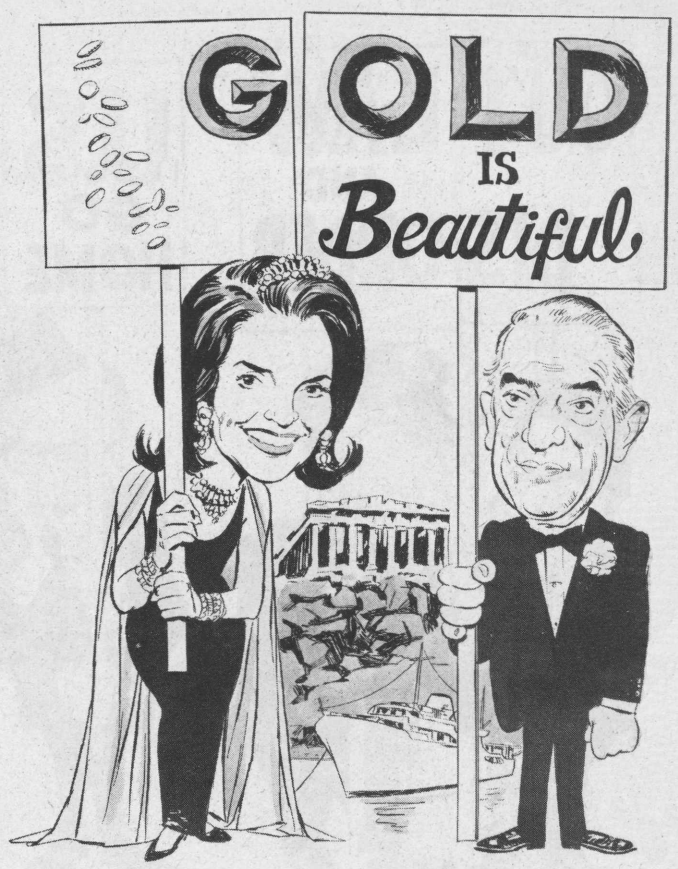
RABBLE-SCRABBLE DEPT.

A PARADE OF PROTESTING MAD



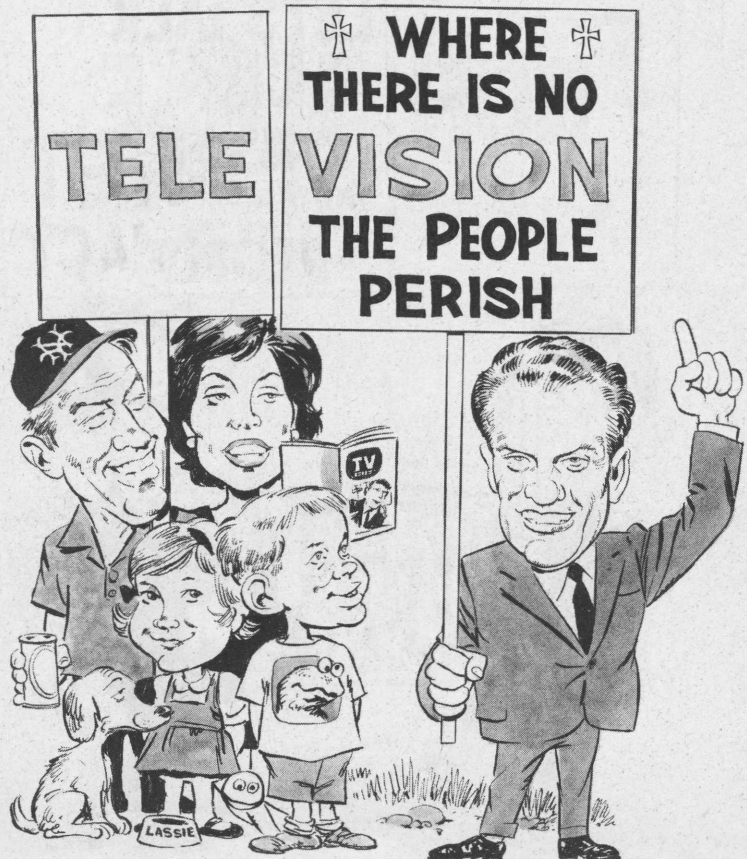


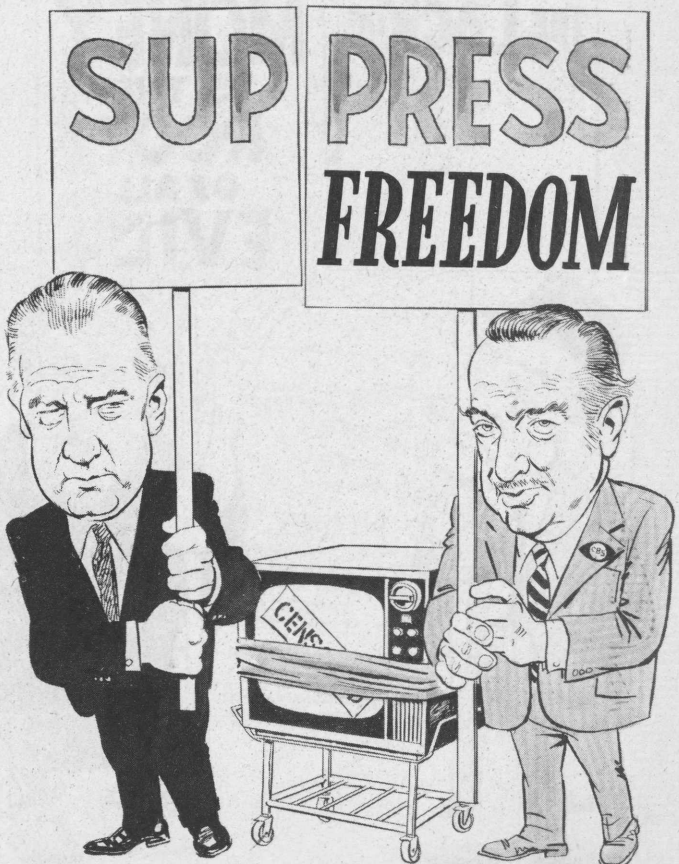


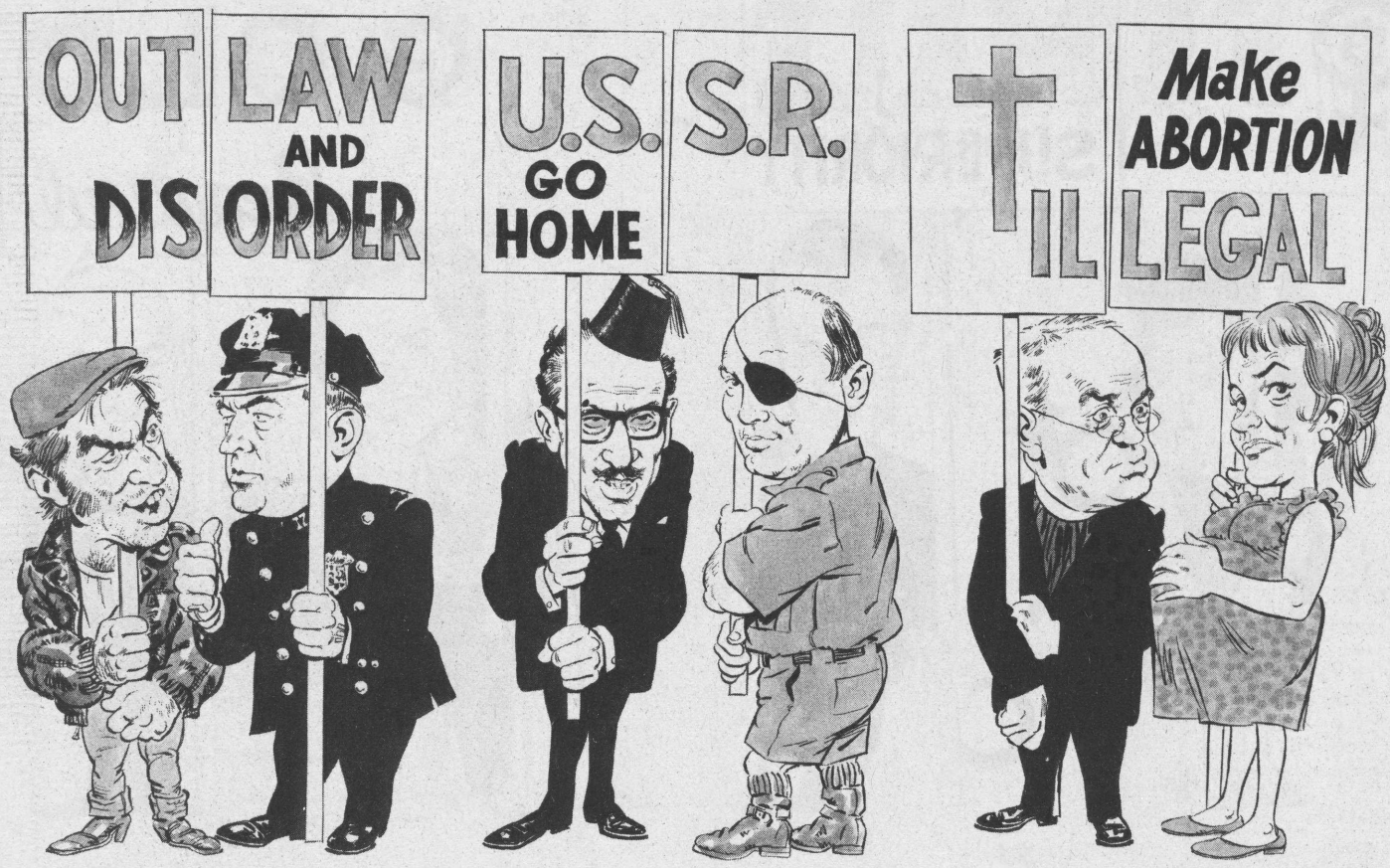


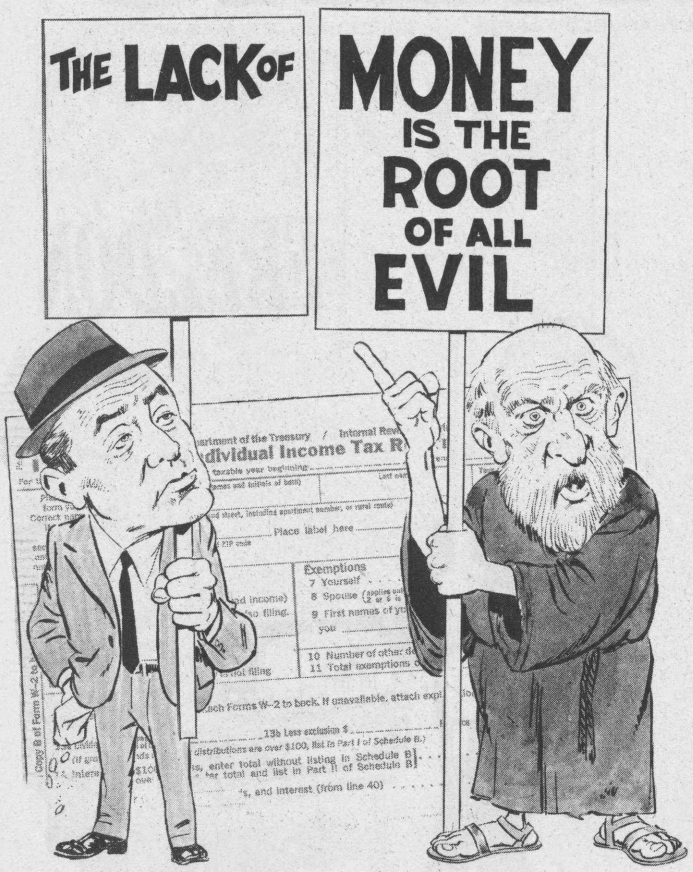
CO-SIGNERS

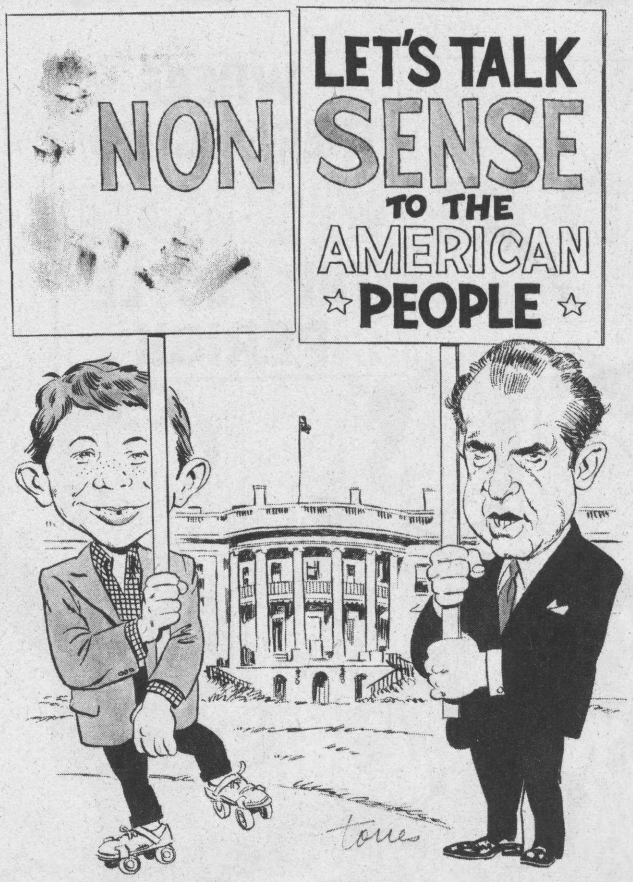
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL






OUT
DIS
LAW
AND
ORDER
U.S.
GO
HOME
S.R.
IL
Make
ABORTION
LEGAL

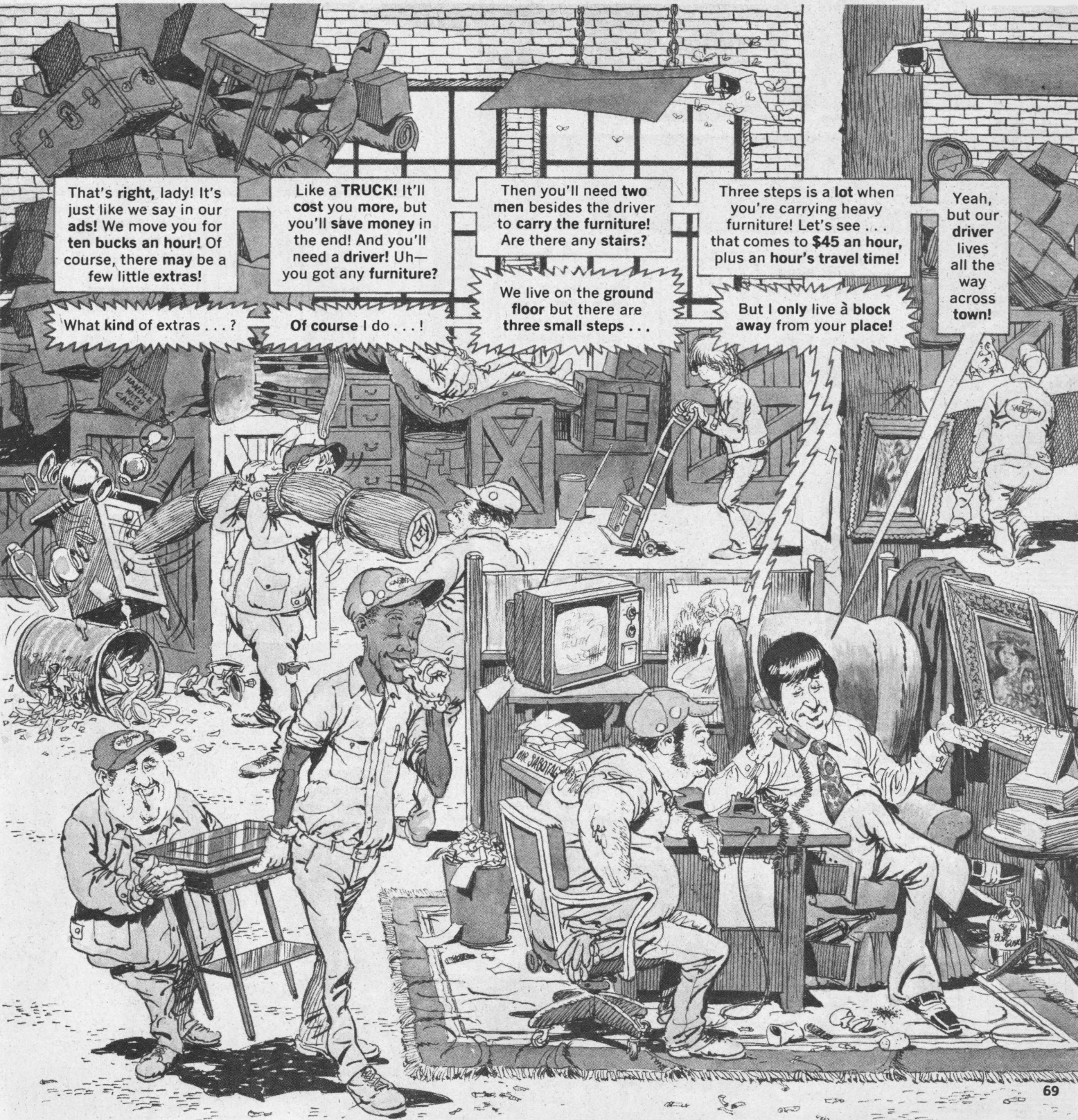

THE LACK OF
MONEY
IS THE
ROOT
OF ALL
EVIL


NON
LET'S TALK
SENSE
TO THE
AMERICAN
PEOPLE

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT. PART II

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A *MOVING COMPANY*

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

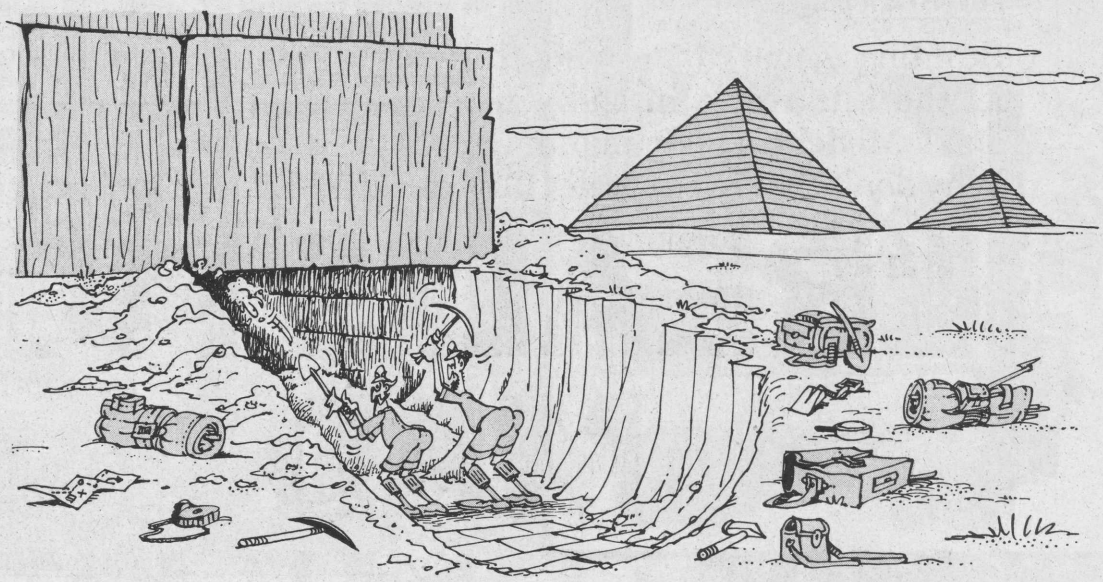


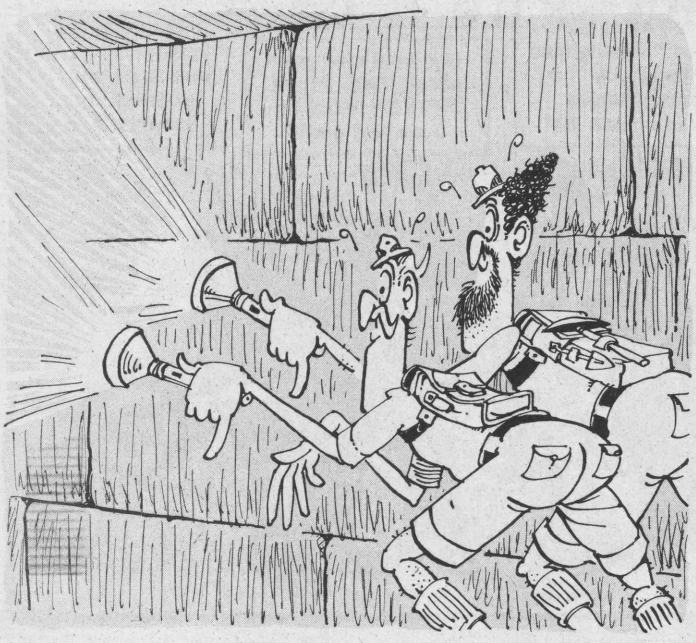
This is highly skilled work! Have you had any experience?
Well, I worked as a housewrecker! You know . . . we smashed down old buildings! Before that, I worked in a junk yard, busting up things!
Fantastic! You're hired!!
Slow—! Take it easy—! Gently—! Watch it, now . . . !
Since when is Pete getting so careful? He usually don't care WHAT he breaks!!
Except for mirrors! He's superstitious! He'll break anything but a mirror!
Sorry, Harvey . . . but you're fired! You know the rules . . . Never carry more than one thing at a time!
But all I was carrying was this lamp!
That's two items, Harvey! First . . . you carry out the lamp base! Then . . . you carry out the shade!
Hey, look! I didn't know they WORE these any more!
Man, dig THIS! A size 38-C! WOW!!
Okay, you guys! Cut the clowning and put all that stuff back in those sealed personal cartons!
Bad news, guys! Mrs. Finster is taking her stuff out of storage! We gotta pack all these things up!
Aw . . . an' I finally got this couch broke in right!
Gee, I'm gonna miss this color TV set!
Well, it's about time she took her stuff! The needle on this crummy stereo set of hers is shot, and it's ruinin' my records!
—clik—dream the impossible dream—clik—dream the impossible dream—clik—

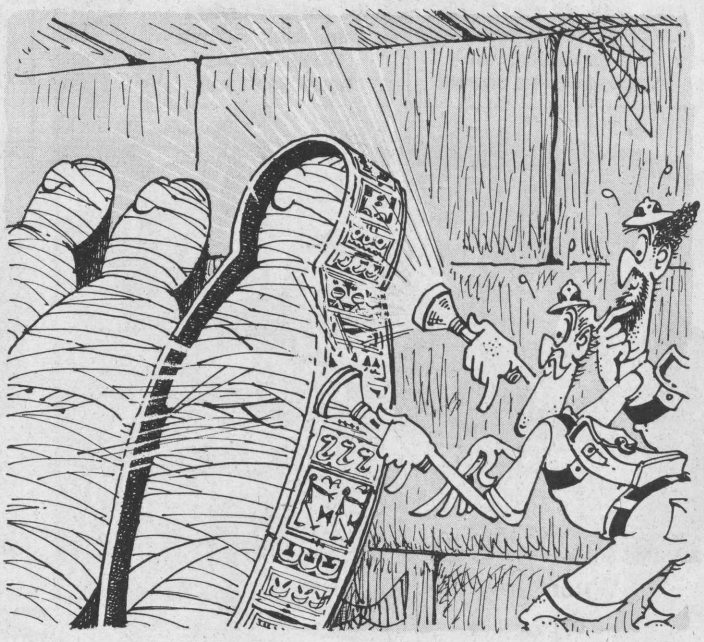
Hey, take it easy back there! The lady said it was a very valuable piano!
It don't sound so valuable to me!
Okay, lady! If you say we scratched your piano you'll have to bring it in and let our Claims Department look at it!
That's right! You have to bring it in!
Sure, I know we moved you to California! But rules are rules, lady!
Sure we can bring in the piano, lady! But you'll have to pay pick up and delivery charges both ways!
MOVING AND STORAGE
Hey, why are we stopping here at the Warehouse? This guy's stuff ain't supposed to be stored!
We gotta kill some time, don't we? We charge by the hour, don't we?
Congratulations, Sam! You've been named "Moving Man Of The Week" for taking twelve hours on one job!
Thanks, Mr. Sabotagi!
Hey, what's so great about that!? I took FIFTEEN hours on a job last week!
Yeah . . . but I was moving a customer from one apartment to another in the same building!
SABOTAGI BROS.
Baby Doll II
26
What do you mean you're not responsible?! Your ad said you're insured against any damage!!
That's right, lady! All our moving men have insurance policies covering themselves against any personal injury or damage while working! A guy can get hurt pretty bad lugging heavy stuff around!
Joe Fingerhut called and said he won't be in to work today because he's moving!
That's strange! He's not on our list of people we're moving today . . . !
Are you crazy? He's hiring a "U-Haul" truck and he's doing the whole job HIMSELF!
He KNOWS what it would be like if WE moved him!

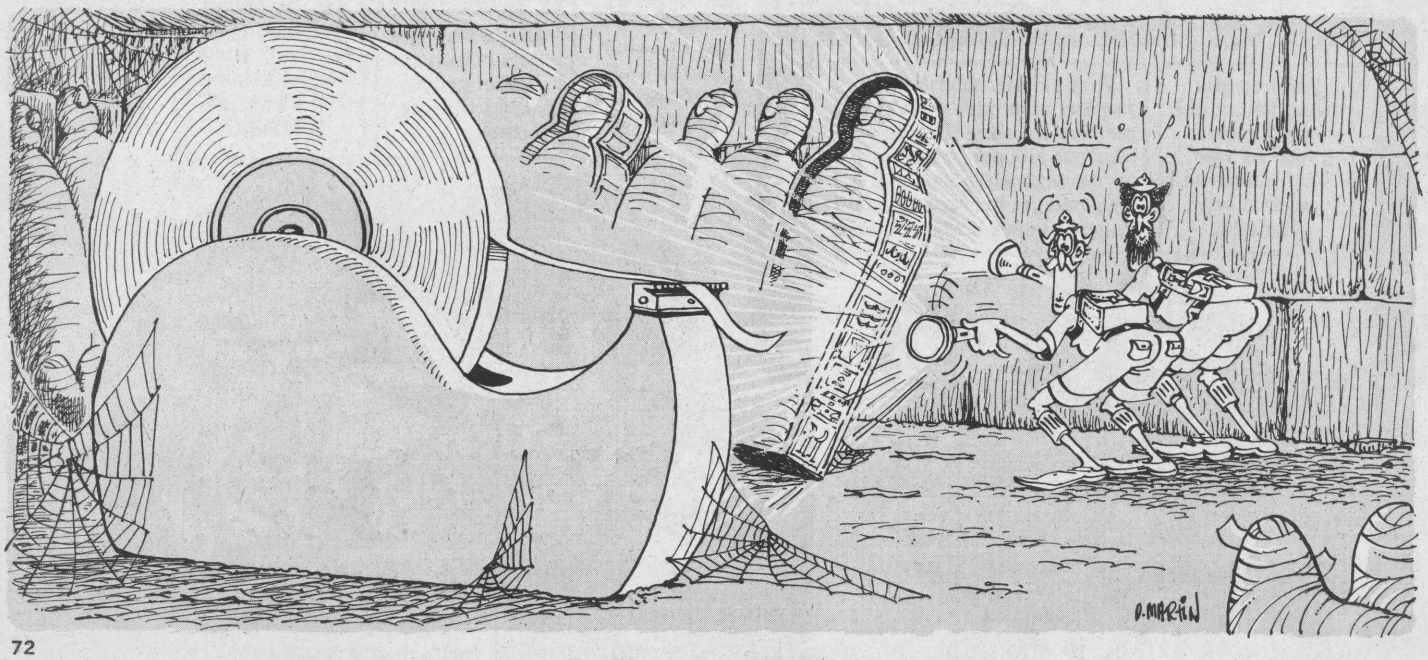
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART VII

ONE FINE DAY AT THE PYRAMIDS



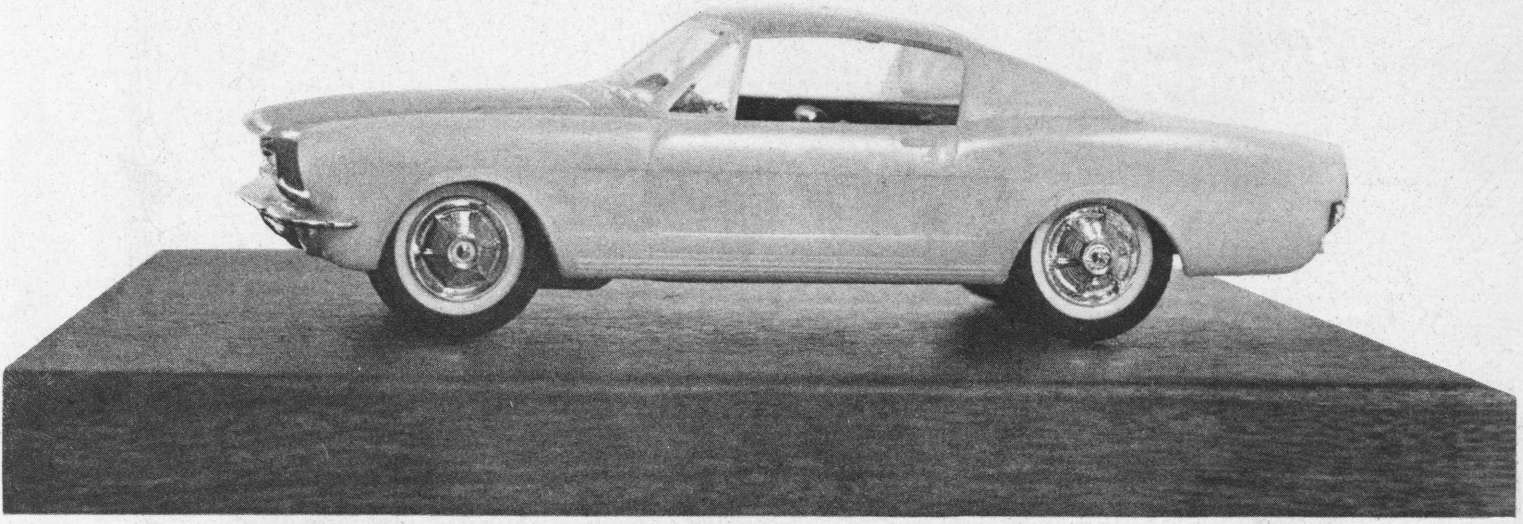






Building model cars is a big thing with kids today. The only trouble is, the kits result in shiny new replicas of shiny new cars. Why don't Model Car Kit manufacturers wise up and "tell it like it is"? Why don't they make "relevant" car kits? Like f'rinstance these four

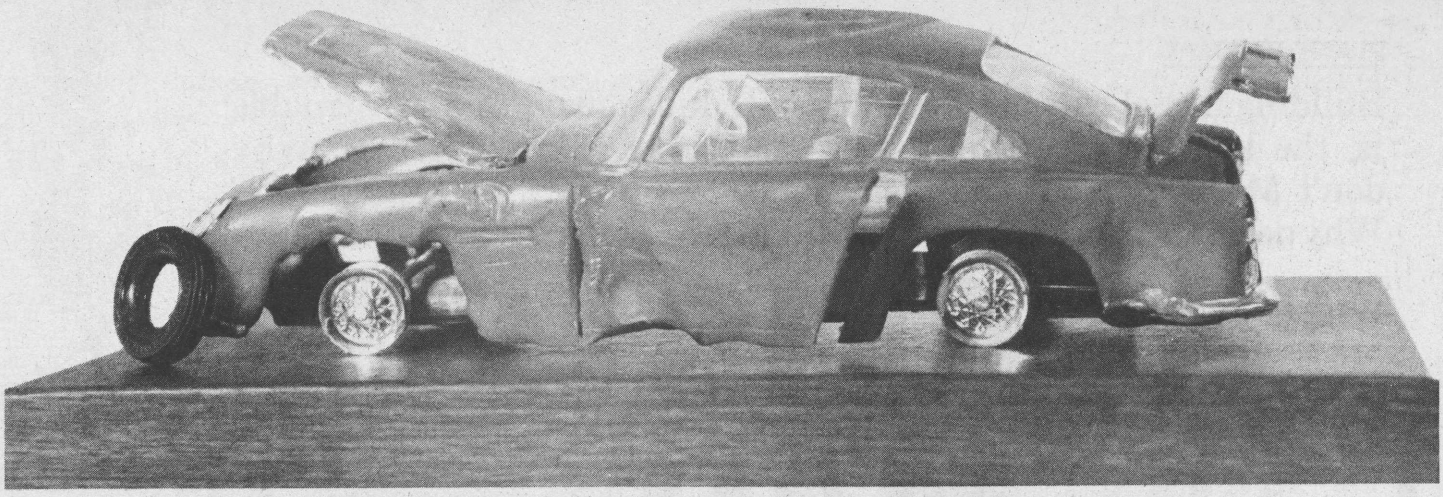
"REALISTIC" MAD MODEL CAR KITS



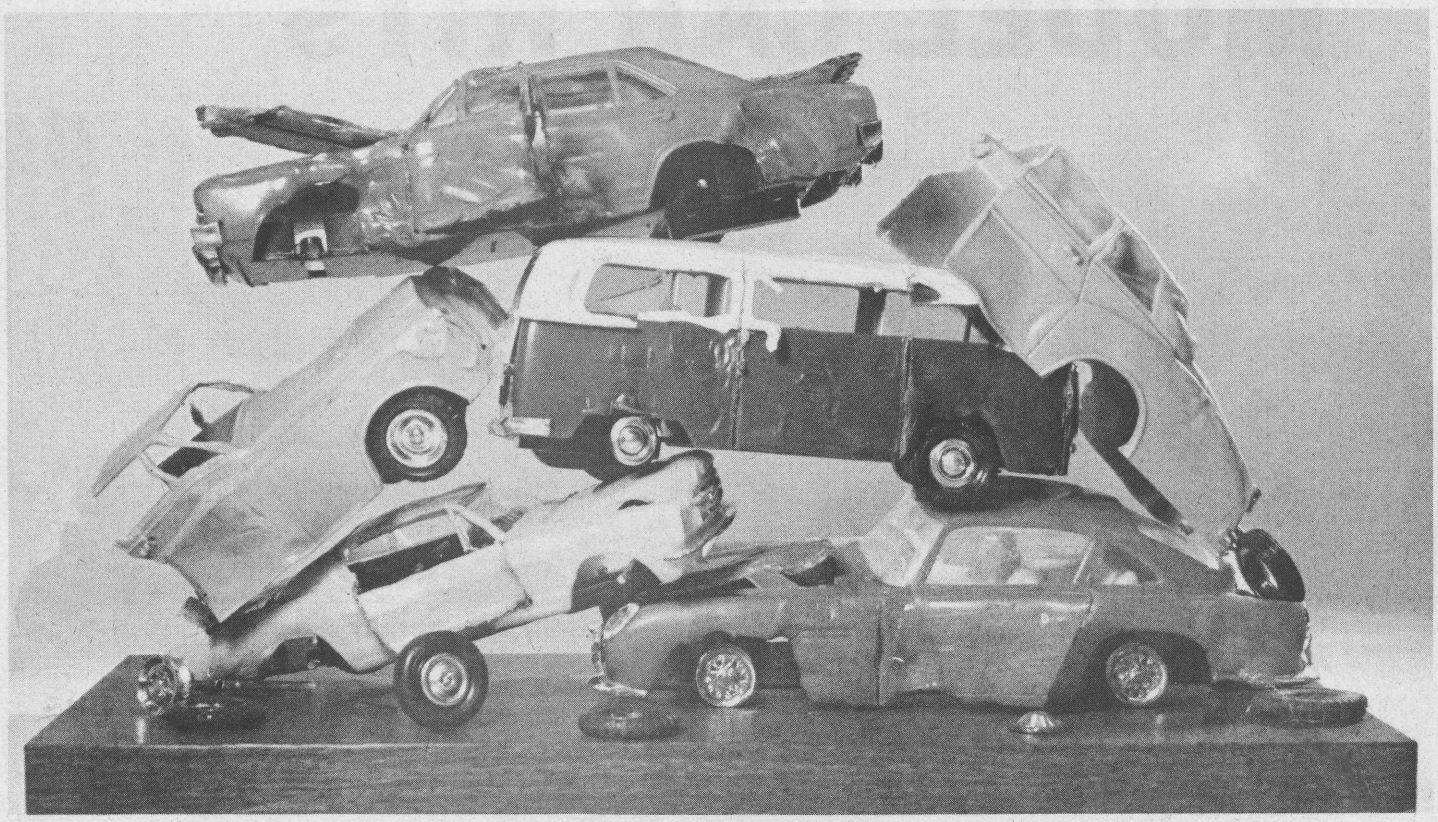
When they are assembled, most Model Car Kits today result in something like this: A replica of a car as it looks on display in the dealer's showroom, shiny and new.

CONCEIVED & EXECUTED BY DAVE GANTZ

MAD's Model Car Kit #1 would result in this kind of thing: A replica of a car a *few weeks after* it's left the dealer's showroom, when it's been driven on crowded city streets, parked in shopping center parking lots and jammed onto our freeways.

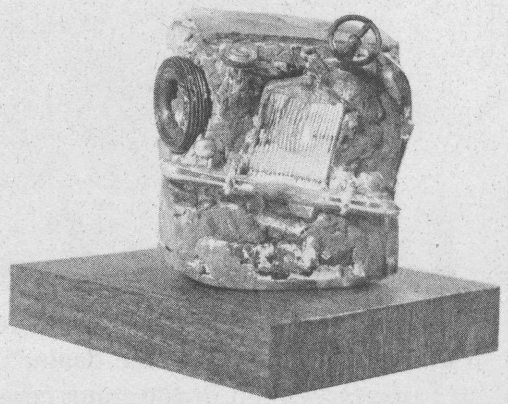


MAD's Model Car Kit #2 would result in something like this: A replica of a car a few *months* after it's left the dealer's showroom, when it has to be abandoned alongside a highway overnight due to engine failure or other manufacturing defect.



MAD's Model Car Kit #3 would result in this spectacular replica of a car (plus a few million other cars) about a *year* after it's left the dealer's showroom, when it has fallen apart completely and joined one of these familiar American landmarks.

And last but not least, **MAD's Model Car Kit #4** would result in this attractive replica of a car as it begins its journey back to becoming *another* shiny new one on display in the dealer's showroom.



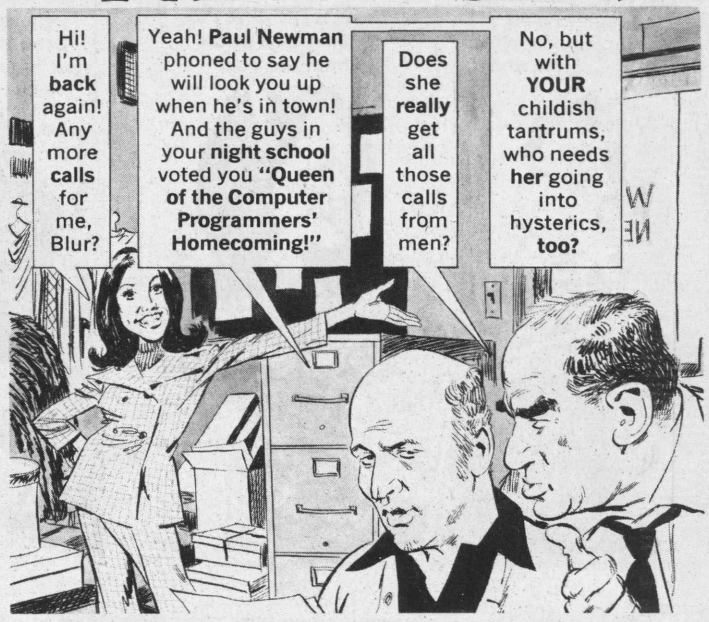
Television may have an excuse for putting on all those unrealistic Medical Shows and unrealistic Police Shows and unrealistic Lawyer Shows and unrealistic Western Shows. After all, Television writers don't have any first-hand experience at being Doctors or Cops or Lawyers or Cowboys. But what's the alibi when Television puts on an unrealistic Comedy about Television? We're talking about the show that took that down-to-earth gal from the old "Dick Van Dyke Show," put her into an idiotic Television situation, and came up with the same old garbage...even though it was

THE MARY TAILOR-MADE SHOW

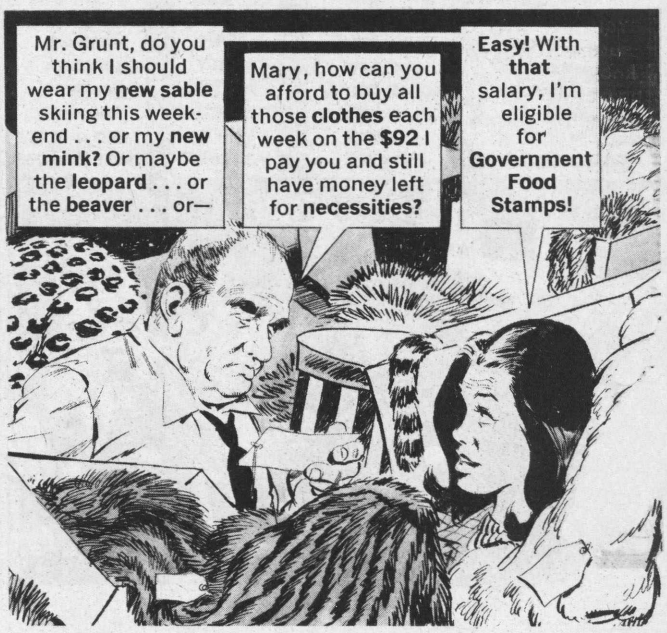
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: TOM KOCH

Now, do all those cute, efficient little chores that make me so dependent on you!
Like dusting off your typewriter so you can start working?
No, like dusting off my bottle so I can start drinking!
Let me change into another Christian Dior original first! I want to be among the world's ten best dressed $92-a-week office flunkies!
BIG SISTER IS WATCHING
Did you hear good old Lou screaming at Mary? What a great guy to work for!
Really the salt of the earth!
A truly beautiful person! Er— why do we always have to say these nice things when we're all scared to death of him?
That's obvious! How else would the TV audience know that anybody with such a lousy disposition was so lovable!?!
Gee, Mary You sure know how to dress!
This old thing? Nonsense! Now, where's that nice fella who came in to tell us about the bank robbery?
He left . . . just like Lou screamed at him to do!
What? Without trying to get my phone number —or asking me for a date?!? NOBODY does that!
Hey, Mr.! You! Come back here! I'm not finished with you!!
What's the matter? Are you just shy . . . or some kind of creep?!?
No excuses! Every man who comes in here tries to make out with me! Didn't you read your contract?
None! I just wanted to see that look of passion in your eyes!
Please, lady! I got a wife and six kids!
Okay! You win! What evening are you free?
Weren't you kind of rough on that poor guy?
Probably! But being unmarried and over thirty, I need reassurance that I'm still desirable! Otherwise, I tend to wave my arms in neurotic gestures of desperation!
Really? I hadn't noticed!
Well, astute viewers have!
Which reminds me . . . Did I get any personal calls?
Naturally! A guy you haven't seen since college phoned to threaten suicide unless you marry him! And the King of Sweden wants you to fly over for lunch! And Richard Burton will stop by if he can ditch Liz! So stop waving your arms around!

It's time for my **complete 11 A.M. wardrobe change!**
Made up any **news** for tonight, yet, Blurry?
How about a **train wreck** outside **Cleveland** with **forty people killed?** They're always popular!
Okay! Only put it outside **Ashtabula!** We always get **bigger laughs** with towns that **Klod can't pronounce!**
Right! And I'll give the **railroad** a real funny name, **too!**


Hi! I'm **back** again! Any more **calls** for me, Blur?
Yeah! **Paul Newman** phoned to say he will look you up when he's in town! And the guys in your **night school** voted you **"Queen of the Computer Programmers' Homecoming!"**
Does she **really** get all those calls from men?
No, but with **YOUR** childish tantrums, who needs **her** going into hysterics, **too?**

Better send a reporter over to **Union Station!** Twenty people were just killed in a **train wreck!**
Yeah?! Well, Mr. Smarty-Pants, we just thought up our **own** train wreck with **FORTY** people killed! How about **that?!**
Yoo-hoo! Sorry, I can't join you for **lunch,** but I'm **dated up** for a **solid month!**
Cheeez! The whole bunch of 'em's **crazy!**

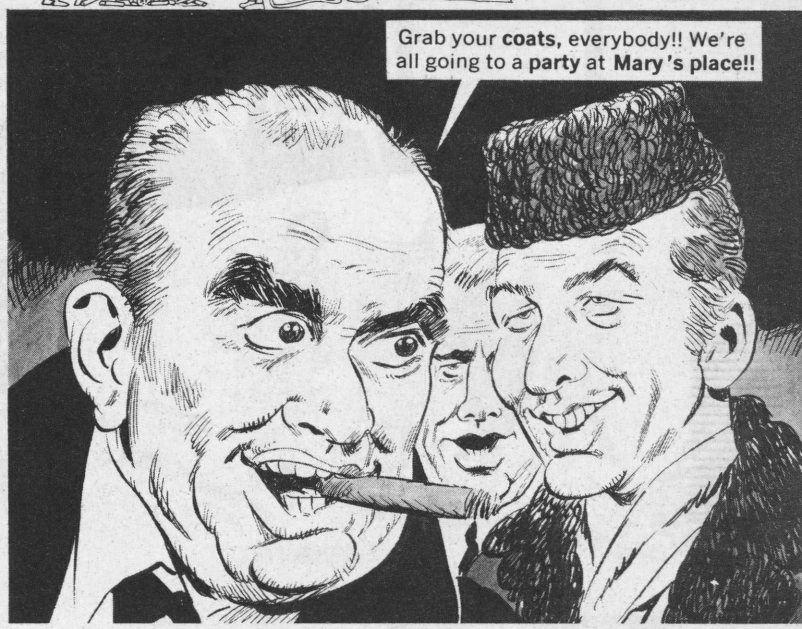

Mr. Grunt, do you think I should wear my **new sable** skiing this week-end . . . or my **new mink?** Or maybe the **leopard** . . . or the **beaver** . . . or—
Mary, how can you afford to buy all those **clothes** each week on the **$92** I pay you and still have money left for **necessities?**
Easy! With **that** salary, I'm eligible for **Government Food Stamps!**

Hi, everybody! And speaking of my **Jewish childhood** in the **Bronx** . . . our apartment was **so small,** the **mice** were **hump-backed!** We could only be robbed by **dwarf burglars!** And take my **Mother** . . . **please!**
Hey, **Mary** Somebody here to **see** you!
Who **is** it?
My guess is **Henny Youngman** in **drag!**

Want to go to **lunch,** Mary?
I'd **love** to, Rodent, but I sorta promised the **King of Sweden!** And **Richard Burton** and **Paul Newman** have been phoning! And—
It's okay, Mary! They all called back and **postponed** it until **tomorrow!**
Oh, **darn!** That makes **217 days in a row!**

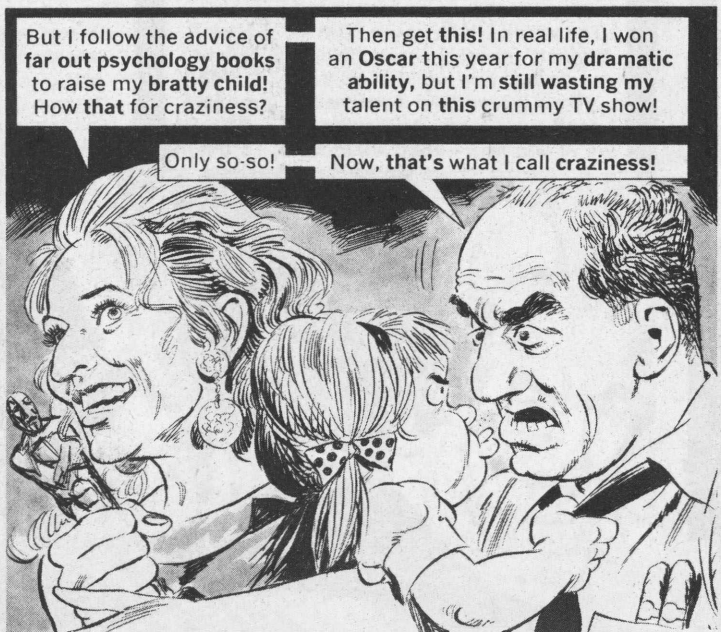
You don't have to pack a bag, Mary! We're only going downstairs to the coffee shop!
Well, you don't expect me to wear what I've got on for a whole hour, do you?
Mr. Grunt, meet my ugly friend, Rodent Droopstern! Notice how much less popular she is than me!
Hi! And speaking of my Jewish childhood in the Bronx, our idea of going to camp was sleeping on the fire escape for two weeks! We never heard of Cowboys and Indians! We played Slumlords and Tenants!
Pleased to meet yuh, Henny!
I don't care if people are staring! I just can't wear this same outfit for the whole trip down from the twelfth floor!
Hi, there! I'm Brute Trueblood, the new Sportscaster on the "Six O'clock News"!
Oh, wow! You're a MAN, aren't you?!?
Can't you tell?
Yeah! But if you believe this show's premise, I've never seen one up close before!
I'm here, now, fella! So you can stop boring yourself stiff talking to my homely friend!
Gasp! Why . . . you . . . you stepped out of a dream! You're sweeter than roses in May! A trip to the moon on gossamer wings!
Boy, it's lucky he reads his contract and boned up on Hit Parade "oldies"! If she started flapping her arms in this crowded elevator, somebody could get killed!
Mary, why is your station the only one that never covers the news?
Go ask Mr. Grunt! He's still got two chairs left to smash up while he tells you!
What a sweet guy! Er—does he always strap new employees to the water cooler and give them twenty lashes?
No! When he's in a bad mood, he makes them hang by their thumbs from the sprinkler system!
Speaking of my Jewish childhood in the Bronx, what has four wheels and lies on its back? A dead bus! Where does a gorilla sleep? Any place it wants to!
I know I'm irresistible, but won't we attract attention holding hands like this?
Yes, but we'll attract even more attention if I let go and you begin that nutty arm-waving again!

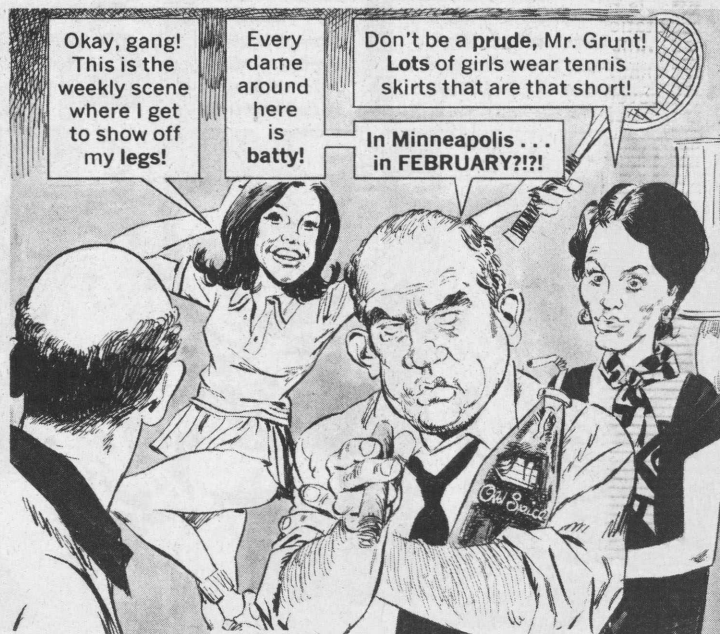
First, a **three-hour lunch . . .** and now you want to **go home** on **company time** just to **change clothes?!** Listen, every person in that newsroom has a **vital public service** to perform and—
But I'm expecting a **package** at home, too! A bottle of **Scotch** from a friend abroad!
SCOTCH?!?


Grab your **coats,** everybody!! We're all going to a **party** at **Mary's place!!**

Gee, Mary sure has done a **lot** with this place!
I'll say! Er—what **style** of **decorating** would you **call** this **"Early Saks Fifth Avenue"?**
No . . . **"Lord & Taylor Modern"!**

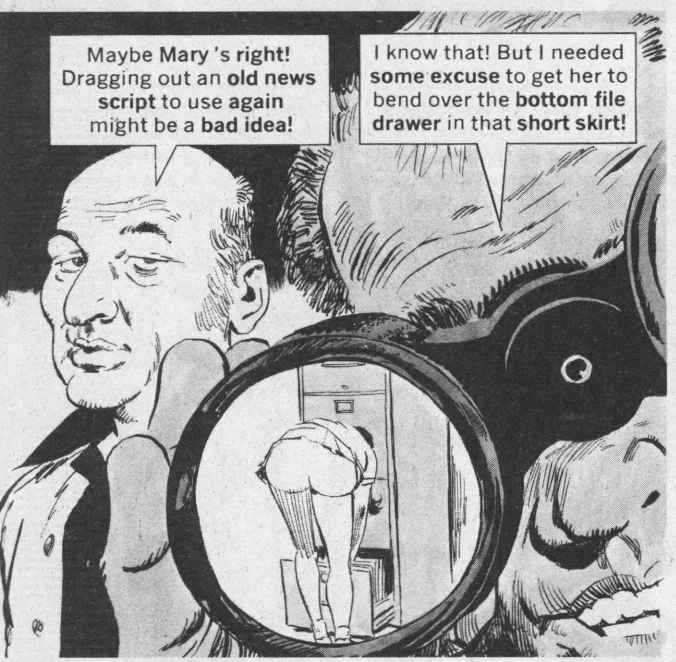
Hi! I'm **Chillus,** Mary's **bird-brained neighbor!** I just stopped by for my **weekly cameo spot** so the audience can see how much **common sense Mary has** compared to **my craziness!**
Swell! She's in her **room,** compulsively changing her **clothes** for the **fourth time** since the show **began**—and **you** think **YOU'RE loony!**

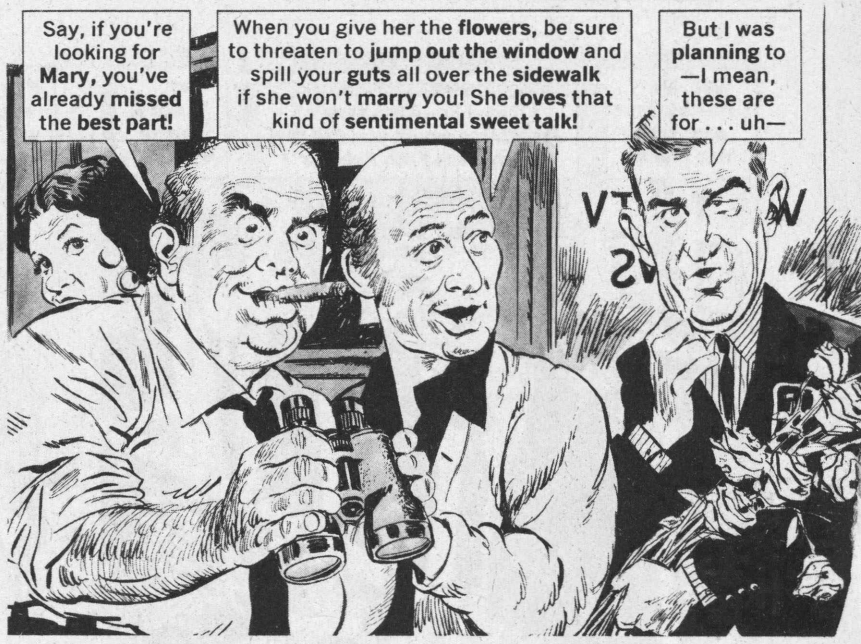

But I follow the advice of **far out psychology books** to raise my **bratty child!** How **that** for craziness?
Then get **this!** In real life, I won an **Oscar** this year for my **dramatic ability,** but I'm **still wasting my** talent on **this** crummy TV show!
Only so-so!
Now, **that's** what I call **craziness!**


Okay, gang! This is the weekly scene where I get to show off my **legs!**
Every dame around here is **batty!**
Don't be a **prude,** Mr. Grunt! **Lots** of girls wear tennis skirts that are that short!
In Minneapolis . . . in FEBRUARY?!?!

Hey, what say I write a story for tonight's news about a woman having eight babies?
Okay, but make it a Spaniel having eight puppies! I don't hate dogs as much as children!
Why are you going back to the newsroom, Rodent? You don't work there!
So?!? From what I've seen, nobody ELSE works there either!
MINNEAPOLIS BLAH
MONSTER LOOSE IN CITY

Hey! Our news ranked first last Tuesday in the Neilsen ratings!
Mary! Get last Tuesday's script out of the file! We'll have Klod read it again tonight!
B-but is that right? Won't somebody notice if we re-run old news?
Can't you ever learn? When a TV show is popular, you always keep doing the exact same thing until the people get sick of it!
STERNO


Maybe Mary's right! Dragging out an old news script to use again might be a bad idea!
I know that! But I needed some excuse to get her to bend over the bottom file drawer in that short skirt!


Say, if you're looking for Mary, you've already missed the best part!
When you give her the flowers, be sure to threaten to jump out the window and spill your guts all over the sidewalk if she won't marry you! She loves that kind of sentimental sweet talk!
But I was planning to —I mean, these are for . . . uh—

See everybody?! I knew I was irresistible! Now, give me those flowers before your passionate hot hands make them wilt!
But I bought them to launch my big make-out campaign with Rodent!
RODENT?!?
Rodent WHO?

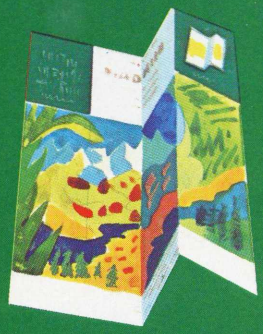
You idiot! You just blew it for all of us! The whole bit! No more "Old Maid Jewish Rodent" jokes! No more "Homely Rodent" put downs! And worst of all, no more "Mary —The All-American Sweetheart" gimmick! I can't run a funny newsroom without them! We're finished! Kaput! Washed up! Through!
Gee, I'm sorry! I never even realized! I just picked the one who was the least neurotic!

WHAT BELOVED AMERICAN ANIMAL WILL NEVER BECOME EXTINCT BECAUSE OF OVERWHELMING PUBLIC SUPPORT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every day, another species is placed upon the endangered list, and few people seem to care. However, due to overwhelming public support, one American animal is sure to survive forever in the vast special preserves created especially for him. To find out which lucky beast this is, fold in the page as shown . . .



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

CAREFUL ATTENTION TO EVEN THE MOST MICROSCOPIC OF DETAILS IS AN ESSENTIAL KEY TO CREATING A VAST ANIMAL PRESERVE. MOBS OF PEOPLE ARE SUPPORTING THIS CAUSE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WANTED FOR MURDER!

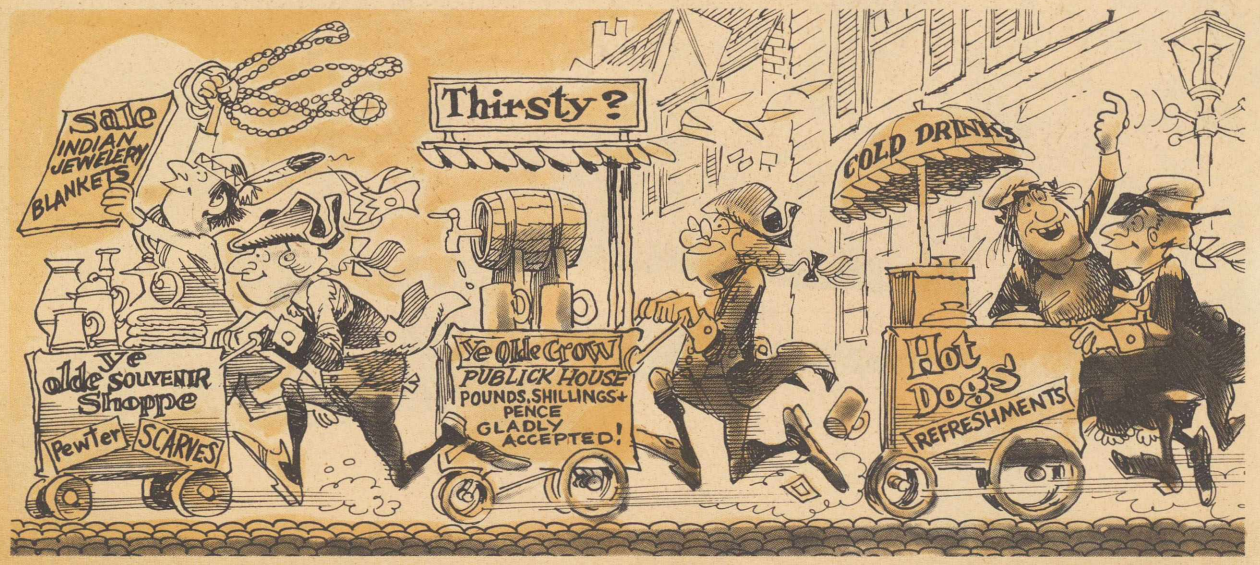
JOE PUSHER

SPECIAL "REVOLTING" ISSUE

MADDE

OUR PRICE FREE CHEAP

FAIR WARNING



DELINEATOR: JACKSON DAVIS SCRIVENER: DON SERGIO de ARAGONES

THE SPECIAL "REVOLTING" ISSUE OF...

MADDE

"Give me liberty . . . or give me ecch!"
Alfred E. Neuman

ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *gazetteer* WILLIAM M. GAINES *privateer*

JONATHAN PUTNAM *lamplighter* LEONARD BRENNER *printer's devil*
JEREMIAH De FUCCIO *rum runner* NICODEMUS MEGLIN *town crier*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JANET SERPICO *liberty belles*
JACK ALBERT, ESQ. *barrister* DAVID FRAZIER *slave*

CONTRIBUTING SCRIVENERS & SCRIBBLERS
the usual gang of village idiots

IDEA CONCEIVED BY LOU SILVERSTONE

DEPARTMENTS

CLOAKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 18

IT'S ABHOR! DEPARTMENT
Don't Ye Hate . . . ? 14

INSIDE-OUCHE DEPARTMENT
A MADDE Peek Behind The Scenes
At The Continental Congress 4

LOST AND FOUNDER DEPARTMENT
Thou Knowest Thou Art In Troubled Waters When 6

MADDE'S MADDEST ARTIST DEPARTMENT
One Day In Virginia 13
One Night In Massachusetts 22

MAINLY MARGINALIA DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramatizations" by Aragonés ..... **

MILITIA'S MISCHIEF DEPARTMENT
MADDE'S Minute Man Of The Year 19

THE FROST IS ON THE BUMPKINS DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Valley Forge 8

READING AND 'RITING AND REBELLING DEPARTMENT
The MADDE Revolutionary War Primer 11

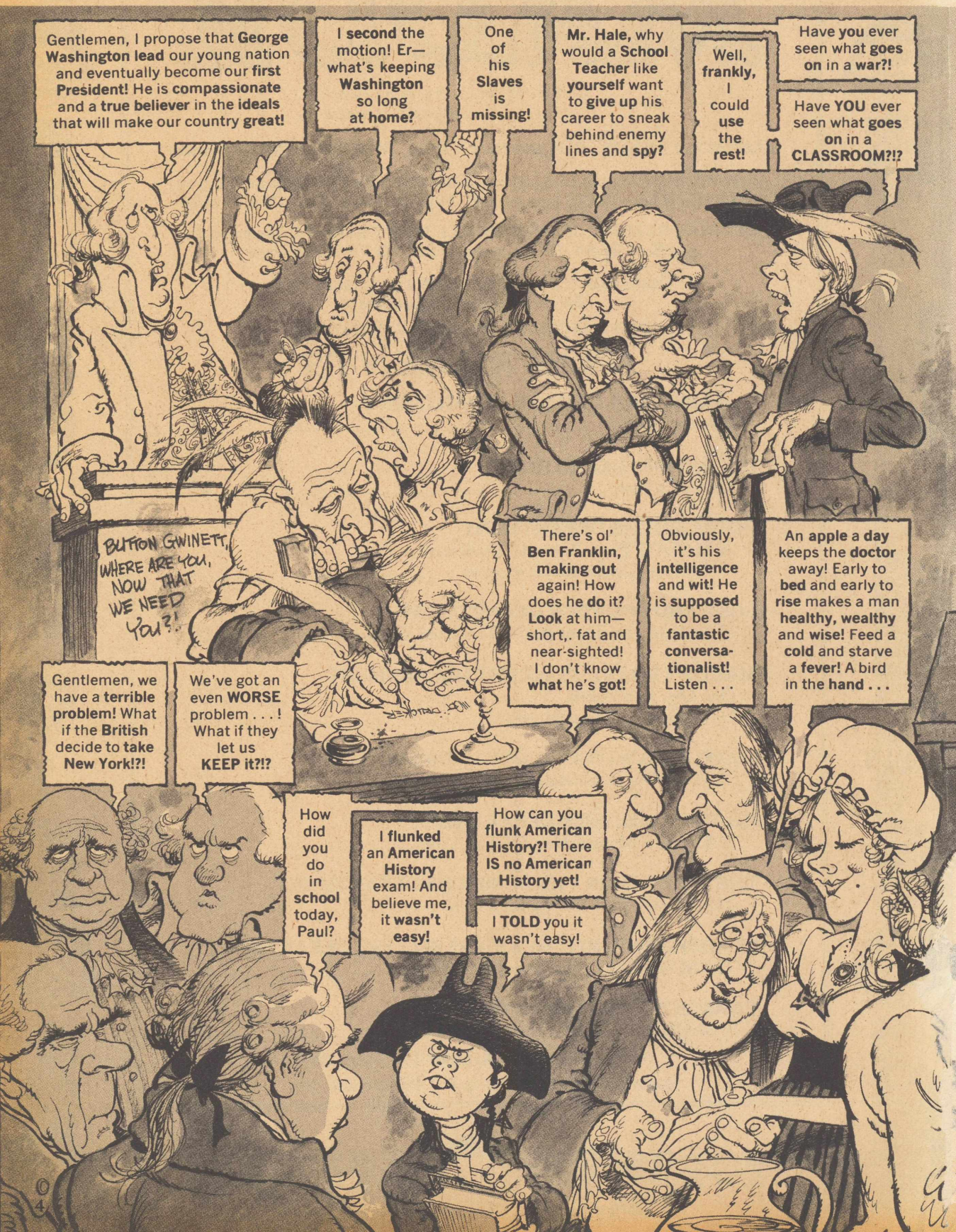
YANKEE DITTIES DEPARTMENT
A MADDE Colonist's Garden Of Verses 16

****Various Places Around The Magazine**

Copyright 1776 and 1976 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

INSIDE-OUCHE DEPT.

A MADDE PEEK BEHIN



D THE SCENES ...AT THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

DELINEATOR: MORTIMER DRUCKER

SCRIVENER: LAWRENCE SIEGEL

Thou Knowest Thou Art

SCRIVENER: LEWIS SILVERSTONE

THOU KNOWEST THOU ART IN TROUBLED WATERS WHEN...

. . . you ride into town shouting, "The British are coming!" . . . and they're already there!

THOU KNOWEST THOU ART IN TROUBLED WATERS WHEN...

. . . you are the only kid in your class whose father is a Loyalist!

THOU KNOWEST THOU ART IN TROUBLED WATERS WHEN...

. . . the enemy is attacking, and you find you have 6-inch cannonballs and a 4-inch cannon!

THOU KNOWEST THOU ART IN TROUBLED WATERS WHEN...

. . . you've bragged to your comrades that you and a certain General are the best of friends, and his name is Benedict Arnold!

In Troubled Waters When...

DELINEATOR: JACQUES RICKARD

THOU KNOWEST THOU ART IN TROUBLED WATERS WHEN...

. . . you arrive at a fort and see some ramshackle barracks, and those are the Officers' Quarters!

THOU KNOWEST THOU ART IN TROUBLED WATERS WHEN...

. . . you are appointed His Majesty's Tax Collector!

THOU KNOWEST THOU ART IN TROUBLED WATERS WHEN...

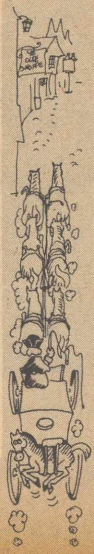
. . . you are disguised as an Indian to fool the British troops, and you suddenly realize that the other chaps with you aren't in disguise!

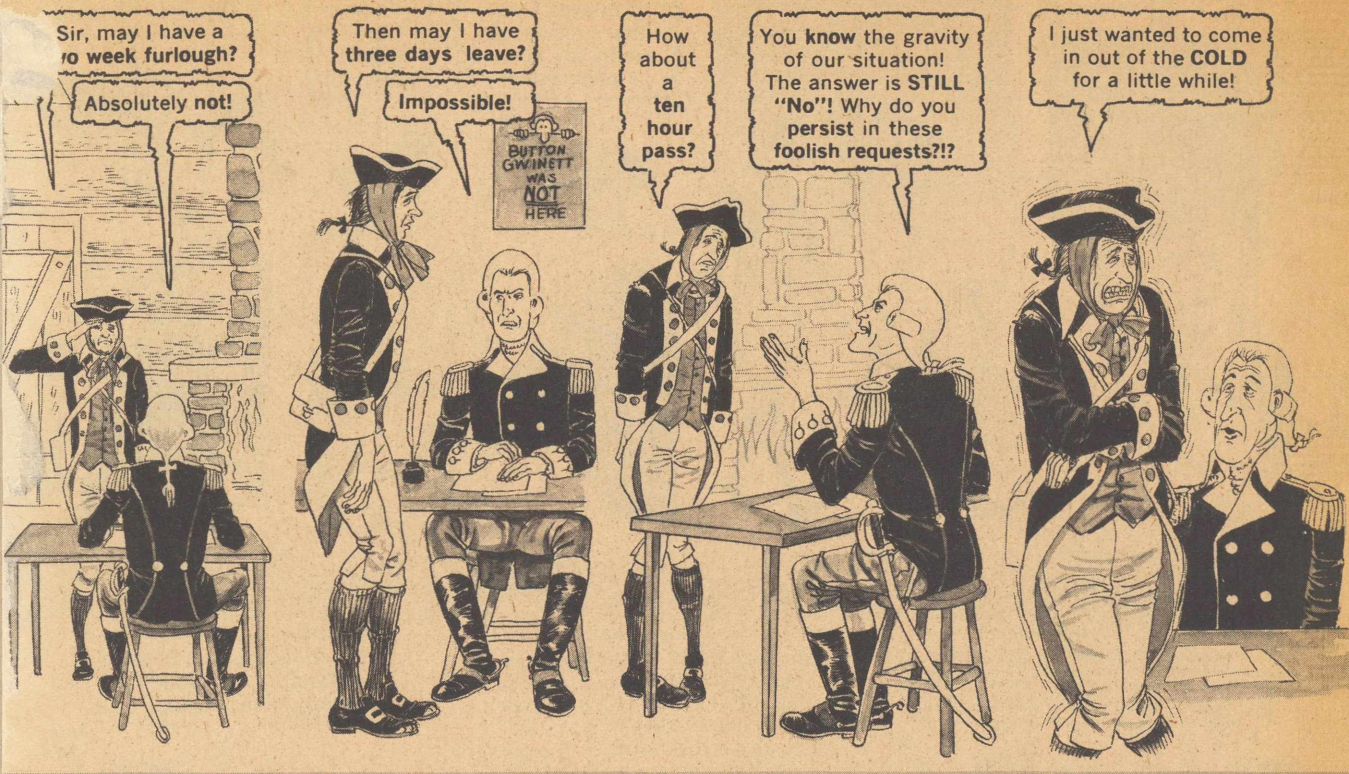
THOU KNOWEST THOU ART IN TROUBLED WATERS WHEN...

. . . you're marching through a green forest wearing a bright red uniform!

THE FROST IS ON THE BUMPKINS DEPT.

YE LIGHTER SIDE OF... *Valle*





y Forge

SCRIVENER & DELINEATOR: DAVID BERG

HALT!! Who goes there?
A British solider!
Pass . . .
Have you lost your senses, bumpkin?!? Don't you know that's one of the enemy you allowed into our camp?!?
Of course I do! And I hate his English guts . . . !
That's why I want him to suffer like WE'RE suffering!
I want a volunteer for K.P. duty!
ME!
ME!
ME!
ME!
ME!
Who ever heard of any soldiers volunteering for K.P.?! I believe this Winter of despair has driven them mad!
They are not so mad!
With the amount of FOOD we have, it's the EASIEST work detail in camp!
George Washington is holding Inspection HIMSELF today! When he approaches, I want you men to snap to attention! Remember, you're supposed to be soldiers!
TEN—HUT!!
Okay, Kaputnik! The Inspection is over! You don't have to stand at attention any more!
Who's standing at attention!? I'm FROZEN SOLID in this position!
David Berg 76

READING & 'RITING & REBELLING DEPT.

War makes some people happy, some people unhappy, and some people just plain confused. To explain why, here is . . .

The MADDE Revolutionary War Primer

DELINEATOR: PAUL COKER, JNR. SCRIVENER: LEWIS SILVERSTONE

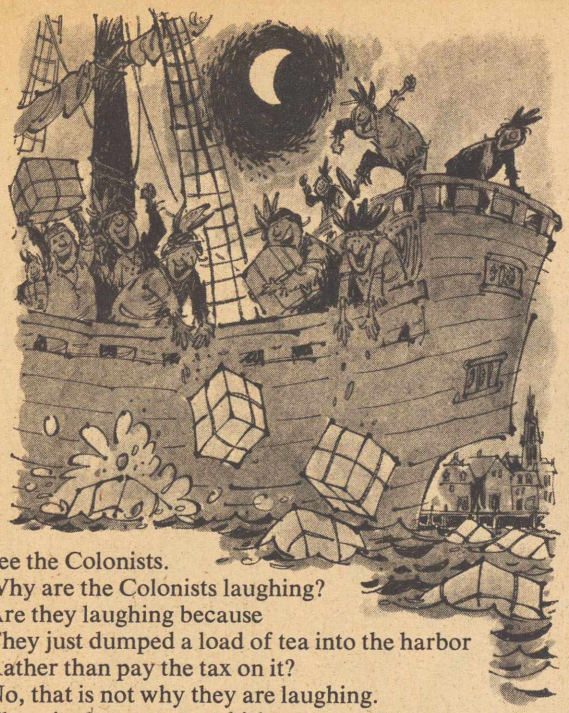
CHAPTER 1.

See the Englishmen.
They are happy.
Happy, happy, happy.
Their country has declared war on the Colonists.
Are these Englishmen happy because they are signing up
To fight the Colonists?
Don't be an idiot!
Their Government is hiring *German Soldiers*
To fight the Colonists!
That is why the Englishmen are happy!

CHAPTER 2.

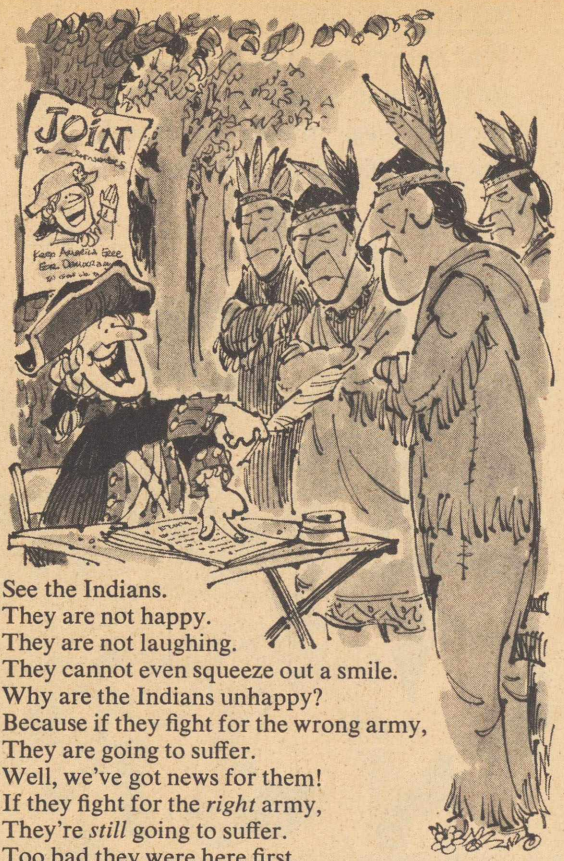
See the General.
He is Commander of the entire American Army.
He is loved and admired by his countrymen.
But still, the General is unhappy.
Why is the General unhappy?
Because Patrick Henry said,
"Give me liberty or give me death!"
And Nathan Hale said,
"I regret that I have but one life to give to my country!"
And John Paul Jones said,
"I have not yet begun to fight!"
But General Washington's speech writers
Haven't been able to come up with one decent quote.
That's why the General is unhappy!

CHAPTER 3.



See the Colonists.
Why are the Colonists laughing?
Are they laughing because
They just dumped a load of tea into the harbor
Rather than pay the tax on it?
No, that is not why they are laughing.
There is also a tax on whiskey.
But did the Colonists dump the whiskey into the harbor
Rather than pay the tax on it?
Don't be ridiculous!
The Colonists found something *better* to do
With the whiskey!
That's why the Colonists are laughing!

CHAPTER 4.



See the Indians.
They are not happy.
They are not laughing.
They cannot even squeeze out a smile.
Why are the Indians unhappy?
Because if they fight for the wrong army,
They are going to suffer.
Well, we've got news for them!
If they fight for the *right* army,
They're *still* going to suffer.
Too bad they were here first.
Otherwise, they could go back where they came from.

CHAPTER 5.

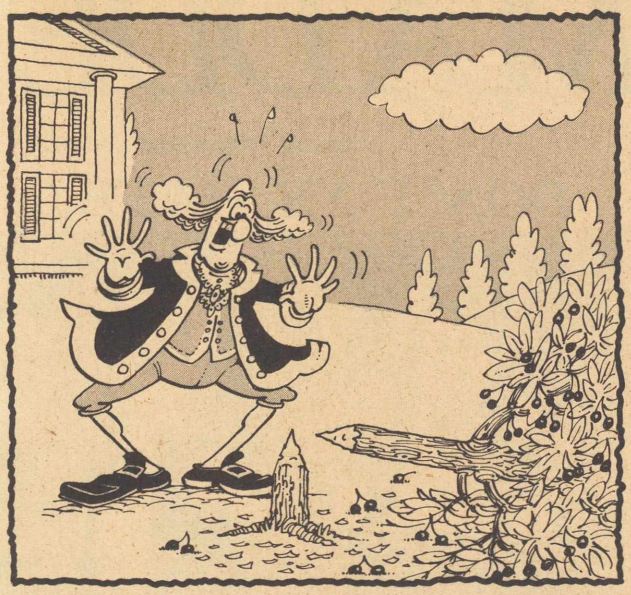
See the man.
His name is Haym Salomon.
Mr. Salomon is a Patriot.
But Mr. Salomon is confused.
Mr. Salomon has lent Congress a lot of money
So that they can pay for the Revolution.
Does this mean that Mr. Salomon
Gets special privileges?
Of course not!
In a Democracy, nobody gets special privileges!
Then Mr. Salomon has the same rights as everyone else?
Not quite!
Mr. Salomon is Jewish, and he lives in New York.
In New York, Jews aren't allowed to vote.
That is why Mr. Salomon is confused!

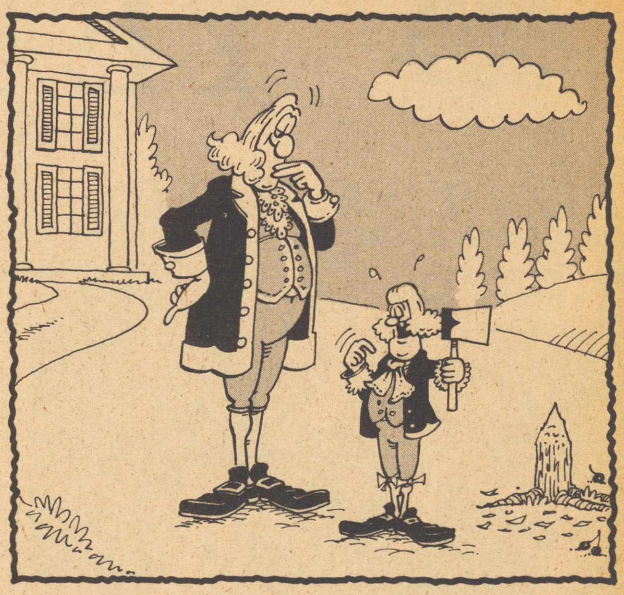
CHAPTER 6.

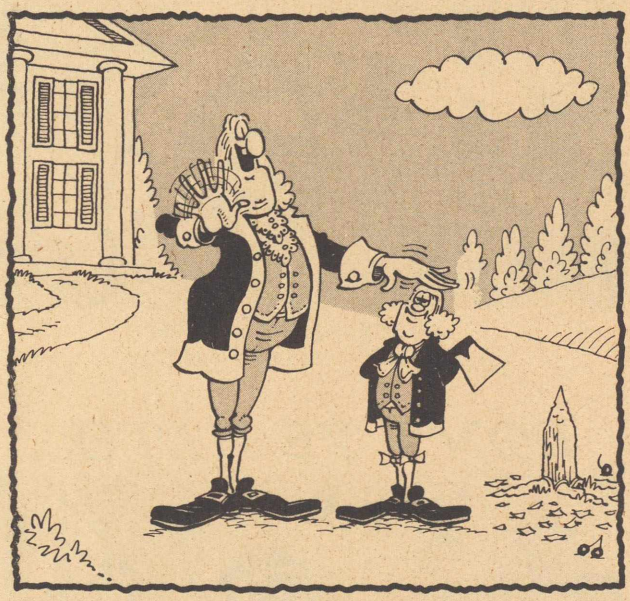
See the American Army.
It is a very small Army.
Small, small, small.
The most it will ever have is 18,000 men.
But usually, there will only be
About 5,000 men in the Army.
We wonder how many Americans
Will claim that their Ancestors
Fought in the Revolution?

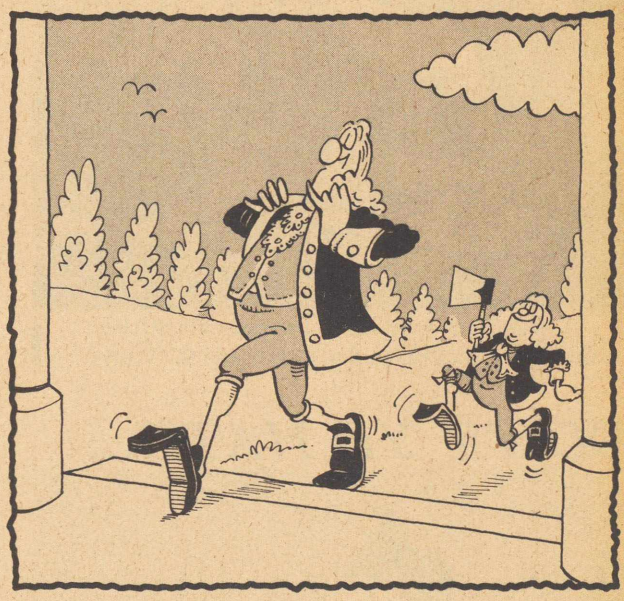
MADDE'S MADDEST ARTIST DEPT. PART THE FIRST

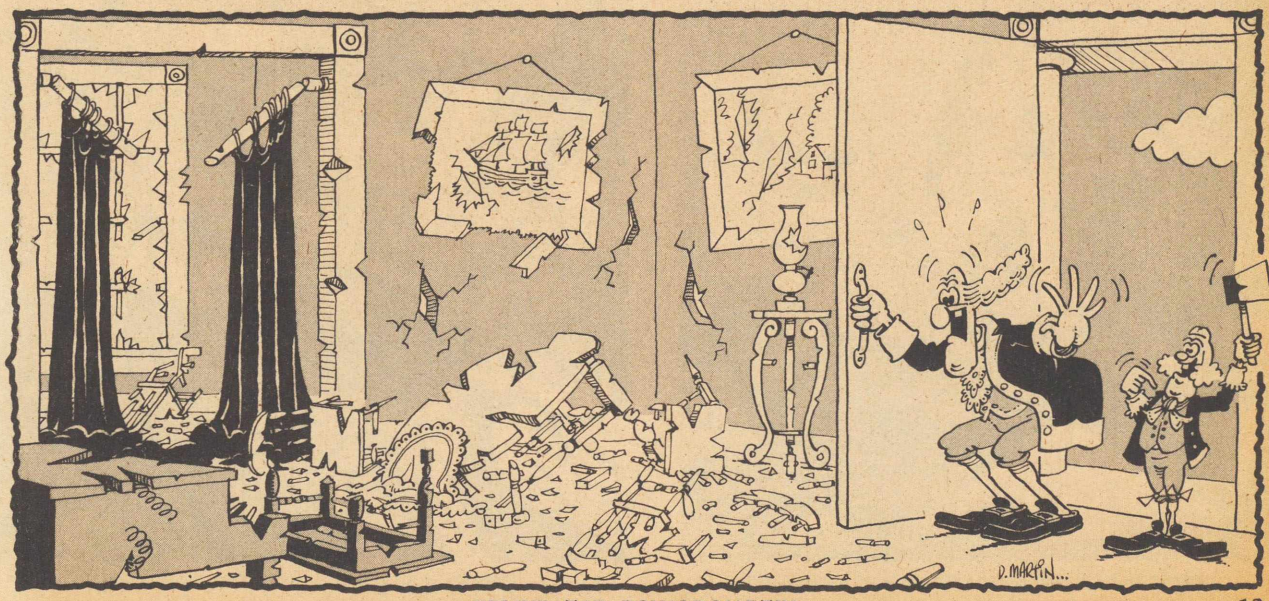
ONE FINE DAY IN VIRGINIA











DELINEATOR: DONALD MARTIN

YE MADDE

DELINEATOR: ROBERT CLARKE

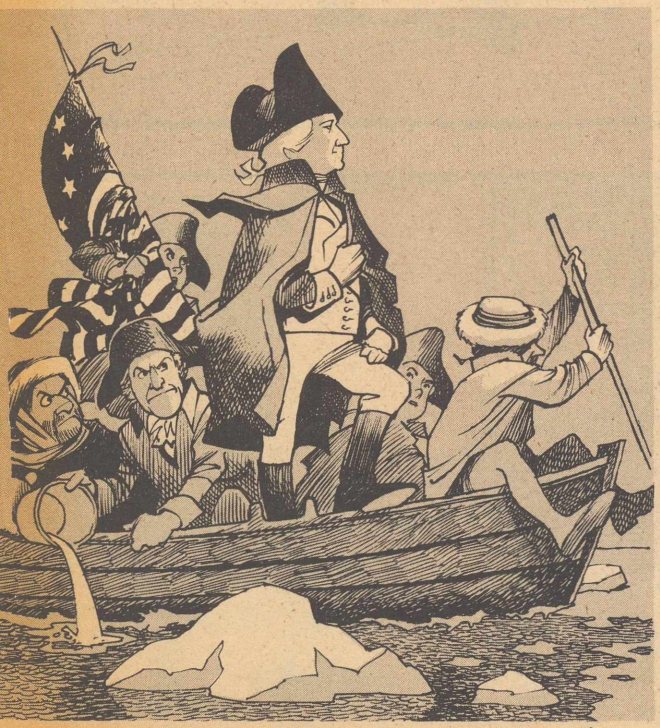
DON'T YE HATE...

. . . politicians who make impassioned patriotic speeches . . . and then don't even join the army?

DON'T YE HATE...

. . . finding out that "Freedom Of Speech" doesn't include ye?

DON'T YE HATE...



. . . people who stand up in overloaded rowboats?

DON'T YE HATE...

. . . people who pollute our rivers and harbors?

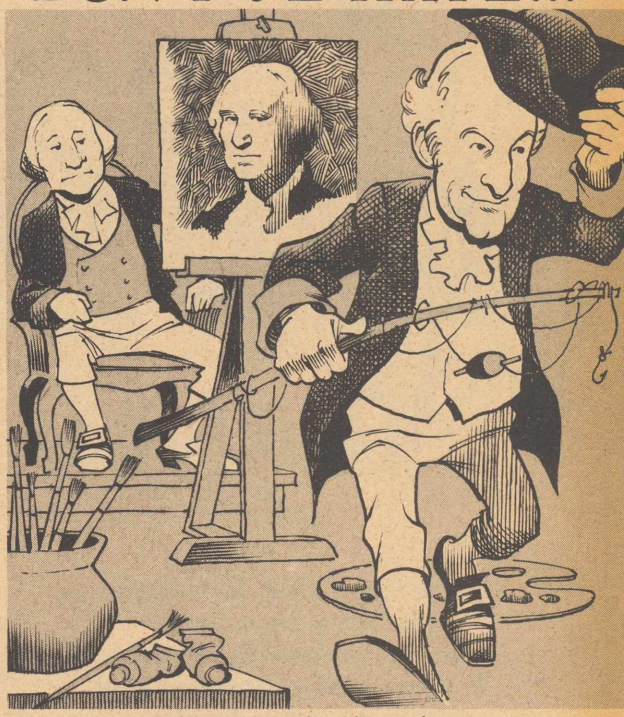
HATE BOOK

SCRIVENER: LEWIS SILVERSTONE

DON'T YE HATE...

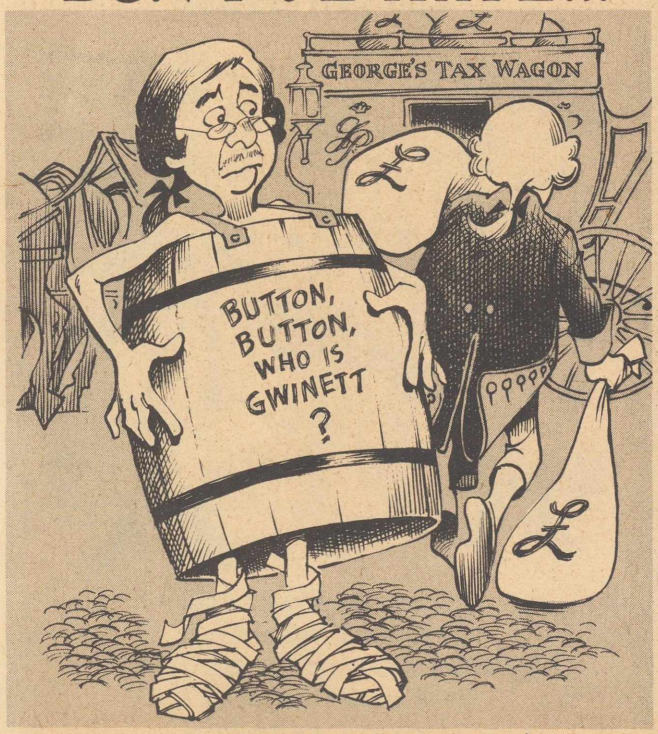
. . . when ye finally fall asleep and some loudmouth on horseback rides by screaming at the top of his lungs?

DON'T YE HATE...



. . . a portrait painter that never finishes anything?

DON'T YE HATE...



. . . taxation without representation?

DON'T YE HATE...

. . . taxation *with* representation?

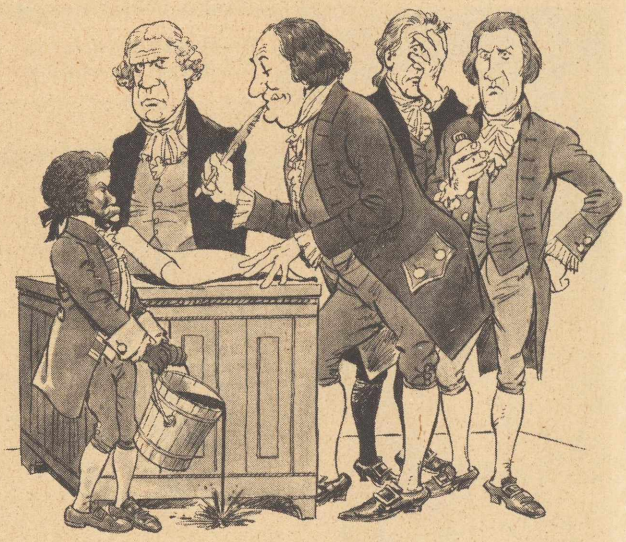
A MADDE COLONIST'S

DELINEATOR: DON ANGELO TORRES

George Washington

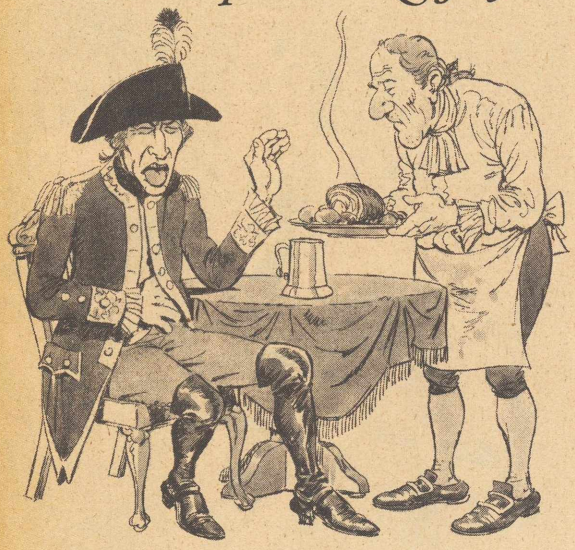
From Bunker Hill to Valley Forge
The Colonies rely on George;
By far he is our greatest living resident;
We'll stick with him, because we know
He's sure to beat the British foe;
He'd better—or he's got no shot at President.

Thomas Paine



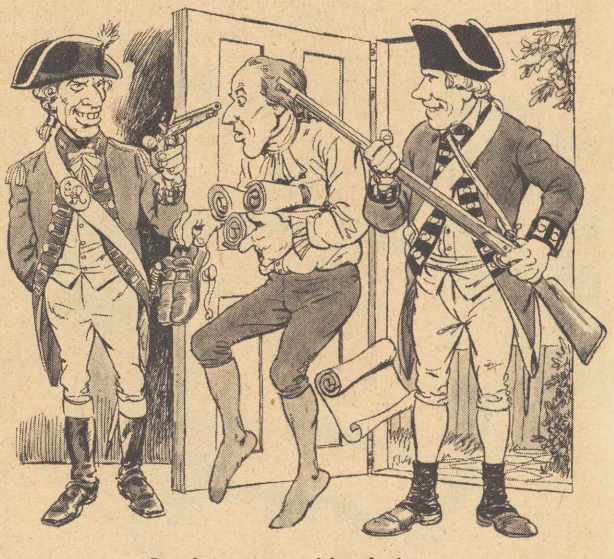
John Hancock's not like other folks—
He signs his name with giant strokes,
Which takes a lot of ink and great endurance;
The size of his immortal name
Has earned him everlasting fame—
Let's hope it's never used to sell insurance.

The Marquis de Lafayette



In years to come, we won't forget
This fancy Frenchman, Lafayette;
His will to fight we can't be overlooking;
Despite his help to free our land,
He wants us all to understand
The French don't hate the British—just their cooking.

Nathan Hale

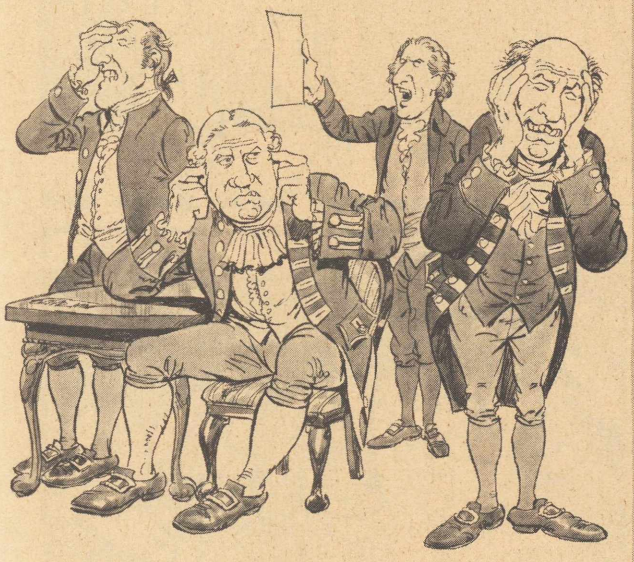


It takes a special kind of guy
To fool the British as a spy,
And Nathan Hale has got the smarts to do it;
He's like a fox, a super whiz,
At finding where the info is,
Then dashing home and—Oops! Looks like he blew it!

GARDEN OF VERSES

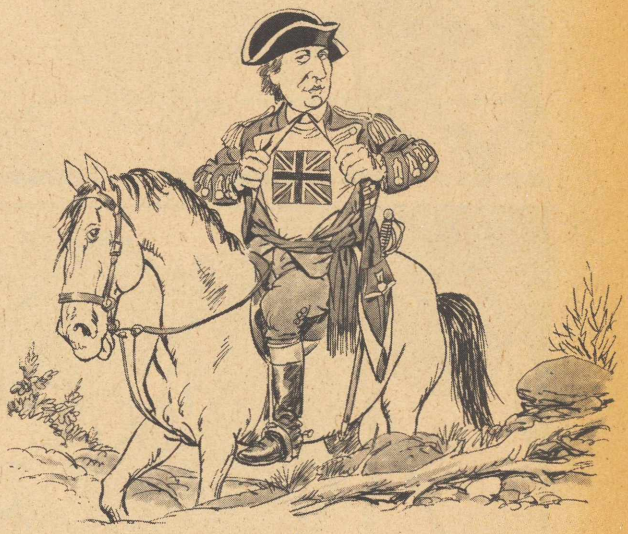
SCRIVENER: FRANKLIN JACOBS

John Hancock



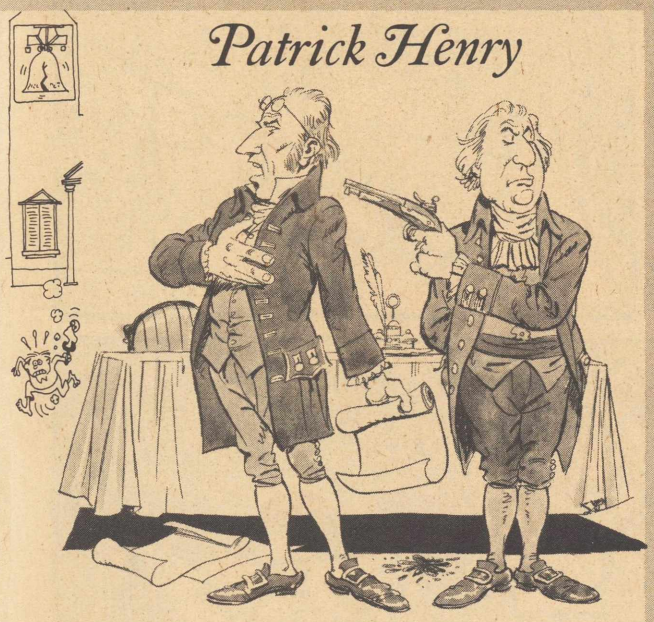
Tom Paine, we know, is quite extreme—
Just hear him rant and rave and scream
'Bout all the things in life that he resents;
He wants to even up the score,
To get us in a shooting war;
Too bad he doesn't have much Common Sense.

Benedict Arnold



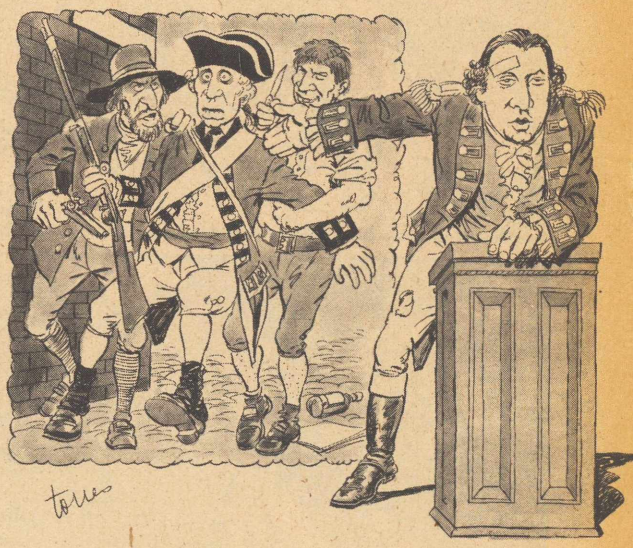
George Washington has got a score
Of Generals to fight the war—
Some do their job, while others prove a bust;
We can't be sure how each will do,
But still we know one thing is true—
That Benedict's a man that we can trust.

Patrick Henry



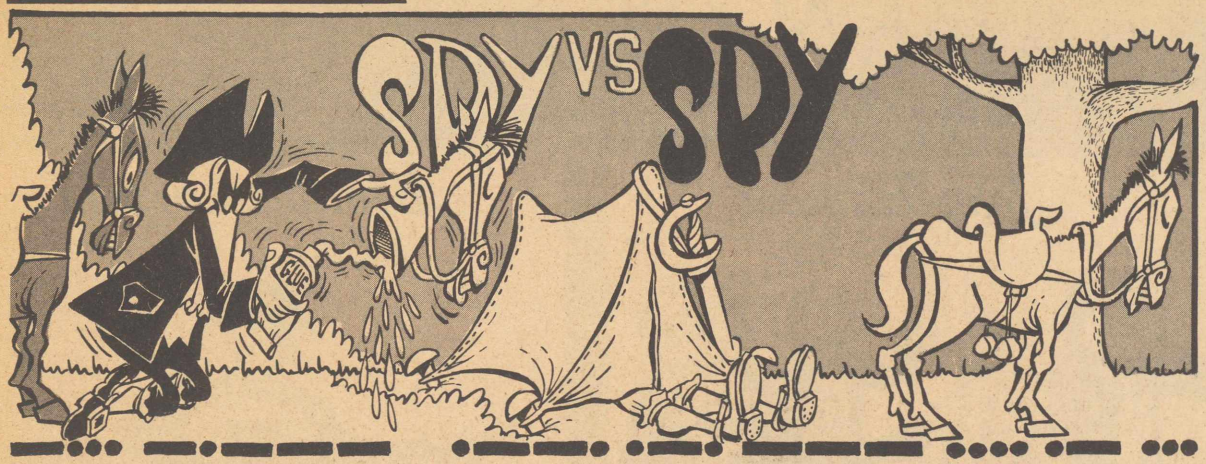
When Patrick Henry starts to shout,
There's no one who can drown him out;
He's got the lungs to start a major riot;
You'd think old Pat would lose his breath
From screaming, "Liberty or Death!"
We'd go for either one if he'd keep quiet.

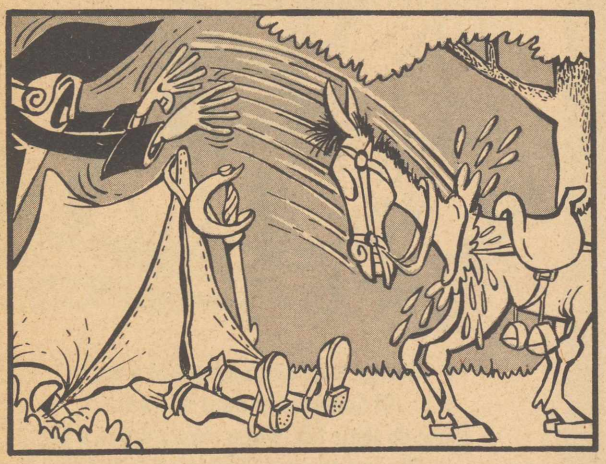
Lord Cornwallis

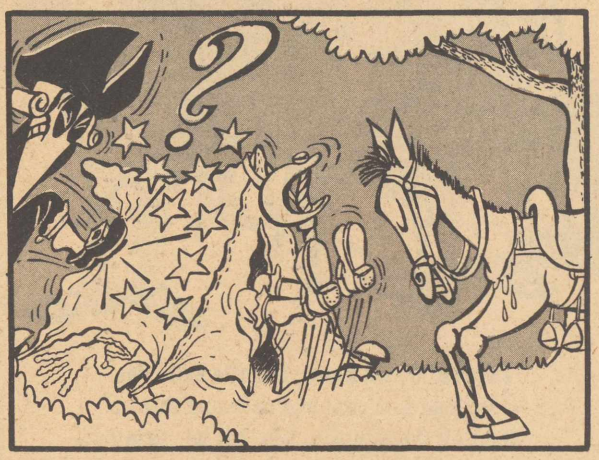


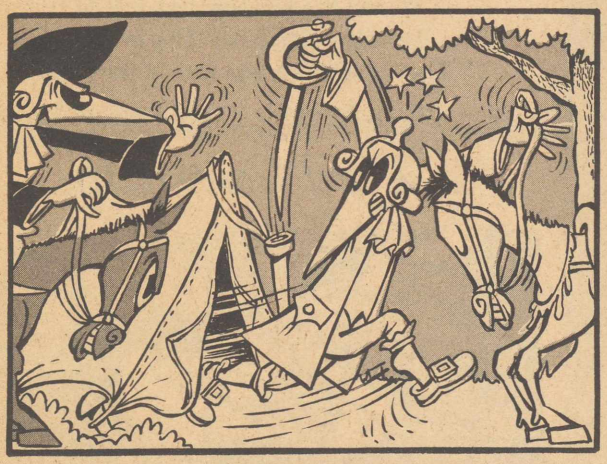
When Lord Cornwallis lost the war
And sailed back to the British shore,
He told a special Parliament committee:
"We had the rabble on the run;
"With any luck we would have won,
"But half our troops were mugged in New York City."

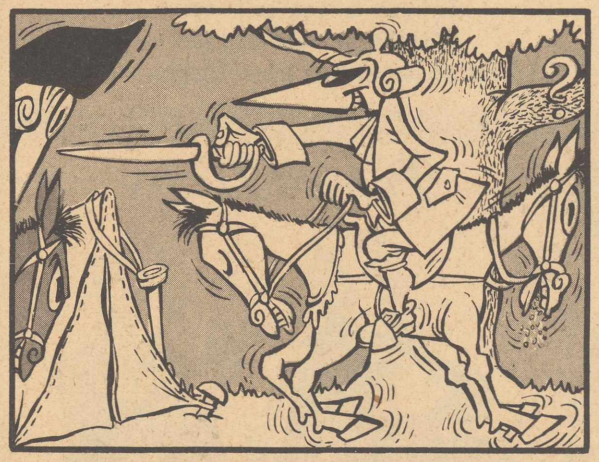
CLOAK E & DAGGER DEPT.

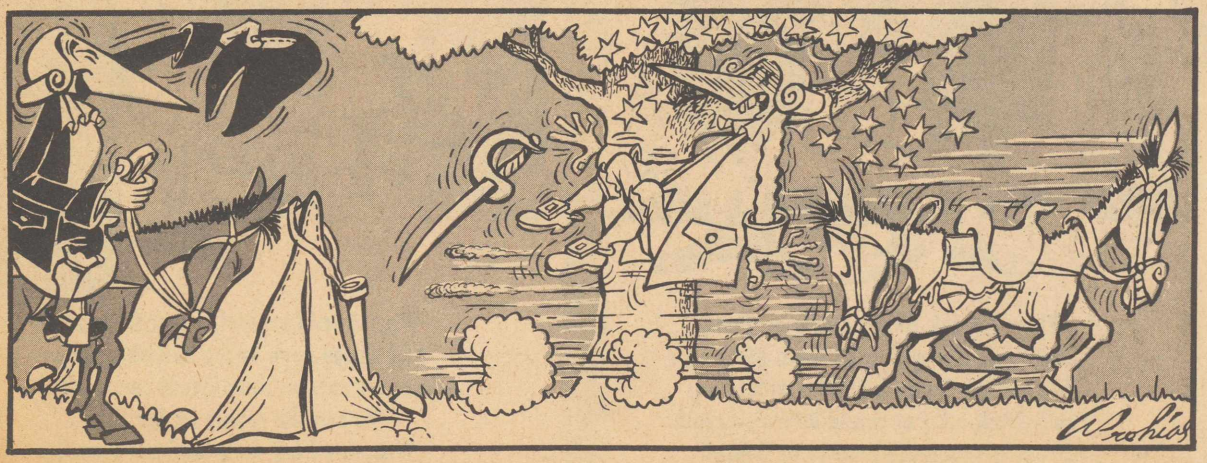












SCRIVENER & DELINEATOR: ANTHONY PROHIAS

MILITIA'S MISCHIEF DEPT.

Hello! I'm **Benjamin Franklin** . . . statesman, author and inventor of funny-looking eye glasses! In these troubled times, I thought it would be **inspiring** to see what the **gallant defenders of our freedom** are doing! So I've come here to interview . . .

MADDE'S MINUTE MAN OF THE YEAR

The British are **beasts!** When I think of how they **attack young women** . . . how they **force** themselves upon them . . . and **molest** them . . . I get **FURIOUS!!**

Have they done those terrible things to **you?**

NO!! Why do you think I'm so **FURIOUS!?!**

Remember, men . . . when you go into battle, you must **attack, attack, ATTACK!** You must **NEVER look back!**

Tell me, Sir . . . exactly **why** shouldn't the men look back?

They might **see** something that's **bad** for their **morale!**

Like **WHAT . . .?**

Like **ME . . . galloping home!**

SCRIVENER: STANLEY HART

DELINEATOR: MAJOR GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

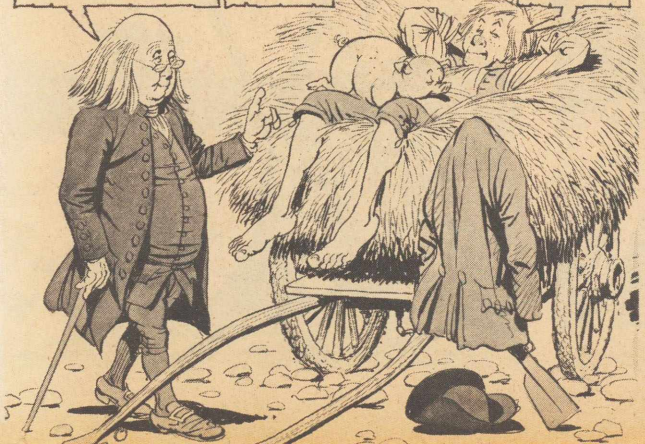
Ah . . . here is a **Minute Man**—one of those brave souls who **stand vigilant,** ready to defend our cherished liberties! Hello, Mr. Minute Man!

Will you **knock it off,** Pops! I'm **napping!**

Hmmm! Maybe **this** will wake him up!

THE BRITISH ARE COMING! THE BRITISH ARE COMING!

So?!? What do you expect **ME** to do about it . . . put out **fruit?!?**



Let's start at the beginning! You **got** the name **"Minute Man"** because it only takes you **one minute** to **get ready to fight . . .** correct . . .?

WRONG, Specs! It takes 9 minutes to put on these **tight pants and socks,** 10 minutes to button this **vest and coat,** and then 21 minutes for a **hot sit-down breakfast!**

So the name **"Minute Man"** is **NOT exactly accurate!**

No . . . but it's a heck of a lot **catchier** than **"Forty** Minute Man"!

As a Minute Man, exactly **what** do you **do?**

I **hide** in the **bushes** and **wait!**

For the **British?**

No, for my **girl friend!**

Then why the **musket?**

In case her **Husband** shows up!

You were at the **Battle of Bunker Hill,** weren't you?

That's **right,** Chubby! I had some **very bad luck** there!

Really?! What **happened?**

I had this **Redcoat** right in my **sights** and was just about to **blast** him when the order came, **"Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!"** He **bayonetted** me in the **butt!**

How did he get so **close** to you?

Just my luck he was a **squinter!**

Ch-POOM

What made you **leave** the **farm** and take up **arms?**

Because there are **some** things I simply **cannot tolerate!**

Like **repression** and **tyranny . . .?**

No . . . like the **dullness** of **farm life!** You know how **exciting** it is to watch a **turnip** grow?!?

Ye Olde BUCK & BALL INN 1762

But aren't you **touched** by the **new spirit** that is being voiced all around these Colonies?!?

You bet, Four Eyes! I get **inspired** in **church** when I hear the **Deacon** shout, **"No taxation without representation!"** And I get **determined** in a **Town Meeting** when I hear the **Selectman** shout, **"Give me liberty . . . or give me death!"** But I **REALLY** get **furious** in a **TAVERN . . .!!**

When is that . . .?

When I hear the **Waitress** shout, **Absolutely NO SUBSTITUTIONS!"**

THE REDCOATS ARE COMING!! THE REDCOATS ARE COMING!!

Listen!! Shouldn't we **take shelter??**

Don't panic, Tubby!

But isn't he a **"Paul Revere"?**

No, he's a **"Clothing Merchant"—** announcing that his **new Fall line** has arrived!

Are you **sure?**

Positive! Last month he rode through here yelling, "The **purple coats** are coming!" And the month before, "The **chartreuse vests** are coming!" He's a **great promoter** with a **lousy color sense!**

Look!! The British **ARE** coming! What will you **do?**

When they're in the distance, **I drop** to **one knee . . .**

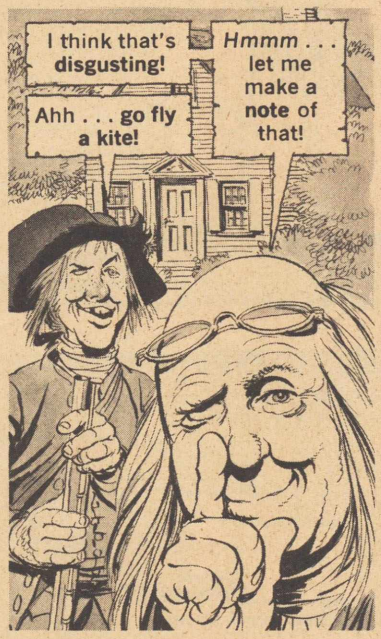
And as they get **closer?**

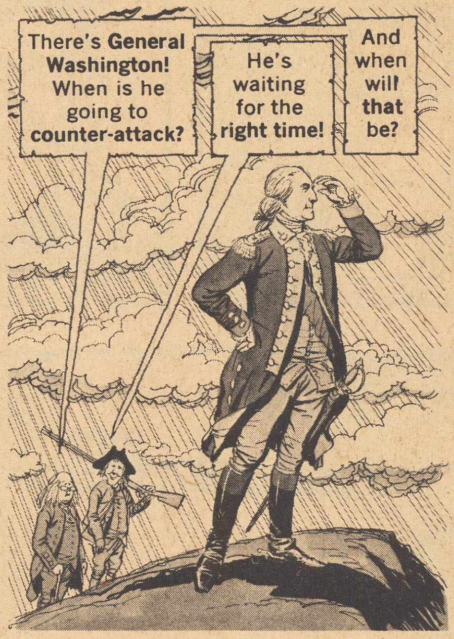
I drop to **TWO knees!**

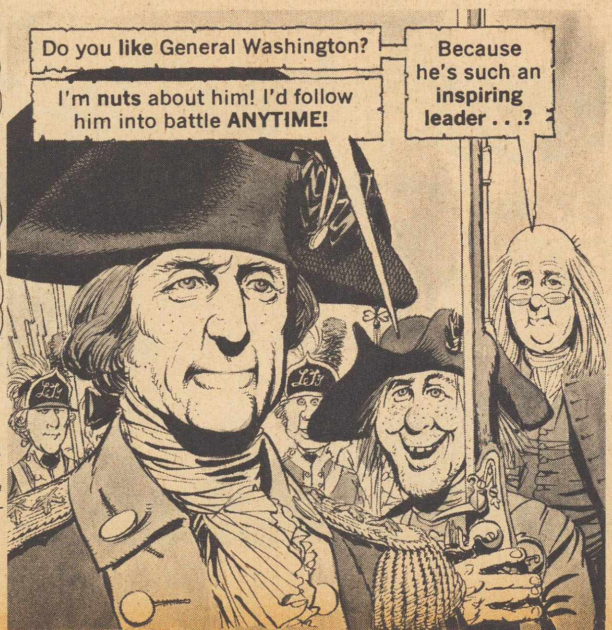
To **fire . . .?**

No, Fatso— to **PRAY!** I couldn't hit the side of a **barn** with this thing!

John Hancock John

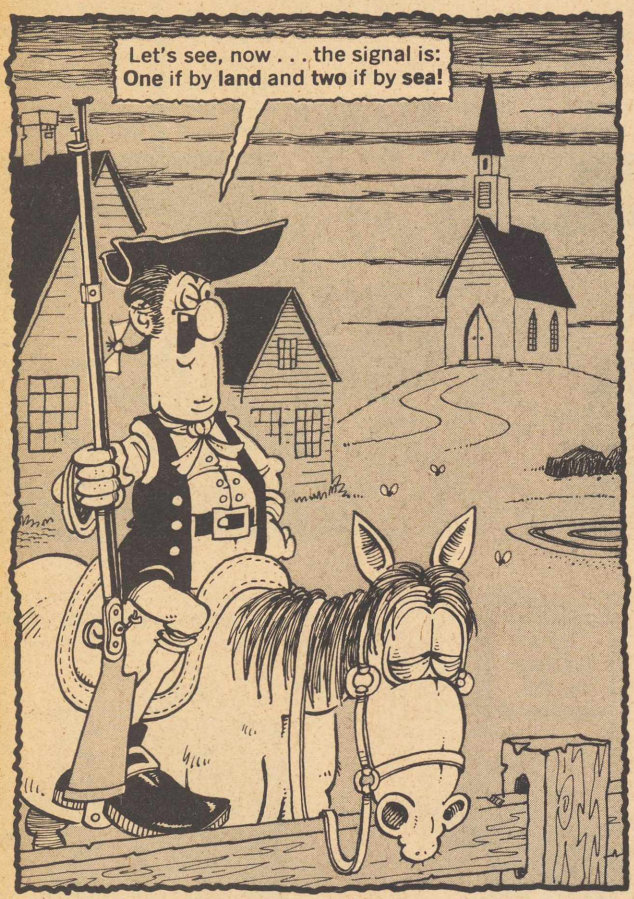


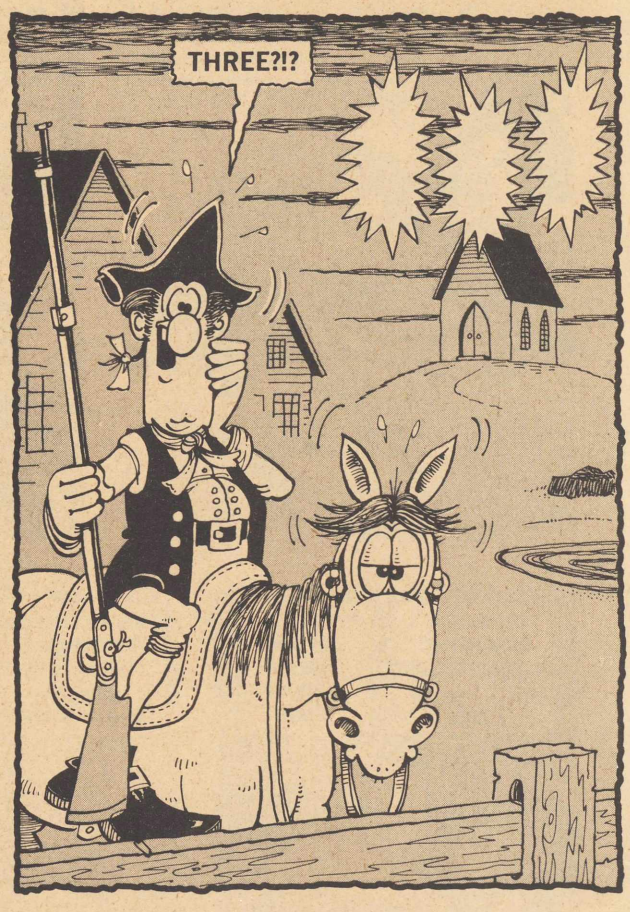




MADDE'S MADDEST ARTIST DEPT. PART THE SECOND

ONE FINE NIGHT IN MASSACHUSETTS





DELINEATOR: DONALD MARTIN

WHAT WILL ONE OF OUR CURRENT INTERNATIONAL TRADE POLICIES ADD TO FUTURE HISTORY BOOKS ABOUT AMERICA?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MADDE FOLD IN

The vital lifeblood of any nation is its trade. Our young country is making a big impression all over the world, especially in one particular area. To find out what this trade policy will all add up to in future history books, fold this as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A→ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ←B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

A BLAST OF FAVORABLE TRADE WINDS... AND A QUICK PROFIT IS ASSURED FROM A CLIPPER SHIP'S VOYAGE

A→ ←B

Gen. Benedict Arnold Says:

A MADDE Miniature Poster

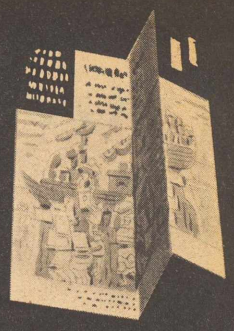
I WANT YE

FOR THE CONTINENTAL ARMY

BRITISH

DELINEATOR: SIR NORMAN MINGO

WHAT WILL ONE OF OUR CURRENT INTERNATIONAL TRADE POLICIES ADD TO FUTURE HISTORY BOOKS ABOUT AMERICA?

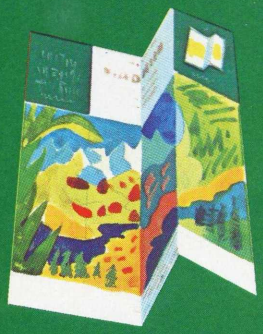


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A→←B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

A BLACK
PAGE
A→←B

WHAT BELOVED AMERICAN ANIMAL WILL NEVER BECOME EXTINCT BECAUSE OF OVERWHELMING PUBLIC SUPPORT?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A⋈B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

MICKEY MOUSE

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A⋈B